F O R U M and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

THE CREDO of that young Chinese thinker, Hu Shih, appearing in this issue, differs in its background from all the other Living Philosophies published during the past eighteen months in THE FORUM. The other credos were fruits from the trees of grafted civilizations. Mr. H. G. Wells evolved his virile prophecy of racial immortality out of the scientific thought of all modern nations. Einstein, it is true, when speaking as a Jew rather than a German, in exalting the eternal mysteries over mathematics and machinery, represented a race as old as the Chinese; but, through ages of wandering, its philosophy has accumulated accretions from the best thought of Egypt, Greece, Arabia, Spain, France, Germany, and Russia. Theodore Dreiser used as his background the extreme indigestion of the American nervous system — confusion of confusions, all is confusion. But Hu Shih, unperturbed by revolutions, speaks out of the calm of earth's oldest civilization and the intelligent, unbroken brooding of four thousand years on the mystery of life.

THE "father of the Chinese renaissance," who has championed Western thought in the East and fostered a new literary language derived from the common speech which has spread like wildfire through the schools of China, shows that the structure of his mind is still Chinese. In the charming autobiography of his boyhood, published last month, he told how, at the age of three, he had learned eight hundred characters taught him by his father from slips of pink paper; how, surrounded by the superstitions of Buddhism and Taoism, he made a cardboard temple to sage Confucius; and how he became an atheist after reading a passage from a philosopher of the fifth century A.D. in which the relation of the spirit to the body was likened to that of sharpness to a sharp knife. In the sequel he tells us how, after seven years of study in America and contact with evolution and modern science and the genetic thinking of John Dewey, he revised his acceptance of a doctrine of immortality promulgated by a Chinese philosopher of the sixth

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F O R U M

Next Month

WILSON, TEN YEARS AFTER

Harold J. Laski

On March 4, 1921 Woodrow Wilson became a private citizen after eight critical years as President of the United States. They were momentous years, during which the World War was fought, mighty empires crashed and perished, the map of the world was drastically changed, machinery for international peace was set in motion, and a new era began with the United States raised to a position of undisputed world leadership. Ten years have passed, and Wilson is dead. What now remains of his glorious vision of the nations of the world united in the interests of peace? Oppressed peoples in distant lands once hailed him as the Messiah of the New Order, only to turn upon him and curse him when he opposed their selfish purposes. His own countrymen repudiated him. What will the future say of him? Which of his ideas will stand the test of time? What will be his place in history? Next month THE FORUM will publish a remarkable article in which a keen student of contemporary affairs answers these questions in a new evaluation of Woodrow Wilson.

WINGS OF TO-MORROW

Juan de la Cierva

Thomas A. Edison was recently asked: "Do you think the autogiro is the coming thing in aviation — the best principle so far developed?" He replied: "Yes, and it came from Spain. They say that Spain is dead. But that man (the inventor) has the egg of Columbus." The man Edison spoke of was Juan de la Cierva, and in next month's FORUM he will tell how he came to invent the autogiro and how his newly discovered principle in flying will affect the future of aviation.

THOSE MISUNDERSTOOD PURITANS

Samuel Eliot Morison

A new interpretation of Puritanism by a careful student of America's earliest period. "There is no doubt," says Professor Morison, "that the Puritan is unpopular nowadays. The average man regards the fathers of New England as a set of somber killjoys whose greatest pleasure was preventing simple folk from enjoying themselves." This, he proves, is a mistaken notion.

HARD TIMES AND SOFT THINKING

Fabian Franklin

A critical examination of the recent pronouncements of some of our business and political leaders, revealing a few of the soft spots in their otherwise hard heads.

TOWARD PEACE OR WAR?

Raymond Leslie Buell

In a recent speech Newton D. Baker said that the great problems of the world to-day are international problems and that they must be solved internationally, if at all. This is also the opinion of Raymond Leslie Buell, who, in a searching analysis of world depression and unrest, calls upon President Hoover to summon a world economic conference in Washington.

THE GREATEST DATES IN HISTORY

Prize Winning Papers

Last fall THE FORUM published articles by Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells in which each of these historians made his own selection of the greatest dates in history. THE FORUM offered prizes totaling $500 for the best papers listing the greatest dates in history which van Loon, Durant, and Wells omitted. For example, each of them ignored the nineteenth century entirely, and there were many other omissions equally significant. Thousands of manuscripts were submitted in this prize contest, and the three winning papers will be published next month.

FOREWORD

Continued

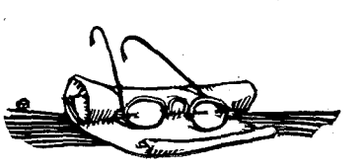
century B.C. in favor of his new comprehensive religion of social immortality defined in his credo.

ANCIENT Egypt left us the tomb of Tut-Ank-Amen; ancient China lives on in Hu Shih. The virility, the isolation, and the integrity of the Chinese mind have been protected these four thousand years by the world's highest mountain ranges and widest ocean. Genghis Khan once succeeded in connecting Constantinople and Cathay by post roads and relays of fast horses in shorter time than China can be reached from Europe even to-day by any route except the air; but his imperial organization soon broke down. Still through the ages the Chinese mind and its unique patterns in art have fascinated the West.

NO OTHER Western people has been so fascinated by the Chinese mind and its patterns in the theater, painting, jade, and ancestor reverence as Americans. Last century we set out almost ruthlessly to save their immortal souls. The millions we have spent on Chinese missions represent a noble impulse which has been good for us and good also for the Chinese. But China is not yet a Christian nation. Nor is China yet a Communist nation, although Russia has labored to convert her. When Hu Shih was last in America, he was asked whether the Russian generals and propagandists then advising the revolutionary armies would continue dictating to China. He replied smilingly that China would absorb those Russian ideas that were compatible with Chinese tradition, but that the Russian personalities then dominating the press headlines would probably return to Moscow. His prediction has already come true.

THE CHINESE mind is eager to borrow from industrialism, nationalism, or Communism, but it goes its own way and does not throw overboard its native patterns which have been proved good through four thousand years. Dr. Chang, the Chinese educator now lecturing at the University of Chicago, assures us that his countrymen are not discarding their noble family tradition, that fine preservation of tablets and records of their ancestors through centuries, so much more civilized than our Western habit of random burial and oblivion. Whither China? China will accept the new engineering era in her own way, but will remain Chinese.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH



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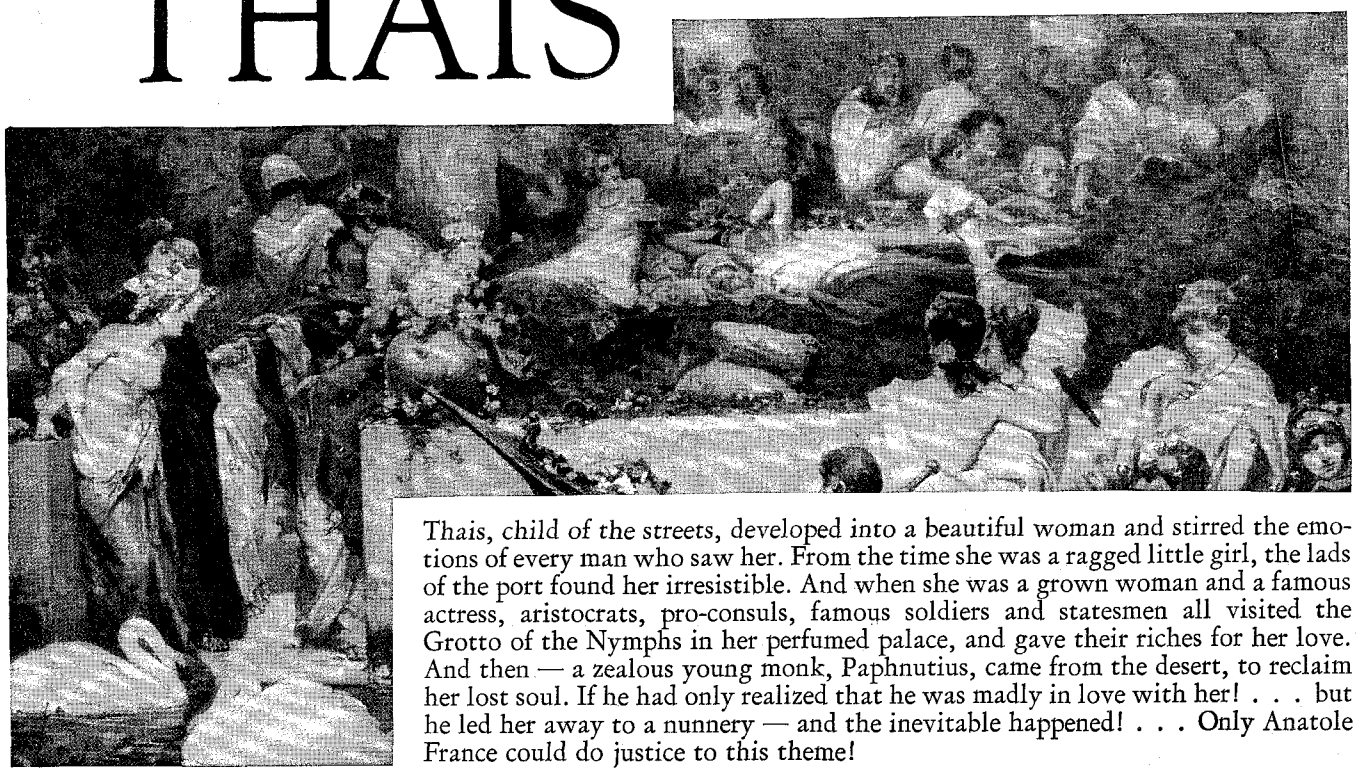
Do You Know the Love-Story of Paphnutius, the Monk, and THAIS the Courtesan of Alexandria?



Thais, child of the streets, developed into a beautiful woman and stirred the emotions of every man who saw her. From the time she was a ragged little girl, the lads of the port found her irresistible. And when she was a grown woman and a famous actress, aristocrats, pro-consuls, famous soldiers and statesmen all visited the Grotto of the Nymphs in her perfumed palace, and gave their riches for her love. And then — a zealous young monk, Paphnutius, came from the desert, to reclaim her lost soul. If he had only realized that he was madly in love with her! . . . but he led her away to a nunnery — and the inevitable happened! . . . Only Anatole France could do justice to this theme!

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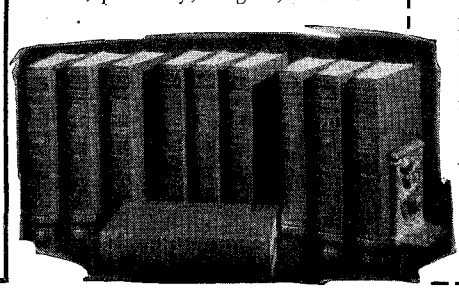

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

ELMER DAVIS **T. S. MATTHEWS**
GRANVILLE HICKS

Our Recent Past

PRE-WAR AMERICA. Volume III of *Our Times*, by Mark Sullivan; Scribner, $5.00.
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

MR. SULLIVAN'S third volume might better have been called "Post-War America." The period covered (roughly, Roosevelt's second term) was profoundly influenced by the aftermath of the Spanish War and even by the Russo-Japanese War and its consequences; but not by any prevision that America might be affected by what was going on in Europe, or indeed by much realization that anything was going on in Europe at all.

However, the title does not matter; the book does. Mr. Sullivan confidently speaks of "readers of future generations," and he will have them; though most of them may be candidates for the Ph.D. who will thank him for an invaluable compilation of material. It is that rather than a history, whether narrative or interpretative. But now and then Mr. Sullivan does some research that indicates the difficulty of writing a narrative of recent events. Despite (or because of) the fact that eyewitnesses still survive, he cannot be sure whether Fred Merkle did or did not touch second base, or whether it was a luncheon or a dinner at which Booker Washington was a White House guest.

Of course not. The way to write authoritative history is to wait a thousand years, till all the evidence has disappeared; though even then some Schliemann may come along with a spade and make you look foolish. As for interpretative history, the frequent quotations from Mr. Dooley suggest that Mr. Sullivan may feel, as do others, that for an interpretation of the McKinley-Roosevelt period you can do no better than to read the collected works of F. P. Dunne.

None the less, some of Mr. Sullivan's own interpretation, especially in the cultural chapters, may keep the future savant from going wrong. The early nineteen hundreds, he remarks, felt the impact of "a broad wave of iconoclastic influence" — chiefly from Shaw's plays, partly from Ibsen and Darwin, who were belatedly making themselves felt on the masses, partly from the widespread

MARK SULLIVAN

reading by Christian Americans of Omar Khayam. This was the origin of "the beginning of new ways of thought in America" which, when they flowered, were blamed on "the war and subsequent and contemporary authors." True; and our descendants who get their information from voluble post-war generations may need that reminder. Sinclair Lewis reaped what Edward Fitzgerald sowed.

But iconoclasm in ethics and emotion was only a minor note as yet, even in the days when it dominated politics and nonfiction literature. "They were artlessly direct in sentiment, those early years of the century, and likewise robust in humor. The period had relish, gusto." Ah, well! All periods have relish and gusto, for those who are young at the time; a reviewer who inevitably regards 1913 as the peak year of human felicity is not going to let Mr. Sullivan claim the primacy for 1902. But the author reproduces that relish, that gusto, that artless sentiment and robust humor, very convincingly. If his chapters make somewhat melancholy reading, none the less, it is because they are peppered with gravestones of the living dead — the names of men (to recite them would be invidious) who twenty or thirty years ago bestrode their corners of this petty world like colossi, and committed the ruinous error of not dying in time.

And if the political chapters are primarily source material, Mr. Sullivan goes in for interpretation on one point, and that the most essential. Our descendants may wonder at the great name Roosevelt left behind him. What did he do? With the outstanding exception of the taking of Panama, he did practically nothing in seven and a half years, though he said much and prepared the way for the reforms under Wilson. Read Sullivan, and you will understand Roosevelt's fame. "A huge personality endowed with an energy almost abnormal, directed by an acute intelligence, lightened by a grinning humor, engaged in incessant action . . . gave to the life of that day a zest and stimulus and gaiety such that average Americans who lived through the period carried it as a golden memory, and in their elder years recalled it as the ancient Forty-Niners remembered California."

Exactly. Roosevelt was a great President because he was a great man.

About a Hotel

IMPERIAL PALACE, by Arnold Bennett; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
Reviewed by T. S. MATTHEWS.

LET US NOW praise Arnold Bennett, not only on general principles and because he is such an astoundingly versatile and competent writer, but on account of his latest novel: a monument to his industrious enthusiasm. Who but this in-

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WHEN —

When did Man come to walk upright?
When was the eagle a reptile?
When does an oyster change its sex?

WHY —

Why can a lobster grow new limbs, while we cannot?
Why does fear give us "goose-flesh?"

HOW —

How may the mysterious "X body" determine a baby's sex before birth?
How can a moth locate his mate a mile away?

WHERE —

Where is the "private secretary" of the brain?
Where does the female skeleton threaten to stop all further human evolution?

Can we control the Sex of our babies?

WHAT *would* not kings have given for the secret? What heartaches it would have spared their queens — perpetual victims of the demand for "An heir to the throne!"

The entire course of history has often been changed — because Nature withheld the secret of controlling or determining in advance the sex of a baby!

Today Science is discovering laws that may decide (while the human cell is still a pinhead in size) whether it is to produce a boy or a girl. How this power is at last yielding some of its secrets to the probing searchlight of modern science has just been told by H. G. Wells, in his new companion-work to the "Outline of History" — THE SCIENCE OF LIFE!

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After publication of "*The Outline*" Mr. Wells began exhaustive research for this new companion-work. In the tremendous 5-year task of writing it he had the collaboration of the distinguished scientist, Julian Huxley, and his own son, the physiologist, G. P. Wells.

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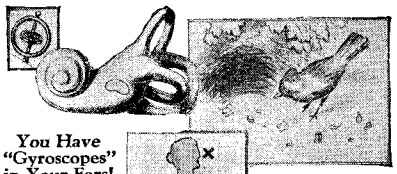
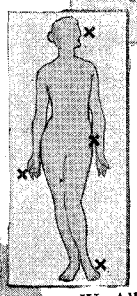


You Have "Gyroscopes" in Your Ears!

Just as the "gyroscope top" balances itself on a string, so a leveling device in each ear enables your whole body keep its balance. Without this "Stabilizer" man could not walk, run, drive a car or airplane.



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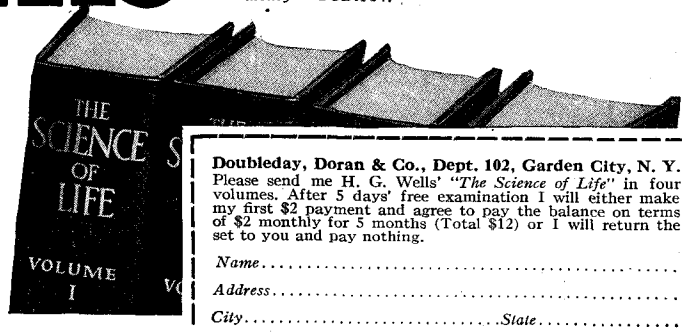

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dustrious enthusiast would have written a book of 769 pages about a hotel, and left any reviewers awake to tell the tale?

The heroine of *Imperial Palace* is the hotel itself — a heroine, incidentally, very like the London Savoy. The hero is Evelyn Orcham, its managing director. And of course there is the Other Woman. Orcham has given his life to making the Imperial Palace the first "luxury hotel" in the world, and at the comparatively young age of forty-seven sees his ambition accomplished, and himself the acknowledged wonder-man of hoteldom. Few people outside hotel men know who he is; some of his own lesser employees would not recognize him. But he is satisfied; he knows he is at the top of his profession. Although the Imperial Palace runs as smoothly as a dynamo, it is a man-size job to keep it running smoothly and there are almost daily hitches and repairs to be made in the carefully invisible machinery. Just as you are beginning to share Orcham's whole-souled enthusiasm for his creation, and its functioning, in comes Gracie, the tempestuous millionaire's daughter, and tries to take the center of the stage. Thanks to Orcham's fidelity (thanks also to Mr. Bennett) she fails to lure him from his career, though the two days' love affair in Paris gives him a nice vacation and the reader a pleasant interlude in what is, after all, a pretty long book about a hotel.

The plot, when you consider the amount of incident Mr. Bennett has strung on it, is surprisingly fragile. Orcham's affair with Gracie is in the nature of a digression, really. What progress there is in the narrative comes in the struggle between Orcham and Gracie's millionaire father for the control of the Imperial Palace. It is a business struggle that culminates, realistically enough, in victory for both sides. Savott wants the Imperial Hotel as the keystone of an international hotel merger, and he wants Orcham as the directing head of the enterprise; Orcham at first hates the idea of leaving his perfectly ordered existence to take over a new job, but he is still a young and ambitious man, the prospect is too alluring, finally he yields.

On this simple scheme Mr. Bennett has constructed a huge and complicated building of facts. To say that the plot is comparatively insignificant is not to imply that there is little action. There is nothing but action, and it is exciting, partly because it shows you what goes on behind the scenes of a big hotel, but mostly because it interested Mr. Bennett, and he is a good writer. Very cunningly he escorts you through the twenty-four-hour-a-day life of his hotel — not in a tour, for that would tire anyone into boredom, but little by little, quite naturally, as problems come up which demand the attention of the director, or as he goes his nightly rounds. We start off at four-thirty in the morning, and accompany Orcham and his buyer to the meat market; before we finish the book we have seen the internal workings of the entire microcosm, from the subterranean caverns of the power plant to the eighth lushly carpeted floor. And if we have not considerably greater respect for hotel managers, housekeepers, headwaiters, doormen, etc., and if, at our next hotel, we do not regard their suave exteriors with a more keenly appreciative eye, then I miss my guess.

As for *Imperial Palace* as a novel — well, it won't quite do. It is a grand piece of work, an amazing *tour de force*, an interesting and perhaps valuable document on the machinery of our civilization. All that, however, doesn't quite make it a first-rate novel. Novel-readers have an ineradicable feeling that the proper study of mankind is men. Hotels are fun to stay in for a while, and even quite exciting; but you can't live in them.

A Good Exit

THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY, by D. H. Lawrence; Knopf, $2.50.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

LIKE MOST other anti-intellectualists D. H. Lawrence tried to create a systematic philosophy on the basis of his intuition — his mysticism, his demonic inspiration, or whatever it may be called. One may trace the clarifying and rationalizing process through all his work, from the earliest poems to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Some loss undoubtedly resulted from this intellectualization of his outlook on life; the increase of exposition and polemic in the later stories is, surely, lamentable. But on the whole there was little diminution of his power; his imagination was never limited by his theories. And there were certainly some gains from the increased clarity of his views.

One of these gains is apparent in *The Virgin and the Gipsy*. Lawrence's demon, as he called it, was undependable. There are a certain number of stories in which it failed him, leaving him and his readers floundering in confusion. *The Virgin and the Gipsy* might have been such a story, for at important points the reader is conscious that some elemental and scarcely definable power has ebbed away. But it does not become either incomprehensible or flat; instead, it moves with extraordinary lucidity to its conclusion. Obviously Lawrence knew exactly what he wanted.

The Virgin and the Gipsy is a long short story rather than a novel. It is the story of Yvette Saywell, daughter of a rector whose wife deserted him. Oppressed by her family and by the kind of life she is forced to live, Yvette feels a discontent

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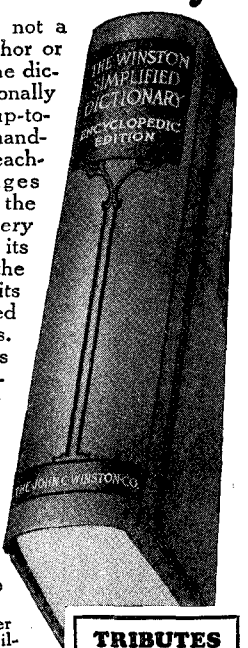

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religious customs has resulted in tangles almost inextricable. Miss Beard presents the scene with sympathy and a singular freedom from the reverent sentimentality sometimes induced by contact with antiquity. Her experience as a traveler and her very evident open-mindedness are coupled with the ability to relay to us her soundings of new situations rooted in the old. The chapter on agriculture is as interesting as the one on Japanese drama, the ones on social changes as the one on the geisha. The book is more colorful than the title it carries.

IN THE DAYS OF BICYCLES AND BUSTLES, R. D. Blumenfeld; Brewer and Warren, $3.50.

THIS DIARY of R. D. Blumenfeld opens with an entry on the day of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887 and ends on the day in 1914 that Great Britain entered the World War. Blumenfeld, an American journalist, has spent the greater part of his life in London, where in 1928 he was elected President of the Institute of Journalists. From the diary which he kept religiously for many years the author has selected scattered but significant entries which convey a surprisingly coherent idea of London life and manners during this era of amazing changes. Within the span of the diary electric lighting, the automobile, the airplane, wireless telegraphy — to mention a few of our modern commonplaces — developed from the "freak" stage to what they are to-day. These things Blumenfeld saw. He knew the great and near-great, and his notes make vastly entertaining reading these many years after.

THE LIFE OF THE ANT, by Maurice Maeterlinck; John Day, $2.50.

THIS TREATISE on the life-habits of the ant is, indeed, a remarkable book, chiefly because of its one inherent defect: Maurice Maeterlinck wrote it. He is something of a poet, but not enough of a poet to understand that scientific facts have a peculiar validity of their own, a peculiar beauty which is lost when they are dressed up in the gaudy trappings of Calliope. Maeterlinck cannot look at an ant hill and see an ant hill; that would be too obvious. The ants, and the very lice on the ants, are symbolic of human souls, and the ant hill is a small cosmos in which joy and pain, comedy and tragedy play their Lilliputian rôles. There are many fascinating observations set forth in the book, but they are so interwoven with metaphysical speculations that it is often difficult to tell what is fact and what is *moonshine. In short, it is neither science* nor poetry, but just plain rubbish from the lumber room of a muddled mind. And

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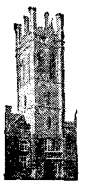

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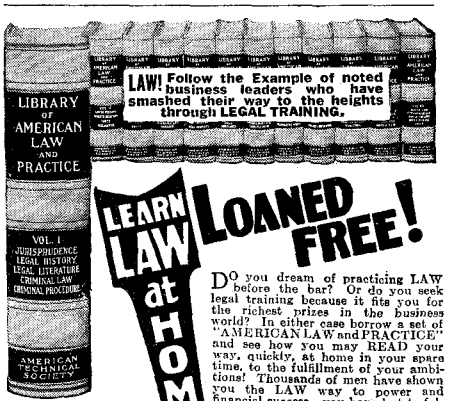

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of Whistler and his art are sound and fair, and there is none of the muck-raking to which many biographers so assiduously lend themselves.

BACKGROUND WITH FIGURES, by Cecilia Beaux; Houghton Mifflin, $5.00

THE BACKGROUND of Miss Beaux's autobiography is like her own pictures — rich in color but somewhat vague in outline. Born and brought up in the East — New York and Philadelphia — her heritage was more important than her training. She was surrounded by the Arts if not by Art. Self-trained, primarily, she seems never to have suffered the physical anguish which so many painters experience. Not wealthy, she nevertheless came from a family which gave her all love and encouragement, even to the extent of financial sacrifice. There is a modesty and a sense of good-breeding about this autobiography which is rare in these self-revelatory days. There is excellent art criticism, an appreciation of music, poetry — all forms of beauty — which convince one of Miss Beaux's charm, even if the sharp lines of her own experiences are blurred with shadowy suggestion rather than sketched in boldly with fact.

GANDHI OF INDIA—HIS OWN STORY, An Autobiography Edited by Charles F. Andrews; Macmillan, $2.50.

TWO STATEMENTS of Gandhi's in this volume tend clearly to show the basic premises from which his political operations radiate: "I want to live at peace with both friend and foe"; and "For me there are no politics devoid of religion." These are not nebulous and theoretical fancies of Mahatma Gandhi's: they are borne out by his every act. So much has been written of this man that, a living, vital force in the world, he has nevertheless become almost a legend. One scarcely knows where the credible ends and the incredible begins. *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*, which Mr. Andrews edited some months ago, did much to dispel the layman's questions as to what were the fundamental ideas back of Gandhi's activities. This volume presents clearly and concisely the acts themselves. Constantly bewailing the fact that he is subject to human frailties, Gandhi is humble, reverent, tolerant, and yet completely unswerving in his determination to better the conditions of his countrymen in India, as he has already done in South Africa.

REALISM IN ROMANTIC JAPAN, by Miriam Beard; Macmillan, $5.00.

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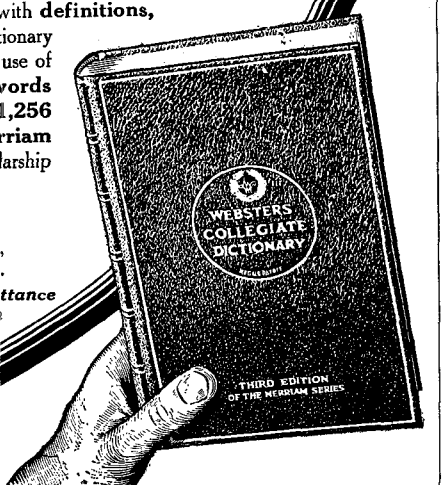

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THE CASE FOR INDIA, by Will Durant; Simon & Schuster, $2.00.

DR. DURANT went to India to help himself in visualizing a people whose cultural history he had been studying for a forthcoming volume on civilization. He went casually, believing that England's government of this people was as satisfactory as the situation warranted. He came away convinced that self-government of India by the Hindus could have no worse results than the present form. Admitting that the briefness of his trip did not give him an infallible understanding of conditions, nevertheless Dr. Durant's emotions were so roused by the conditions which he saw that he could scarcely contain himself in his desire to help liberate India. This book surveys in the light of his experiences the work and power of Gandhi, and, as counsel for both sides, Dr. Durant presents the case for England as well as the case for India.

WHISTLER, by James Laver; Cosmopolitan, $5.00.

NOT INFREQUENTLY books about artists are so concerned with interpretation of their work that the man himself never emerges. This is not true in Mr. Laver's *Whistler*. Throughout the book one feels the dominance of this strange little man, whose ego was so great that never could he be happy without a gallery of admirers, to whom he always spoke of himself as "the Master." His charm, his brilliant wit, his almost unequaled ability for making enemies are all presented. His loves, his art, his pathetic foibles are interpreted sympathetically. Even though he is so near to the moderns, and in many ways almost a contemporary, there has descended over the being of James McNeill Whistler, expatriate American, a veil of illusion which is rapidly converting him into legend. Mr. Laver has done an exceptionally fine piece of characterization. His evaluations

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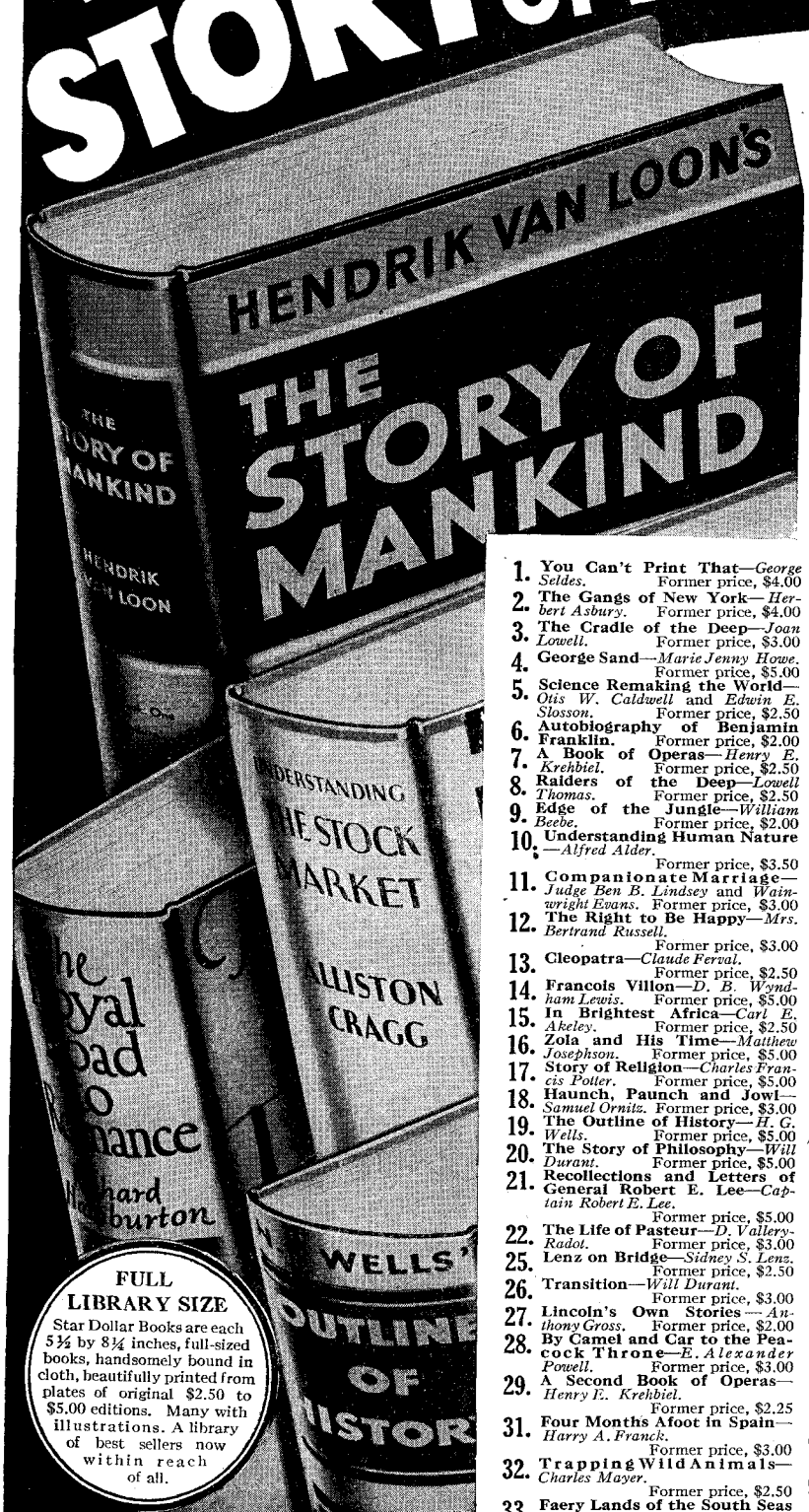

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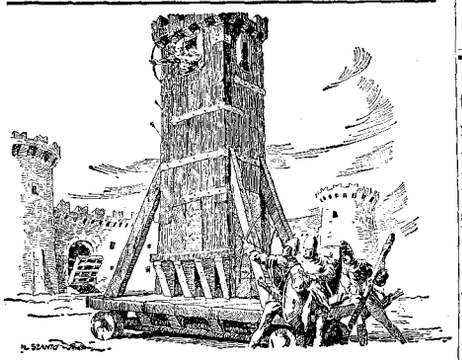

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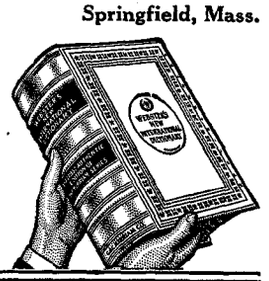

Books

that is too vague to be made the basis of revolt. She has no idea what she is seeking until her attention is caught by a gipsy. His desire for her, made apparent in his glance, gives her her first conception of a life that has the importance she cannot find in her own mode of living. The conclusion, abrupt and melodramatic though it is, is a perfect symbol of Yvette's salvation.

Because the book is less intense than most of Lawrence's, there is opportunity to observe in it certain virtues that, though they are found in most of his other books, are obscured by the presence of more unusual qualities. The description of the life of the Saywells, for example, could not be more skillful or more convincing if it had been written by one of our most meticulous realists. This reminds us that Lawrence's unique talents went hand in hand with a generous share of those gifts that are commonly supposed to make a novelist.

In reading *The Virgin and the Gipsy* one has to make allowance for the fact that Lawrence did not live to revise it. It is possible that he intended to develop one or two episodes that now seem inadequate. But the book is complete enough as it stands to convince us, if there is anyone who needs convincing, that D. H. Lawrence was the most richly endowed of contemporary writers and one of the few that posterity is not likely to neglect.

Books in Brief

WOLSEY, by Hilaire Belloc; Lippincott, $5.00.

ONE IS so accustomed to dutifully impartial, or cynically detached, biography that it is rather refreshing to have Hilaire Belloc indulge in a militant bias. Mr. Belloc is a Catholic first, and an historian second. If there is any conflict between his two rôles, the former wins out. Last season Richelieu got his rebuke. This year it is Wolsey. Both of them, it seems, were responsible in their different ways for breaking up the unity of Catholic Europe. For this, whatever their other achievements, Mr. Belloc cannot forgive them. He considers that the English Cardinal's great defects were a lack of vision beyond the immediate present, a lack of spirituality, an inability to penetrate the deeper, less obvious motives of men, and an inflated ambition that was too largely personal. At that, Wolsey comes off better than the other members of the cast. Henry VIII is pictured as an indecisive weakling, Anne Boleyn as a scheming villainess destitute of physical charm. (Her portrait, one feels, is grossly caricatured). None of them play quite the rôles which conventional history has assigned. It is for this reason, apart from its more solid merits, that Mr. Belloc's new biography is so interesting. It may be violently partisan; it may be slightly inaccurate; nevertheless it supplies a fresh viewpoint, and does so with considerable piquancy.

THE SHORT STORIES OF SAKI (H. H. Munro); Viking, $3.00.

THE WORKS of H. H. Munro, whose glamorous pseudonym was borrowed from Omar Khayam, were published in this country only after his death and then in a trickle of thin volumes, appearing at intervals. Now, however, the short stories, which are perhaps most typical of his bizarre and brilliant talent, have been collected conveniently in one volume — and what a volume! As Christopher Morley says in his introduction, it is almost impossible to convey to the uninitiate the quality of Saki's wit, so curiously compounded of flashing epigrams, sly, felicitous twists of phrase, and, above all, of a completely personal point of view. One must sample that wit for oneself. Saki was a satirist, with a touch of fantasy, and also a touch of cruelty in his make-up. His world is an idle and a sophisticated one, inhabited by baroque aristocrats, by impish children, by elegant and ingeniously prankish young men. In his cosmos, the dull and the self-satisfied are perpetually mortified and outwitted by cool, unscrupulous intelligence. He does not suffer fools gladly. Saki's range is limited. He is, in certain senses, an exquisite, an exotic. Nevertheless, within his own field, he is unique. He closely approaches perfection.

SOME FOLKS WON'T WORK, by Clinch Calkins; Harcourt, Brace, $1.50.

FIRST OF ALL, perhaps, this book is an impassioned rebuke to smugness. It is an answer to those whose response to back alley misery is a comfortable "Some folks won't work." Miss Calkins has based her study of unemployment on over three hundred case records collected by the National Federation of Settlements in the course of a survey started in 1928. She hammers in two points — that the last of the records were turned in a full half year before the market collapse, and that all of the stories deal with workers out of jobs for reasons beyond their control, not because of incompetence, drink, or disease. In other words, hers is a history of normal times. The suffering which she describes has presumably been trebled during the present well-advertised depression. Now it happens that Miss Calkins is also a poet, that she can write beautifully, that she has a live but disciplined imagination. Consequently this is not just

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Books

if this judgment seems too severe, let the master himself give a demonstration: "The ant is a profoundly mystical being; she exists only for her God, and does not imagine that there could be any other happiness, any other reason for living, than to serve Him, to forget herself, to lose herself in Him." If this is science, then let the Eddingtons and the Millikans make the most of it.

"N BY E," written and illustrated by Rockwell Kent — *Brewer and Warren*, $3.50.

SOMETHING over a year ago three men put to sea in a tiny boat. There was the skipper, the mate, and the cook. The latter it is who tells the tale. Fascinated by the knowledge that two lads were starting off on such a wild jaunt, Rockwell Kent persuaded them to take him along — and the book is his diary, very fully illustrated. In fact, it is difficult to decide where the pictures stop and the writing begins, since Mr. Kent is equally picturesque in word or line. Occasionally there are lapses from the moment at hand to a memory, but so inimitable are the anecdotes that one wishes there had been more reminiscence. Especially breath taking is the description of thawing out the dynamite. The earlier part of the book is — to this reviewer — more powerful than the latter. At the end there is a sense of omission, a hurrying-toward-completion that leaves one rather breathless.

A WINTER MISCELLANY, by Humbert Wolfe; Viking, $2.50.

IN HIS garrulous and entertaining, though at times alarmingly whimsical, introduction to this book, Mr. Wolfe admits that at first the idea of another anthology horrified him, then tempted him, and finally conquered him. His tendency to obey that impulse has resulted in an interesting compilation neatly arranged. Here are not quite forty, in fact hardly ten, winters to besiege the reader's brow; among them the countryman's winter, the traveler's, the poet's, the reveler's, the sportsman's, the soldier's, and God and Mary's. Most of the beads on this icy rosary are poetical, but some — such as Fortescue, Dickens, Lamb, and Conrad — are prose, a form of writing which Mr. Wolfe likens to rotten potatoes. If there are any open hearths left in this country, they will serve as the proper setting in which to shiver over this cold, cold collection.

ANDRÉE'S STORY; Viking, $5.00.

EVER SINCE last August, when headlines told a forgetful world that Andrée and his two fellow explorers had at last been found, the public has been awaiting this book. Its patience has been well rewarded, for the story of Andrée's tragic venture to the North Pole is here recounted authentically and dramatically. Using the diaries found on the bodies of the men as source books, the editors have told of the balloon's flight, its unhappy descent in a frozen waste, the long march over the ice floes, and the final catastrophe on White Island. The entire adventure has been reconstructed with admirable clarity. Too much praise cannot be given the editors and the Swedish society under whose direction the book was compiled. They have done a beautiful job and have produced a book which should take its place among the finer records of exploration.

THE WANDERER OF LIVERPOOL, by John Masefield; Macmillan, $3.50.

THE POET LAUREATE now sings, in alternate verse and prose, the story of a famous and ill-starred ship — the *Wanderer*, launched at Liverpool in 1890 and sunk off Hamburg in a collision in 1907. His commemoration is sincere, painstaking, and for most landsmen a little boring. Here is a very dignified Masefield, but the record over which he has labored with such care has almost no fire or warmth, for though the prose is stately and pleasing, the verse seems to limp. Only occasionally does the saga suggest anything more than a carefully done chore, and sometimes the poetry is less than that. The summary, however, has its grandeur, as in, "She killed her Captain; men fell from aloft and overboard from her; others died, or broke bones, in her; she lost some spars; she took charge of her tugs; her cargoes shifted; she was on fire once and ashore four times; and at last she was sunk." "A Masque of Liverpool" and various other short pieces are also included in the book.

PORTRAIT BY CAROLINE, by Sylvia Thompson; Little, Brown, $2.50.

SYLVIA THOMPSON made quite a splash in the literary puddle with her first novel, *The Hounds of Spring*. Despite its selection by the Book League of America, it seems doubtful that her latest book will produce as many ripples. *Portrait by Caroline* is one of those graceful, competent, rather sensitive novels which the English know so well how to write, and which are as easily read as they are easily forgotten. The present specimen is all about a charming, unstable woman named Caroline who, despite the possession of a very nice husband and child, is emotionally restless and dissatisfied. She falls in love with a writer

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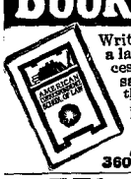

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named Peter, whose portrait she paints, but, when faced with a choice, she is not ready to count the world well lost for him. The novel ends just about where it began, on a note of pensive futility. It is as pleasantly shallow as Caroline herself.

SPAWN, by Nat J. Ferber; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

ALTHOUGH it may be too noxiously brutal for them to stomach, moralists should find this novel to their taste. Its theme is the wages of sin. Mr. Ferber has pictured unsparingly the degeneration of a community which, by flaunting all restraint, incurred a biological doom. Pike's Hollow, better known as Bastards' Notch, was a grim, isolated settlement in the Catskills. During the Civil War, its lonely wives consoled themselves by promiscuous dalliance with the three remaining males in the vicinity. This was the opening wedge. There followed the descent of one hundred quarrymen from Vermont. The Hollow festered with license and animal lust, and the result of lawless, indiscriminate inbreeding was a generation crippled and diseased. No one, not even the beautiful and carefully protected Madge Chilvers, was able to escape the destiny marked out for the Hollow people, nor the shame with which they were branded by the outside world. As one can gather, this is a vigorous and original book. Curiously enough, it is not a very good one. Horror is piled so relentlessly on horror that ultimately the effect is deadening. One does not believe — nor does one get much sense of reality from the abject creatures who writhe confusedly through the pages of the moral. There is a lack of genuine, live characterization, an overemphasis on the sociological theme. Mr. Ferber's conception is interesting, but *Spawn* as a whole is pretty tiresome.

TESTAMENT OF A CRITIC, by George Jean Nathan; Knopf, $2.50.

BY THIS TIME Mr. George Jean Nathan's attitude toward life and toward the theatre is pretty well known. His restatements, however, are always fresh and entertaining, and they always carry a sting. The present volume is one of his best. It opens with a witty, circumstantial, and obviously honest revelation of Mr. Nathan's creed (which originally appeared, incidentally, in THE FORUM). Mr. Nathan is the complete hedonist, knows it, and says so. Characteristically, he gets a joyous relish from flinging his beliefs in the face of moralists. Nevertheless he is in earnest about them and this book, like his others, is built solidly around them. Among other excellent things, *Testament of a Critic* contains a lengthy estimate of modern American playwrights, good and bad; a scurrilous but side-splitting attack on the new Humanists; several pages of shrewd rebuke to the talkies; and a dissection of recent critical inanities — lapses, as it were, on the part of our oracles. To continue is futile. Anybody who is interested either in Mr. Nathan or in the theater will buy this book anyway.

H. G. WELLS, by Geoffrey West; Norton, $3.00.

AS HE STATES in his crisp, amusing introduction, H. G. Wells not only assisted his biographer by giving him access to all the necessary facts; he did what was more important — gave Mr. West full license to use them as he pleased. The result is a study more candid and more valuable than the usual biography of a living man. However much he admires, Geoffrey West is not dazzled. He believes, and says so, that Wells' work has suffered from his inward conflict between intuition and intellect, that the artist has been regrettably thwarted and displaced by the scientist. How the conflict arose he makes admirably clear. One is better able to understand Wells' social preoccupations after reading about his cramped and barren boyhood, his struggle to achieve an education and a place in the sun. The story of his scientific training at South Kensington gives a clue to much that is fundamental in his mind. Mr. West, incidentally, is at his best in describing Wells' earlier years. With the emergence of the popular novelist, his touch is less certain, and his actual criticism of the novels, though shrewd, is somewhat perfunctory. As a critical study, this book is negligible. As straight narrative, as an interpretation of personality, it is excellent.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT, by Robert Benchley; Harper, $2.00.

EVERY TIME a new Benchley book comes out we think to ourselves, "It can't last; this one will be a let-down." We still believe he can't keep it up forever; one of these days he is going to crack up. But he hasn't yet. *The Treasurer's Report* contains about thirty-five essays, the candid confessions of a timid soul who loathes exercise, telephones, and community singing, who is a little in the fog as to what goes on at football games and international parleys, who requires three or four days to clean out a desk drawer, who reads all the notices in hotel rooms, and admits that he is afraid of Shetland ponies. Then, too, there are the illustrations by Gluyas Williams, which deserve more than by-the-way mention for their matchless portrayal of the Benchley spirit.

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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i. e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

As THE holiday season wanes, as winter weather settles over North and West, the stay-at-home begins to long for a change of scene. Cruises to the East and West are considered, train and flying schedules to Florida and California are in evidence. But there are many who cannot leave home, and for them the following program is especially planned. They may cruise to the East without leaving the confines of their city's limits. From San Francisco to Hawaii, thence to the Philippines, Japan, China, and finally to India — so goes the course. And because of the spotlight which is now on India, the longest pause is there. Among the recent books we particularly recommend *Voiceless India*, whose clarity and impersonality, together with its vivid descriptive style is — in the eyes of this department — by all odds the best general book on present-day India.

I

A. IN HAWAII

"An Old Hawaiian Custom" — FORUM, February 1930

"Pig and Poi in Paradise" — D. Blanding — *Asia*, July 1930

"Hawaii That Has All Things" — R. V. Crowder — *Nature Magazine*, June 1929

"Waikiki" — A. Featherstone — FORUM, March 1930

"Diving Boys of Honolulu Harbor" — G. E. Allen — *Asia*, September 1929

"Lazy Days in a Honolulu Beach Cottage" — J. Harber — *Sunset*, May 1929

II

A. THE FILIPINO AND HIS COUNTRY

Some Impressions of 150,000 Miles of Travel — William Howard Taft — *National Geographic Magazine*, May 1930

The Unexplored Philippines from the Air — Lt. George W. Goddard — *National Geographic Magazine*, September 1930

White Man's Law Among Filipino Tribesmen — *Asia*, June 1930

When the Sun Went Out in the Philippines — B. Hancock — *Asia*, May 1930

B. POLITICS IN THE PHILIPPINES

What About the Philippines? — John B. Whitton — *Woman's Journal*, June 1930

Are We Successful Imperialists? — Richard W. Child — *Saturday Evening Post*, September 7, 1929

This Freedom — for the Philippines — Sherwood Eddy — *World's Work*, October 1930

The Political and Economic Status of the Philippines — Issued by *San Francisco Chamber of Commerce*

Philippine Independence; An Economic, Social, and Political Survey — *Foreign Policy Association*, 18 E. 41st St., New York City — $.50

National Greed and the Philippines — Carter Field — FORUM, January 1930

III

A. CHERRY BLOSSOM LAND

Doyo Days in Japan — Don C. Seitz — FORUM, January 1930

Made in Japan — Ellery Sedgwick — *Atlantic Monthly*, October 1930

Tradition and Change in Japan — Sydney Greenbie — *Travel*, April 1930

Japan As Seen in 1930 — Samuel M. Lindsay — *Review of Reviews*, November 1930

Realism in Romantic Japan — M. Beard — *Macmillan*, $5.00

B. THE ARTS IN JAPAN

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry — Ken Nakazawa — *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1929

Japanese Drama — Thomas R. Fleming — *Drama*, October 1929

Outline History of the Japanese Drama — F. A. Lombard — *Houghton*, $5.00

Literature of Japan — F. I. Bryan — *Holt*, $1.25

C. NATIONAL AFFAIRS IN JAPAN

Is Japan Going Democratic? — Stanley High — *Harper's*, January 1929

Dangerous Thoughts in Japan — *Review of Reviews*, January 1929

Proletarian Progress in Japan — *Literary Digest*, March 15, 1930

Japan of To-Day — Harold S. Quigley — *Current History*, August 1930

IV

A. REPUBLICAN CHINA

"The Causes of Civil War in China" — Hallett Abend — *Current History*, July 1930

"Republican China's Achievements" — C. Kuangson Young — *Current History*, November 1930

"A New Glimmer of Peace in China" — *Literary Digest*, October 4, 1930

"From Tientsin to Mongolia" — Nora Waln — *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1929

"From Peking to Harbin" — Maurice Larrouy — *Living Age*, March 1, 1930

B. OLD CHINA

"The Forbidden City and Broadway" — Princess Der Ling — *Saturday Evening Post*, September 14, 1929

"China's Troubadours of Trade" — Annulet A. Ohl — *Travel*, February 1930

"A Quiet Day With a Chinese Family" — Princess Der Ling — *Mentor*, February 1930

V

A. THE INDIAN IN HIS COUNTRY

"Ways of India" — J. Campbell — *Atlantic Monthly*, October 1930

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"Mahatma Gandhi and India's 'Untouchables'" — Katherine Mayo — *Current History*, August 1930

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"Kingly People of Rajputana" — M. Pym — *Travel*, August 1930

"Working Teak in the Burma Forests" — A. W. Smith — *National Geographic Magazine*, August 1930

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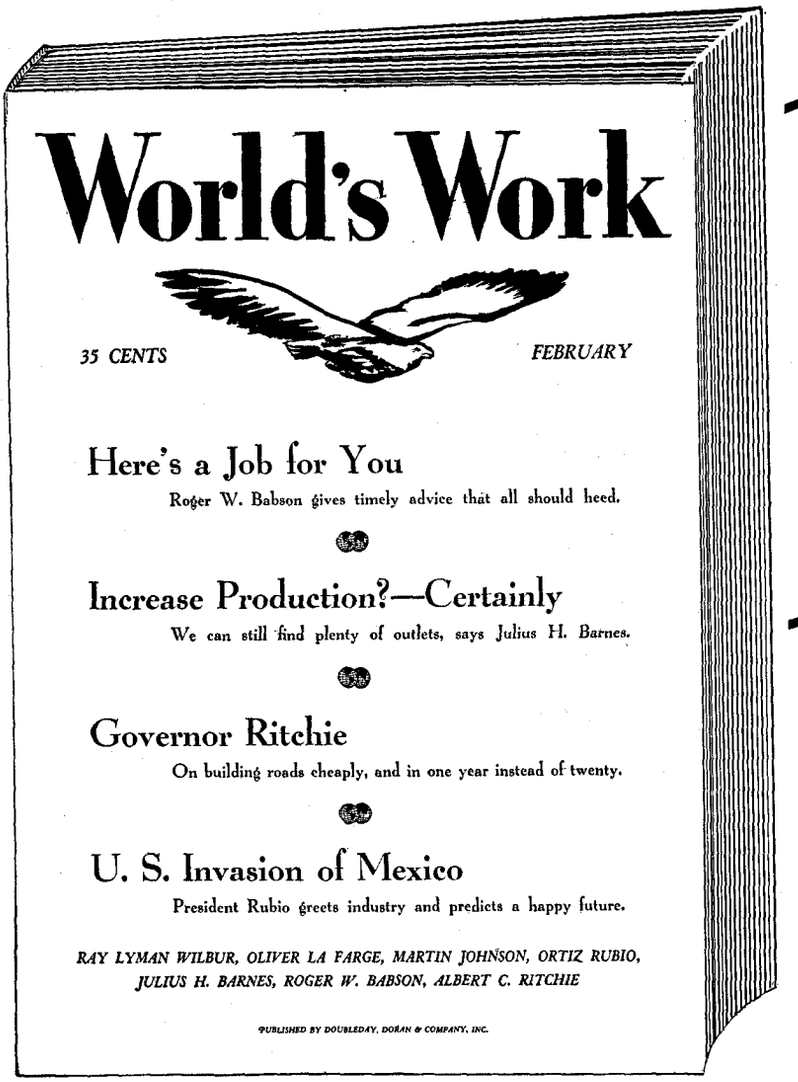
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"They (the American people) cannot much longer defy the devil with a wooden sword."—Lippmann

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F O R U M

FEBRUARY, 1931 VOL. LXXXV, NO. 2

THE UNDERWORLD
A Stultified Conscience

by **WALTER LIPPMANN**

EUROPEANS who read about the more spectacular aspects of the gang wars in Chicago, about the murder of Arnold Rothstein, the attack on Jack Diamond, and the fabulous immunity of Al Capone, naturally conclude, as the *Manchester Guardian* put it the other day, that "all the machinery of law exists in America, but the thing does not work properly." There is no disputing this conclusion. The thing does not work properly. That is why we have almost as many crime commissions as we have gangs collecting tribute and issuing death warrants. But though everybody thunders in the index about the increase of organized crime, nothing much is done about it. The general public is not really aroused, public opinion is not coherent and enlisted, officials are not effectively concerned.

Thus the voters in our large cities have as yet shown no disposition to get thoroughly rid of the politicians who submit to, profit by, and fumble with the activities of the underworld. Leaving out all the evidences of subterranean partnership, the indisputable fact is that the dominant political machines in cities like Chicago and New York have notoriously failed to suppress organized crime. Even on the assumption that they are manned by brave, incorruptible, and patriotic individuals from the mayor and the boss at the top to the patrolman and the precinct captain, the fact remains that they are demonstrably impotent against the powers of the underworld. Yet they continue to control the agencies of the law, and in spite of the fulminations of press, pulpit, and grand juries they are periodically confirmed in their control by large majorities of American citizens.

Somewhere or other there is a blockade of the civic will which paralyzes action; somehow or other, as the *Manchester Guardian* went on to say, "the public conscience does not function as it should." We find ourselves revolving in a circle of impotence in which we outlaw intolerantly the satisfaction of certain persistent human desires and then tolerate what we have prohibited. Thus we find ourselves accepting in their lawless forms the very things which in lawful form we repudiate, having in the end to deal not only with all the vices we intended to abolish but with the additional dangers which arise from having turned over their exploitation to the underworld.

There are obvious reasons why these paradoxes are not easily realized by the American voters. In spite of the magnitude of its opera-

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tions, the ordinary householder has little personal contact with the grosser felonies of the underworld. Arnold Rothstein was murdered in a hotel which is a ten-minute walk from my home; Jack Diamond was shot in a hotel which is not much farther away. But for the fact that I am a newspaper man and know reporters who were at the scene shortly after the shootings, I should not, I think, have any greater conviction of their reality than I have about a murder in a novel by Edgar Wallace.

The detectives were a little less smart than they are in the books, and of course there was no solution. But I cannot recall that my primary emotion was one of indignation that defiant crimes had been committed in the city where I live. As far as I could observe my friends and myself, it seems that we enjoyed the Rothstein and Diamond affairs. For we city dwellers are connoisseurs of celebrated crimes, and here were two specimens which after examination turned out to be pretty good, but not quite up to the level of the Snyder, Elwell, and Hall-Mills cases.

I have little doubt that the shooting of Diamond amused New York for a few days and shocked it very little. This was due partially to the feeling that Diamond's life was not precious, but chiefly it was due to the fact that the shooting did not seem actually to have happened. Thus we must be acquitted of mere callous cruelty, however much we are damned for lack of imagination. It has never been accounted vicious to enjoy the murders in the Rue Morgue, and the same sort of innocence pervades New York's enjoyment of its big murder cases. For our civilization has become so extensive and complex that we are for the most part mere spectators of events in which by a hidden chain of causes we are implicated.

If the grosser crimes of the underworld are remote from our lives, its services are sufficiently close to inhibit our continuing indignation. The ordinary householder in American cities has considerable contact with the underworld, almost all of it of a kind which dulls his conscience. Unless he is the victim of a racket, has his house broken into, or is held up and slugged — all comparatively unusual experiences — he meets the underworld through the favors which it sells. From the underworld he, or at least many friends whom he respects, obtain their liquor. He knows this. But he does not allow himself to dwell too much on the knowledge that the cocktail comes from the bootlegger who operates under the jurisdiction of a criminal magnate, and that before the cocktail could be drunk, the Constitution and the laws had to be broken, public officials had to be deceived or corrupted, and some murders may have had to be committed.

With all of this complex of lawlessness the ordinary householder is dimly associated in a common defiance of the law and by the relationship of buyer and seller. There is no way of measuring the intangibles, but this must be a fact of prime importance in explaining why in the big cities one does not find the uncompromising hostility to the underworld which it is assumed should normally exist in a civilized society.

The bootlegging trade is not the only friendly and profitable bridge between respectability and the underworld. It is indubitably true that gangs have not infrequently been employed, and thus their existence encouraged, by business men. They have been used to break strikes. They have even been used in commercial warfare. It seems to me fairly certain that a history of gangs in Chicago and New York would show that the present development of racketeering, which is essentially the levying by gangsters of ransoms upon small business men, is rather closely connected with payments to gangsters to break strikes and to ruin commercial rivals. The extortion which gangs now practice has been and probably is now at times a voluntary payment to them for services rendered. Even to-day I should imagine that it would be a false and naïve picture to suppose that racketeers prey entirely upon innocent victims. The relationship is more complex. The gangs do not merely prey; in some measure they also serve their victims. The business flourishes because there is a certain reciprocal profit in it.

Then there are the reciprocal relations between gangs and political machines. On this point we have not only the evidence of fairly extensive personal relations between certain politicians and the lords of the underworld, we have not only rather striking evidence in the careers of men like Capone, Rothstein, and

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Diamond that they exercised sufficient political influence to stay out of jail, but we know that the gangs play a considerable part in elections, particularly in primary elections. The suffrage in American cities is by no means pure: the tricks of colonizing districts, of repeating, of stuffing ballot boxes, and of terrorizing voters often require the assistance of gangs.

Prohibited — But Popular

These relationships tend to blur the sharp distinction between civilized society and the underworld. The will to exterminate the underworld is necessarily blunted by the evident fact that the underworld performs many services which respectable members of society call for. Thus we have a code of laws which prohibit almost all the weaknesses of the flesh. This code of laws is effective up to a point. That point is the unwillingness of respectable people to engage in the prohibited services as sellers of prohibited commodities.

Respectable people are, however, willing to be consumers, patrons, and clients of these services. The underworld, having no respectability to lose, is the producer and seller of opportunities for gambling, fornication, drug-taking, and erotic amusement. The respectable world and the underworld interpenetrate at race tracks, bucket shops, poolrooms, prize fights, night clubs, speakeasies, backstage in the theaters, in bawdyhouses and hotels of assignation.

There are, of course, millions of Americans who do not enter this twilight zone in the whole course of their lives, but, on the other hand, there are numbers who do. That they deplore gang murders, the extortion of the racketeers, and even the grosser forms of bribery, we may take for granted. But they can hardly be very much interested in the abolition of the underworld's trade in goods which the law prohibits, the prevailing morality frowns upon, but their appetites desire.

In the larger cities the direct consumers of services that the underworld alone dares to provide are large in numbers; they are influential out of all proportion to their numbers. They shade out into the still larger class of reputable citizens who, though they have no contact at first or even second hand with the underworld, nevertheless have one thing in common with it. They are lawbreakers and they are glad to use pull to evade the consequences. It is difficult to speak accurately about this aspect of American social habit. One must rely on one's own observation. Mine is that scrupulous respect for all the laws and a refusal to accept favors is almost everywhere regarded as priggishness. The few men I have ever known who were really scrupulous have often wondered whether they were not suffering from some form of compulsion neurosis.

Certainly the general sentiment is to assume the right to beat the law. Different people have different points of resistance. I myself, for example, have no hesitation about breaking the prohibition law. I would not, however, break the tariff law, much as I despise the existing law, except that I would break that section of it dealing with prohibited books. I would smuggle any book I wanted to read. I would not violate the revenue laws. But I cannot develop much of a conscience about the archaic personal property tax in New York. I do not always obey the speed laws, but, if I were caught, I do not think I should care to bribe a policeman or to ask a politician to talk to the judge. I would bet at a race track if I felt like it.

The point of all this is that we are all so much addicted to lawbreaking that the existence of a great underworld which lives on lawbreaking is not wholly alien and antagonistic to the working assumptions of our lives. Because of their own strong addiction to lawlessness, Americans as a whole are by no means clear in their own minds as to the moral grounds on which they could challenge the underworld and go to war against it. Such warfare as they conduct is limited to the attempt to convict individuals of the more heinous crimes. These convictions are for many reasons difficult to obtain. Even when they are obtained they are of little account. For the heinous crimes are merely extremes of lawbreaking arising out of a high level of lawlessness.

The high level of lawlessness is maintained by the fact that Americans desire to do so many things which they also desire to prohibit.

A Dissenting Democracy

We come here upon one of the fundamental patterns of our political consciousness. The dominant American tradition is that morality requires the absolute condemna-

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tion without compromise of the weaknesses of the flesh. This tradition is by no means universal in Christendom. It prevails, as I think Thomas Cuming Hall has shown convincingly, primarily among peoples schooled in the dissenting spirit. They feel that the carnal pleasures — drinking, fornicating, and gambling — cannot for one instant be tolerated as normal in human existence. This is not the view held by the more aristocratic tradition of Western Europe. That tradition is tolerant of human appetites, and far too worldly to seek to condemn absolutely what it seems impossible to abolish.

Due to a variety of causes operating within the last generation, the aristocratic tradition of compromise with human nature has been almost obliterated in American public life. In its place the dissenting democracy has become dominant almost everywhere, but most particularly in the legislative bodies. This dissenting democracy, being composed almost entirely of people without previous practice in the arts of government, has had very much more moral conviction than it has had human experience. It has legislated out of its convictions rather than out of the body of human knowledge, and it has been much more interested in affirming its ideals than in facing the problems of applying them.

Proceeding on the principle of no compromise with the devil, the first concern of the dissenting democracy has been to purge the statute books of anything which could be construed as countenancing sin. This passion for legislative purity is, I suppose, the ghost of that grandiose conception which the New Englanders found systematically set forth by Richard Baxter in his *Holy Commonwealth*,* the idea that the civil state was to become the visible City of God. If this state was to express "that temporal dignity of the Saints, which undoubtedly would much bless the world," its statute books could make no concessions to the devil.

Whether or not this is the source of our American passion for a perfect idealism in the law, it is certain that this passion controls the mass-mind of America; and as direct democracy has advanced at the expense of representative government, the insistence on legislative declarations of perfection has been unchecked. Thus, to the amazement of the older nations of the earth, we have in the last thirty or forty years enacted new legal prohibitions against the oldest vices of man. We have achieved a body of statutory law which testifies unreservedly to our aspiration for an absolutely blameless and highly competitive life on earth.

The practical effect of this supreme moral achievement has been to lay upon the administrative branches of government the task of lifting the moral life of the American people above all temptation. Except in little utopian colonies here and there, no such stupendous thing has ever before been attempted by government. The people through their legislatures decreed that the American nation must be protected by officials against all opportunities to drink, to gamble, to fornicate, to see lascivious pictures, to read impure books, and also against attempting to protect their livelihood against the moral blessings of destructive competition.

This ambitious program of moral reform implied, of course, the establishment of the most despotic and efficient government ever seen on earth. The program called for thousands and thousands of resolute and incorruptible inspectors, policemen, prosecutors, and judges to enforce it. These could be had only by the expenditure of enormous sums of money. They could hope to carry out the program only by the suspension of most civil rights such as trial by jury, the sanctity of the domicile, freedom of speech and of publication.

But the very people who had enacted the program of moral reform which called for a tyranny, the dissenting democrats, happened also to be great lovers of liberty. They inherited another tradition along with that of the Holy Commonwealth, a tradition of profound distrust of executive and judicial authority, which they embodied in the Bill of Rights. Nothing has ever been able to induce them to set up a really strong executive government in America. Thus by their moral convictions they prohibited all sin, and by their liberal convictions they have kept the prohibitions from being enforced.

The enormous growth of activity in the underworld is the direct consequence of this contradiction in the American mind.

The underworld is what it is largely because

*See Herbert Wallace Schneider's *The Puritan Mind.*

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Americans are too moral to tolerate human weakness, and because they are too great lovers of liberty to tolerate the tyranny which might make it possible to abolish what they prohibit. They have made laws which act like a protective tariff — to encourage the business of the underworld. Their prohibitions have turned over to the underworld the services from which it profits. Their prejudice in favor of weak governments has deprived them of the power to cope with the vast lawbreaking industries which their laws have called into being.

The dangers and inconveniences of this result are multiplying and have become ominous. The present deadlock between our legislative purposes and our administrative prejudices cannot continue forever. For while it lasts, lawlessness is growing, and in certain areas of the country the social structure is already badly shaken. Something will have to give way. Sooner or later the American people will have to make up their minds either to bring their legislative ideals down to the point where they square with prevailing human nature or they will have to establish an administrative despotism strong enough to begin enforcing their moral ideals. They cannot much longer defy the devil with a wooden sword.

Endless Saturday Nights

A Short History of Tubbing

Drawings by Barney Tobey

***by* GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG**

In the fusty parlors of the faithful, wall mottoes are still in vogue — handsomely embroidered sentiments attesting mutely to the acceptance of all the sacred bromides in the great American credo. And leading the pack in popularity is that holy pronouncement: *Cleanliness is next to godliness*. This dictum, while interesting, wobbles a bit on its factual hind legs. Of course, no intelligent and unbiased observer, in view of the trend of events during the past decade, will question America's godliness; but when the hygienic habits of our pious countrymen are subjected to a pitiless close-up, there is disclosed no visible evidence of any affinity between bathtubs and God.

It may be that another holy war will result from this subversion of the sainted doctrine. If so, it should be a first-rate show. On one side — the hordes of fanatical muzhiks, splendidly outfitted with guns, bombs, and prayer rugs. On the other — a few civilized heretics equipped with a sense of humor and some embarrassing facts pertaining to the enemy's present, and past, aversion for soap and water.

However, no historical secrets are divulged by the unpleasant but incontrovertible truth that bathing has been decidedly unpopular in this best of all possible worlds for the last seventeen hundred years. This includes America, where the damp finger of the Bathtub

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Renaissance did not begin to make itself felt until about a quarter of a century ago and where, incidentally, the movement has achieved only a dubious and somewhat spotty victory.

For example, in those sectors invariably hostile to all forms of urban culture, there are to-day an astounding number of citizens who have never subjected themselves to the indignity of a brisk rubdown in that chaste region lying between their ankles and their clavicles. While it is true that many city dwellers have been enslaved and now submit meekly to the barbaric torture of a daily shower, the lads and lassies out yonder seem to be made of sterner stuff. Fascinated observers report that the latest sanitary threat has caused the denizens of the Flea Belt to sew themselves only more securely in their underwear.

Contrary to the accepted credo, bathing in the U. S. A., among the majority of the voters, is not an incident — it is an accident.

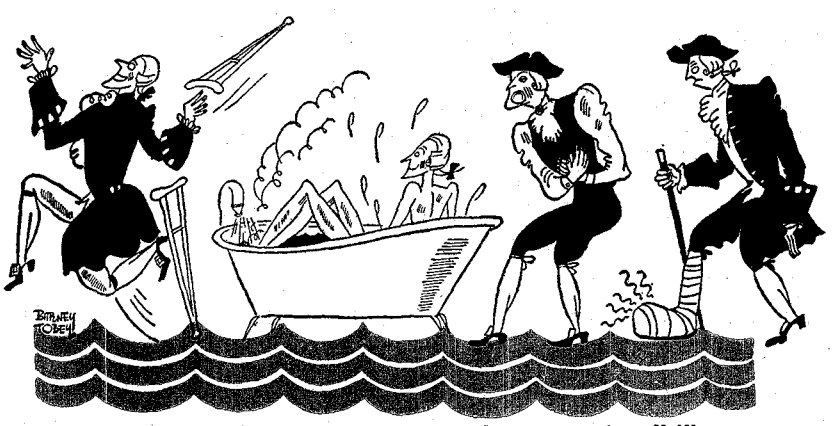
This utopian condition has not always existed. Back in the old days when Nero, Titus, Caracalla, and Diocletian cracked the regal whip, the civilized world, as symbolized by the Eternal City, showed unmistakable signs of becoming tub-conscious. Thanks to the liberality of the pagan emperors, magnificently imposing thermæ popped up all over the Seven Hills amid the huzzahs of the sweaty plebeians. The boys approved of these smart, luxurious hangouts where they could scrub and perfume themselves, gossip with their pals, and mingle with their betters for an outlay of not more than one quadrans (one-fourth of a cent) for the afternoon.

But this arrangement — probably because it made everybody happy — was doomed to go. Eventually the new creed of Christianity gripped the pagan city, and after the followers of the Carpenter were firmly ensconced in the driver's seat, there came a drastic municipal shake-up. And among the first reforms inaugurated was the abolition of the thermæ.

Turning again to the distinguished historians, it appears that early preachers of the Gospel frowned upon the baths as a form of infidel whoopee — monuments to a corrupt civilization — and they stressed the godly doctrine that daily laving of the body had no place in the tenets of the New Faith. It is further recorded that most of these evangelists were ocular and olfactory evidence that they practiced what they preached. Briefly, cleanliness and Christianity did not mix. So with a sigh, the bewildered proselytes gave up their afternoon tubs and the Christian world began its 1700-year-old taboo of the heathenish and wanton art of bathing.

The official blow-off of the sacred lid (a puny pop, at best) occurred one black morning in eighteenth-century England. The learned medical fraternity, displaying a flash of unsuspected intelligence, suddenly advocated the use of soap and water — an unspeakable heresy which met with horrified blats from the laity, accompanied by an obligato of pious snuffles from the holy men. Thus bathing made its melancholy bow to Christendom, and, backed by a glamorous and bewilderingly technical ballyhoo from the medicos, soon became identified as the panacea for all ills, including such minor maladies as insanity, failing eyesight, dropsy, ulcer of the lungs, deafness, jaundice, rheumatic pains, and palsy.

Bathhouses were erected to accommodate the sufferers, but unfortunately for the entrepreneurs, most of the afflicted ones exhibited a whole-souled preference for their own warm beds. Ingenious methods were employed to overcome this sales resistance. Often a patient, too weak to resist and with the Grim Reaper ogling him unpleasantly, was neatly shanghaied by the scientists and ducked in the magical waters. Miraculous cures were reported; even more miraculous testimonials were broadcast. But the bathing business continued to be highly specu-



Bathing soon became identified as the panacea for all ills.

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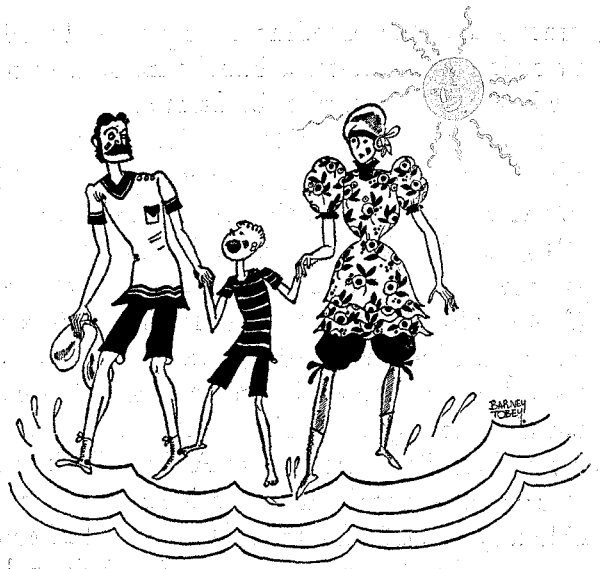
lative and the outlook was decidedly bleak.

In 1737, one John King, an apothecary of London, published his *Essay on Hot and Cold Bathing*. As the owner of a none too prosperous bathhouse, Mr. King took the opportunity to record in his tome a few bitter comments relative to the obstinacy of the bedridden public and, at the same time, to chronicle a few of the lesser miracles effected at his establishment. For instance, consider the case of Mrs. Watts of Leicester, "who was, through an ill Habit of Body, reduced almost to a *Skeleton*, her Stomach decay'd, hysterical &c. She was so tender as not to endure the Wind to blow upon her, but after the Use of cold *Immersions*, she became strong, vigorous and healthful, and was hardened to that Degree, so as to walk anywhere, and in any Weather, without catching Colds."

It is true, of course, that Mr. King was in trade, and his indelicate prefatory references to the bathing habits of his countrymen may have been induced by his lust for fat fees. Granting that possibility, we turn to a later and more disinterested source of information and find this excerpt from *The Bath*, an intriguing volume written in 1843 by Horatio Mahomed, an English gentleman quite free from base commercial motives: "There is perhaps no race of people in the world who evince so great a disregard for personal cleanliness as the English and at the same time, no nation that piques itself so much upon the possession of that quality. This is a bold assertion and one not likely to be relished by the multitude, but unhappily, its boldness is only exceeded by its truth. It is a fact, I think, that will hardly admit of contradiction, that a large proportion of the population of this country never submitted themselves to an entire personal ablution in their lives."

It is interesting to note that this quaint old English custom was faithfully adhered to when our pious forefathers squatted in the land of liberty. Reputable historians, probing among colonial family skeletons, and torn between patriotism and the horrid truth, invariably effect a fluttery compromise with the brief comment: "The bathing habits of the early American settlers are not to be recommended."

It should be recorded, however, that in 1778 Ben Franklin imported a tub from France — a slipper-shaped copper contrivance so designed that the bather could splash in blissful privacy,



Some loose peris, clad in strange and fearsome flannel shrouds known as bathing suits

the covered "toe" of the slipper shielding his legs from his own vulgar gaze. This feature, which should have appealed to the pudency of Ben's cultured associates, failed to arouse any noticeable enthusiasm among those gentlemen. Good and loyal hydrophobes, they merely stared at the rococo contraption, picked their noses reflectively — and walked out on the show. Thus was the French influence strangled in its infancy and for generations no citizen had the temerity to risk social ostracism by admitting his conversion to soap and water.

Not until forty years later, with America apparently free of all impious designs upon its health and morals, did the Devil go on the loose again and once more the faithful began to fidget and to mumble in their beards. But when it was whispered that the Red One had been scented in the vicinity of the White House (of all places!) the good men blinked. The thing was preposterous, unthinkable, a mad canard! However, it proved to be true. Soon the ugly rumors were confirmed — there were heretical goings-on in G. H. Q.!

President James Monroe, the fifth man on the job, was actually thumbing his nose at godly precedents. The President, it appeared, had suddenly announced his intention of taking a bath, swaggered into the bathroom, and emerged — unscrubbed. Slightly dazed, the Great White Father confessed he could not find the tub — an entirely credible statement in view of the fact that there was no tub. It was at this critical moment that Mr. Monroe, disregarding the doleful warnings of the political

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oracles and the excellent example set by his illustrious predecessors, blindly insisted upon his bath. Public opinion be damned!

And so, eighteen hundred and nineteen years after Christ was born, Hygeia came to the White House. For it is recorded that in August, 1819, the President purchased a "bath" for twenty dollars from one Wm. Thompson. (Note: No relation to the mythical Adam Thompson immortalized by Mencken.) Posterity will never know what happened to "Jim's bath." One legend attributes its sudden and mysterious disappearance to Andrew Jackson. It is claimed that the democratic Andy, a hater of luxury and effeminate vanities — and a keen student of mob psychology — ordered the tub thrown out of the presidential mansion. We do not subscribe to that theory; we merely chronicle it.

While we are reluctant to admit that baths were bootlegged in the White House, it would seem that personal hygiene was a negligible factor in official life for at least three-quarters of a century. As late as January 18, 1873, O. E. Babcock, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, called attention to the insanitary condition of the President's residence and its lack of bathrooms. "It hardly seems possible," lamented Mr. Babcock in his report, "to state anything in favor of the house as a residence."

During these Dark Ages, however, the lost cause had its champions. There were a few valiant souls willing to risk both their reputations and their necks in spreading the light, and among those unsung heroes was a Mr. C. B. Peckham of Newport, Rhode Island, who, in the year of our Lord, 1847, lifted his voice in the wilderness and informed his pitiful little band of converts that: "On the frequency of taking baths the question must be left open . . . persons will soon learn to meet the proper wants of their systems. Some there are, however, who will find the first one or two baths to affect their breathing somewhat."

That the majority of the worthy burghers had absolutely no intention of having their respiration disturbed was brought out forcibly in the first report of the American Medical Association's Committee on Public Hygiene, read in Boston in May, 1849. And while the doctors of medicine stormed, the doctors of divinity, with ears cocked alertly to catch all heretical rumblings and unchaste allusions, shuffled and squeaked nervously in the background. Eventually they, too, went into a huddle — and the inevitable miracle happened.

It was a magnificent bit of sacerdotal acrobatics and the pop-eyed parishioners were frankly stunned. For they gazed upon a ghastly humorous tableau — of Hygeia, the illegitimate child of pagan gods, being bounced on the knees of the holy men! Unfortunately, even our unofficial histories fail to disclose the reason for this astounding change in clerical sentiment. It is merely recorded that in one of the mightiest flip-flops ever executed in Christendom, the bewildered brat was snatched out of the arms of Satan and given to the Lord.

Although a neat job, it was not appreciated immediately by the laity — simple folk unfamiliar with the nuances of the higher strategy. They demanded that it be explained. This feat was finally accomplished and the boys whinnied their relief when they learned that, under the new order of things, baths were not compulsory. They were further soothed when informed that the cleanliness-is-next-to-godliness proclamation was only a merry jape which had been converted into a campaign slogan because of its holy leitmotif. It was pointed out, however, that bathing was an experiment noble in motive, and as such it was entitled to their oral support. This patriotic and pious duty called for the delivery of three rousing cheers, with an extra hosanna on Sundays and holidays.

Thus the plumbing industry wobbled off under somewhat inauspicious conditions, although in the cities a few cultured snobs were quick to recognize the social advantages of bathtub ownership — particularly the psychological effect upon the neighbors.

In the provinces, the traffic in the potty tin tubs of the period was not so brisk. But there seemed to be nothing the efficiency engineers could do about it. Living in an age when legs were "limbs" and when a woman's virtue was gauged by the length and number of her petticoats, the tub makers were naturally reluctant to ballyhoo a racket which necessitated a display in the nude. The business, somehow, smacked of naughtiness.

And then came the godly mauve decade — and the deluge! Some loose peris, clad in strange and fearsome flannel shrouds known as bathing suits, appeared on a public beach where they frisked and squealed in most unseemly fashion.

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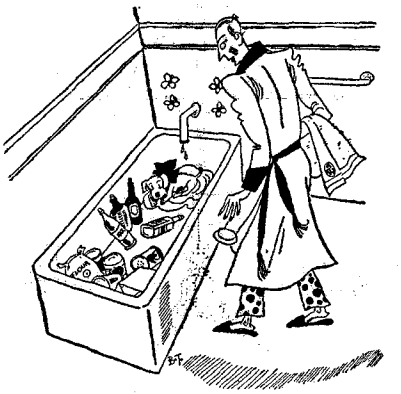
This wanton defiance of the water taboo marked the beginning of the Bathtub Renaissance — and the attendant decline in America's morals. For it was then that the younger generation became more interested in the cleanliness of its ears than in the immaculacy of its soul. And to this miracle may be traced the beginning of that quaint old American custom, the Saturday night bath, an institution still in vogue when the twentieth century dawned.



New ways of utilizing a bathtub

To-day, of course, we titter indulgently when this family skeleton is dragged into the conversational spotlight. And, as gracefully and as soon as possible, dismiss the old boy with a conventional hoot. For to-day we are, by our own smug admission, the cleanest nation on earth.

This belief we hug to our breasts. It has, in fact, been chanted so often that it has acquired the prestige and dignity of a national theme song.

Loyalists will counter sharply with the assertion that America possesses more bathtubs than any other nation in the world. The writer, a rapt student of Americana, does not question the statement. But he is forced to add that the figures, while imposing, are as empty as a bootlegger's guarantee; they show only that statistics are for — statisticians.

They solemnly point out, for instance, that in this country there is one bathtub for every seven inhabitants — a fact which should be of burning interest to a recently discovered group of 3300 tubless Bostonians, living in blissful ignorance of their non-conformance to the official averages. And to a block of 1700 innocent, but equally tubless, New Yorkers who were also operating with no statistics to guide them.

Of course, being slum dwellers, it is possible that they would not bathe if tubs were installed. The possibility must be admitted. Incidentally, that theory is strengthened by an intensive study of the bath-life of the Americano in a higher social stratum. For it is the *bourgeoisie* who exhibit an almost devilish ingenuity in discovering new ways of utilizing a bathtub; that is, when the family is not performing its daily ablutions. On this cultural level we find that the tub serves capably as a soiled clothes hamper, a food cache, an excellent place to mix gin, and a bed for the dog.

Dilettantes in this fascinating field of research often evince a mild skepticism over the statement that many of our compatriots are chronic hydrophobes. Yet the simplest of olfactory tests has detected their presence. In the interest of science we call attention to the faint but unforgetable *parfum* diffused in our popular cinema shrines. And street cars. And bargain basements.

But the lip-worship of Hygeia is not confined to our more humble citizens. It goes higher. Even unto the public that patronizes our crack extra-fare trains — a sleekly prosperous group hinting vaguely of "class" and representative, perhaps, of our Best People. Personal observation, however, having led to a horrid doubt in the writer's mind, an interrogation of the general passenger agents of four famous railroads followed. The query, briefly, related to the percentage of passengers using the club showers on the *de luxe* trains. A bit tartly, two of these officials replied that the information was "not available." Another admitted that "very few take advantage of this facility." And the spokesman for a great road in the West confessed that even on the long hegiras it was "a very low figure — considerably under five per cent."

We are moved to whittle our own conclusion: that while the art of bathing is by no means obsolete in this greatest of all the Americas, it is possible that our fervor for soap and water has been slightly exaggerated. A delicate theme . . . and we pass on, leaving the solution of the problem to the hardy and nimble-witted bathtub manufacturers who are responsible for to-day's seven to one ratio after two generations of soul-crushing discouragement. Their latest contribution to the good work — symphonies in pastel porcelain — may inspire the citizens to bigger and better resolves. While it is frankly a noble experiment, there is a possibility that it will justify the faith of the industrial optimists and achieve a glorious success.

We shall see.

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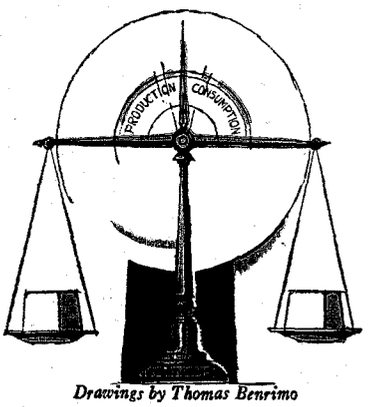
Must We REDUCE Our Standard of Living?



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by **WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER**
and
WADDILL CATCHINGS

YEARS AGO, Thomas R. Marshall rescued his name from the obscurity allotted to most Vice Presidents of the United States by announcing that what this country needs is a good five-cent cigar. Not to be outdone, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta, Eugene R. Black, has put in his claim for immortality by implying that what this country needs is a five-cent standard of living. "I do not agree," he has proclaimed recently, "with those men who are saying that in America there must be no retrogression from the present high grade of living. . . . We have been living in an automobile, a Frigidaire, a radio era, and have been sitting in the atmosphere of a Corona-Corona. We cannot pay our debts and continue in that atmosphere. Let us not fool ourselves."

But if it is good bankers' economics for us to use fewer automobiles, electric refrigerators, and radios, why not use fewer electric lights and go back to candles? Why not give up billion-dollar banks and go back to little strong boxes? Better still, why not emigrate to China in a body? China's standard of living ought to be low enough to satisfy anybody.

Before we take out our passports for China, however, we shall do well to ponder on this fact: we are perfectly able to produce all those automobiles, refrigerators, and radios which worry the Governor. There they are, already produced.

By all means, let us not fool ourselves. If we reached a Corona-Corona level in 1929, it was not through wasted spending, but in spite of wasted productive power. Even at the heights of our so-called "extravagance," we were not consuming nearly so much as we were able to produce, or even so much as we actually did produce. Indeed, it was general overproduction, not general overconsumption, which worried the business world. Virtually every industry complained, as it still complains, that it had excessive creative capacity. Right now, we have enough productive power to maintain a Corona-Corona-Corona standard of living.

That being the unquestioned fact, it seems incredible that any man should advocate a reduction in the American standard of living. It would be bad enough if Governor Black were the only one who favored making progress backward, for even a single bank officer in high authority can do much toward achieving that end. But Governor Black does not stand alone. His conviction is shared by many other bankers. At the latest convention of the American Bankers' Association, John W. Barton, President of the National Bank Division,

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insisted that the only way out of the existing business depression is reduced consumption. "It is folly," he said, "to expect to maintain our standard of living against the rest of the world."

The Bankers' Association added an official word. Its new President, Rome C. Stephenson, announced that the Association would carry on an intensive campaign "to induce our people to be economical and thrifty in the sense that the French nation is especially endowed." This, again, means a drastic reduction in our standard of living. If wage earners in this country bought no more than the people buy in France, they would thereby lose all the gains in real wages which they have made in the last thirty years. Production would fall far below even the present low level. So would employment and pay rolls.

Saving vs. Spending

Underlying these exhortations to spend less and save more is at least one fundamental fallacy. Usually it is not plainly stated, but always it is there. Now Thomas F. Wallace, President of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, expresses this common error in its baldest form. It is impossible, he says, for any country to save too much. He goes on, logically enough, to declare that the best thing consumers can do right now in order to assist in an economic revival is to put more money into the savings banks — in fact, all the money they do not need for "necessities." This, of course, means reducing their spending, and thereby reducing their standard of living.

The president of an association of six hundred banks, with deposits of nearly ten billion dollars, actually advocates less spending, when business activity is twenty-four per cent below normal chiefly because consumers have not spent enough. He advocates more saving, when at least three million of the unemployed are in that plight because consumers have saved too much. He urges the investment of more money in capital equipment, when at least twenty billion dollars' worth of capital equipment is idle because of slackened demand for the output. He advises us to turn over less money to merchants and more to savings banks, after we have increased savings deposits, in a single year, by $267,180,000 and decreased our spending by over ten times that amount.

Most incredible of all, Banker Wallace urges us to entrust the banks with still more money, when they are daily proclaiming, through the lowest interest rates in a decade of banking, that they cannot find responsible borrowers for the savings already entrusted to them. And the reason they cannot find borrowers is because nobody wants to borrow money wherewith to make goods for people who will save their money instead of buying the goods.

It will be a happy day for jobless men and women and their children when industry is freed from the strangling grip of the old fallacy that a country cannot save too much. Right now, the United States *is* saving too much. It is saving gold for which it has no use. It is saving money which will not be needed for increased capital equipment until enough consumers ignore the advice of these bankers and spend more. In fact, nothing in the whole distressed world of business is so obvious as the fact that the nation has already saved too many mills, mines, factories, foundries, tanneries, oil wells, railroads, office buildings, and power plants.

What do we mean by "too many"? For industry as a whole, there can be but one meaning: too many in relation to reduced consumer demand for the products of industry. Yet the bankers whom we have quoted would still further reduce consumer demand in the process of reducing standards of living.

One cannot help noticing that it is never their own standard of living which the bankers propose to reduce. It is always the standard of living of the rank and file of the wage earners. Or, if any banker does contemplate a lower level for his own family, it is a level far above the highest level ever reached by ninety per cent of American families. Even so, we should have to agree with these bankers if the United States were unable to produce enough wealth to maintain consumption at the level of recent years. But — we repeat — the United States is abundantly able. Not once since the war has our consumption of wealth even approached our capacity to produce wealth. Not once have we reached the standard of living which is readily attainable.

Nevertheless, Governor Black thinks that we have been wildly extravagant. This is an illusion that afflicts many bankers. It is a kind of occupational disease. Its proper name is

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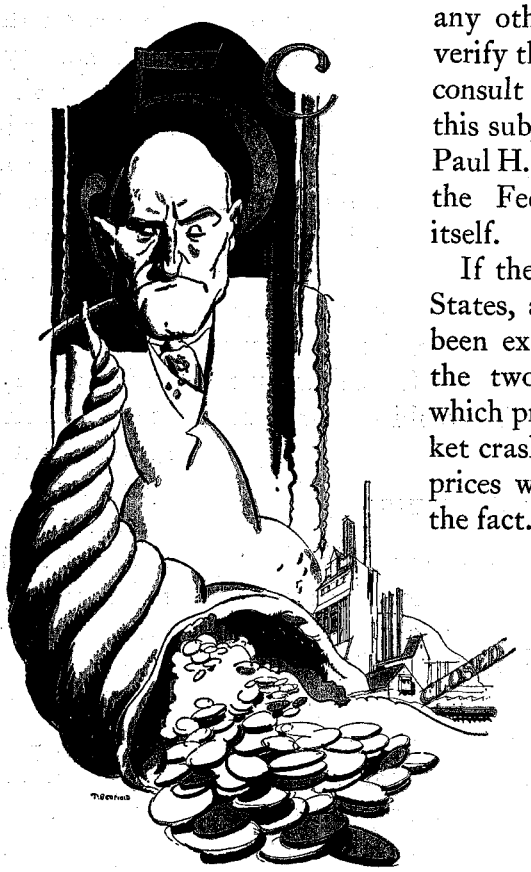
financial myopia. As a matter of fact, the people of the United States *as a whole* have *not* been extravagant. Even in the prosperous period of which the Governor complains, the people *as a whole* spent too little. They saved too much — too much in proportion to what they spent, too much in the form of capital goods. In other words, as we have just observed, they put more savings into mills, mines, and machines than their rate of spending called for; they saved more productive equipment than they have since found any way of using. Every banker knows that.



Wasteful Thrift

One of our readers, however, is from Missouri. "You and Governor Black," he says, "flatly contradict each other. What are the facts?"

Here are the facts. In the first quarter of this century, real wages in all manufacturing concerns increased only thirty per cent, while productivity per employee increased fifty-four per cent. In other words, wage earners produced far more than they had any means of buying. Most of the difference was saved in the form of capital goods, including the automobile, radio, and refrigerator factories of which the Governor complains. In order to find a year which gives any point to the Governor's charge of extravagance, we have to go back to 1919. By 1921, however, both the buying power and the creating power of wage earners was seventeen per cent above the year 1899.

Since 1921, their creating power has far outrun their buying power. Production has exceeded consumption. In 1923, production was up thirty-eight per cent, but consumption by wage earners was up only thirty-two per cent. In 1925, production was up fifty-four per cent, but consumption was up only thirty per cent. From 1926 until the crash in the stock market, production in general continued to increase faster than consumption in general. Not until after the stock market crash did the reverse process set in. In other words, it is precisely during these last twelve months of excessive thrift that the country has been extravagant, in the sense of using up wealth faster than it has created it. Saving too much is extravagance.

These are the facts. If Governor Black, or any other doubter, wishes to verify these facts, he need only consult the standard work on this subject — *Real Wages*, by Paul H. Douglas — or, indeed, the Federal Reserve Board itself.

If the people of the United States, as a whole, really had been extravagant spenders in the two years of prosperity which preceded the stock market crash, a rise of commodity prices would have announced the fact. But there was no rise. On the contrary, there was a marked decline. There is always *inflation* of commodity prices when dollars go to market faster than goods. That is what happened during the years 1917–1920. On the other hand, there is always *deflation* when the flow of dollars does not keep pace with the flow of goods. As a matter of statistical record, the period 1927–1929 was a period of deflation. Both prices and stocks on hand show that consumers as a whole were not buying wealth as rapidly as they were creating wealth. By no stretch of the imagination can such self-denial be called "extravagance."

Even so, it is said, *some* individuals have been living beyond their means: already they have spent part of the wages which they hope to receive next year. That, of course, is true. And it would still be true after we had further reduced the standard of living of the country as a whole. Indeed, the immediate effect of a further general reduction of living standards would be an increase in the number of families who are living beyond their means.

In any event, it is stupid deliberately to penalize an entire nation because some of its citizens are extravagant. If easy-payment plans

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have been *too* easy for some consumers, let us consider what, if anything, should be done about that. If certain individuals will not, on their own volition, save enough to protect themselves and their families against illness, old age, and unemployment, let us accomplish the desired end by insurance. Let us not make the mistake of trying to change the habits of the improvident by reducing the standard of living of the provident.

But, exclaims Governor Black, "We cannot have any permanent prosperity when there is a load of debt around our necks!" This illusion is another symptom of financial myopia. Of course some of our citizens owe money to other citizens. Of course some owe money to the banks; if they did not, the banks would have to go out of business. Of course millions of families still have payments to make on their houses; if the building of these houses had not been financed on credit, millions of them would not have been built at all, and unemployment would have caused even more suffering than it has caused. But the people of the United States, as a whole, are not in debt for so much as a single five-cent cigar. On the contrary, the *net* indebtedness of other countries to our government and to our citizens is over sixteen billion dollars.

Again we say, let us not fool ourselves: this country is perfectly able to produce and consume, on a sound economic basis, not only more automobiles and refrigerators and radios than the number which worries the Governor, but also more houses and pianos and vacuum cleaners and washing machines and tractors and all the other products for which now, as always in the past, some citizens are in debt to others. Many bankers agree with us. It would be helpful right now if these bankers would carry on "an intensive campaign," not to lower living standards, but to raise them.

During the fifteen years prior to 1928, we *did* raise our living standards. Prosperity was real. The profits of capital were not mainly paper profits. The profits of labor were scarcely paper profits at all. During this period, as Professor Douglas has shown in his monumental study, the *real* wages of all workers in all manufacturing concerns went up about thirty-four per cent. In other words, for every *three* rugs, rings, ruffles — yes, and radios and refrigerators and other "luxuries" — which wage earners could buy in 1913, they could buy *four* in 1928. Even so, as we have shown, the country was not living beyond its means, for productivity increased much more rapidly than wages.

Consumption Means Prosperity

How did such prosperity happen? That question brings us to the basic fallacy in the argument of those who, in order to restore prosperity, urge us to cut down our buying of automobiles, radios, and electric refrigerators. For our greatest period of prosperity was precisely the period which saw over ninety per cent of the growth of the automobile, radio, and electric refrigerator industries.

Was there any connection? There certainly was. For these three industries expanded until, directly and indirectly, they put over six billion dollars a year into pay envelopes. Here, again, we must guard against fooling ourselves. If these six billions had not been paid as wages in connection with these new industries, they would not have been paid at all. If we had not made and bought and used the "luxuries" of which the Governor complains, we should not, in their place, have bought more "necessities." We should merely have stayed on a lower plane of living. As a matter of fact, the expansion of bank credit and wages in connection with the expansion of new industries chiefly accounts for our prosperity. It is mainly in that way that we have contrived to *use* instead of *waste* our savings. We did not buy these "luxuries" because we prospered. It is more to the point to say that we prospered because we bought these "luxuries."

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But now, by a curious twist of thought, Governor Black and the bankers and business men who agree with him expect to cure bad times by curbing the very forces which made good times. These men are facing squarely in the wrong direction. Reduced spending is not the way back to good times. On the contrary, we shall not restore good times, *no matter what else we do*, until we spend more.

"But," says the President of the National Bank Division of the American Bankers' Association, "we cannot expect to maintain our standard of living against the rest of the world." This is another illusion. During the present depression, it has become common. Not only Banker Barton but many other men talk as if there were something immoral about enjoying a standard of living higher than that of other nations. If not immoral, at least perverse and ungenerous; in any event, impossible.

Why impossible? What has the rest of the world to do with it, anyway? The rest of the world does not object to sending us as much wealth as it has sent in the past. On the contrary, it is eager to send more. It would like to begin by sending, in addition to current imports, about sixteen billion dollars' worth of goods in payment of its present debts. We refuse to accept the goods. To keep them out, we put up higher and higher tariff barriers. However, let us not confuse this matter with tariff theories. A higher standard of living *is* increased consumption of goods. And every nation is eager to have us consume more of its goods. It would profit thereby.

What, then, does Banker Barton mean when he says that we cannot maintain our standard of living *against* the rest of the world? Why "against"? Every prolonged rise in our own standard of living has brought higher living standards in every other part of the world. Nearly every nation has sent a commission to us to find out the secret of our prosperity; and we have sent abroad one of our citizens, by the name of Ford, to expose that secret in terms of scientific management, mass production, and high wages. In the past we have rendered other nations the conspicuous service of a conspicuous example. In the future, we shall best serve other nations, not by bringing our own standards down, but by bringing theirs up. "Against" is a question-begging word. We can and should expect to maintain our standard of living, not *against*, but *for* the rest of the world.

Labor Learns the Truth

The position of organized labor with reference to standards of living used to be as unsound as is the present position of some of our bankers. For a long time, organized labor demanded a "living wage." Then came the demand for a "saving wage," and presently the demand for a "culture wage." But whatever it was called, it was nothing more than somebody's *opinion* concerning what was desirable. Committees were endlessly consulting and figuring, in order to determine "how much it costs to maintain an average wage earner's family in health, decency, and security." The findings were merely opinions. These opinions, however, were presented by labor leaders as grounds for their wage demands.

Such demands have no sound basis. For practical purposes it does not matter how much income is necessary in order to maintain a given standard of living. It does not matter how high anybody *thinks* wages ought to be. The wages which a given concern, or a given industry, or a given country, is able to pay, at any given time and place, is a question of fact. Potential standards of living are determined by production, not by opinions. If, for example, money wages in China were doubled next week, the Chinese people would still be in poverty. The standard of living depends, not on units of currency, but on units of goods.

Five years ago, the American Federation of Labor abandoned its unsound position. Instead, it declared that the real wages of labor should increase in proportion to the productivity of labor. That was the most important decision ever made by organized labor. In making that decision, leaders of labor took a position which bankers and employers will have to take eventually. For capital, as well as labor, can continue to prosper only if real wages — that is to say, standards of living — increase at the same rate as the productivity of labor. In other words, employers of labor can prosper only if they can find a market for the products of labor; but for a market, employers must look chiefly to the laborers themselves.

Now that organized labor, after generations of struggle on untenable grounds, has taken a sound economic position, some of our leaders

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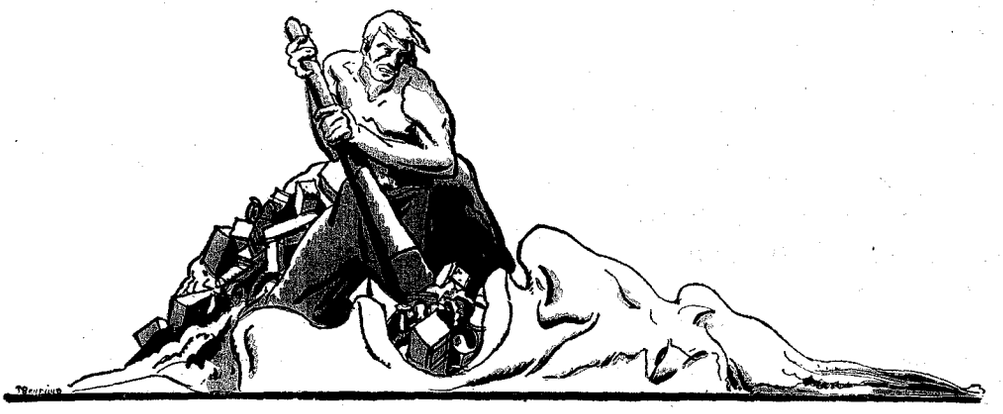
in banking are taking a position just as untenable as the position which labor has abandoned.

Have the bankers who advocate a lower standard of living considered precisely what that involves? Have they followed their proposal through to its inevitable consequences? What they advocate profoundly affects the happiness of forty million wage earners and their children. For fifteen years these wage earners have struggled successfully toward higher living standards. Their hopes have mounted high. Suddenly they are told that there *is* no hope. Progress is over. They must sink back toward the "cesspool of poverty." Surely officials of high authority would not lightly issue such a hope-killing decree. Surely they must have thought their way through to the bottom.

Where is the bottom? Where does their program lead? After they have greatly reduced the production of automobiles, radios, refrigerators, and other so-called "luxuries," what do they propose to do with the laborers whom they have thus thrown out of jobs? Are the discarded workers to be employed in making "necessities"? Are they to produce more wheat and rubber, more lumber and leather, more copper and cloth, more boots and shoes, when all such "necessities" are already overproduced, and after the market for "necessities" has been further limited by reduction in the wages of the makers of "luxuries"? No, there will be no hope for jobless men in that direction. What Governor Black really proposes is that we meet the present unemployment emergency by creating more unemployment. Under his plan, no doubt, we could reduce employment and living standards twenty per cent in six months. But how could we stop there? We couldn't. Where is the bottom? If we follow his lead, there isn't any bottom discernible.

Again, after we have reduced our standard of living, what are we to do with the great banking structure which we have created? Shall we put thirty per cent of it out of business? And what shall we do with all the fixed capital which we have laboriously created? At this moment we have every means of carrying on at least thirty per cent more business than we are now carrying on. We have proved it. We have the factories, blast furnaces, farms, mines, oil wells, trucks, railroads, power plants, lumber mills, tanneries, telegraph lines, office buildings, laboratories, and all the other fixed capital which we need. If we elect to reduce our living standards below the present level, we elect to render useless at least twenty billions of productive capital. Most of this capital has been created with the encouragement of the banks. Much of it is owned by the banks. Now leading bankers tell us, in effect, that there is nothing we can do with this capital but to scrap it.

Fortunately, these bankers are mistaken. The way out of our troubles is not to render existing capital useless, but to create still more capital. The automobile, radio, and electric refrigerator industries are not horrible examples. They are inspiring examples. In the future, as in the past, we shall make real progress by increasing our equipment for producing "luxuries." And buying more of these "luxuries." And bringing forth more inventions. And developing more new industries. And, in the process, creating more bank credit and paying more wages. Thus we shall *use* our savings, instead of *wasting* them. In short, the way to go ahead is to plan to go ahead, and not to plan to go backward. "The emblem of the United States is still an eagle, not a crab."



Next month, "Hard Times and Soft Thinking" by Fabian Franklin

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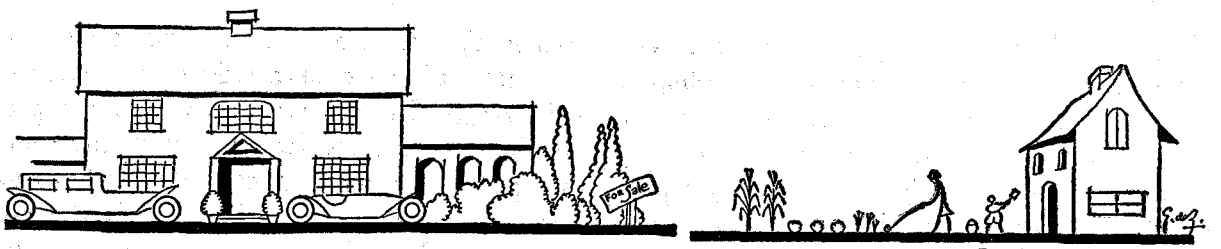

Drawings by George de Zayas

From $25,000 to $2000

A Voluntary Experiment in Simple Living

by **SARAH ADAMS**

IT DOES NOT very often happen that a married pair with a child deliberately decides to exchange living on a comparatively luxurious scale, with all its social and material advantages, for living on a meager income that will barely cover the sheer necessities of existence. Yet this is just what my husband and I, in full possession of our faculties, have decided to do.

When I say "comparatively luxurious," I mean the scale of living that results when a man earns twenty-five thousand a year, with prospects of increasing earning power. I mean the full panoply of possessions — a delightful country house, a hundred and fifty years old but modernized to the last word in contemporary comfort, two good cars, fine old furniture, excellent clothes; I mean the power to entertain in an ample, spacious fashion; to send our boy to a good private school; to buy without stint those things which enhance our leisure hours, including trips, theaters, books, sports, and (may I whisper it?) potables.

And when I say "a meager income," I mean about two thousand a year, and I don't have to make a list of the luxuries which *that* amount will buy for three people. Since this change is not just a hazy hope but a definite event that will take place within a very few months, we have gone into athletic training to discipline ourselves for the comparative rigors of the frugal life.

Before going on, let me say that we are both young, in our early thirties; that our boy is ten; that my husband's profession is regarded as a highly desirable one, and that his success in it shows that rising curve which generally gives a man and his family great cause for rejoicing. But as it happens, his heart is not in his work, and no matter what the rewards, it remains an occupation for which he has an inner contempt. It is work which he embraced as a youth when he had to support himself, and his accidental aptitude in this field afforded him the nearest opportunity. To this occupation he has devoted more than ten years of tremendous effort, without at any time realizing that satisfaction which a man knows when he has devoted himself to a job for which he is innately fitted.

All his life he has been haunted by a passion for scientific pursuits, but by an unfortunate circumstance his early education stressed a minor talent rather than his major interest. At an incredibly youthful age he was swept by adolescent idealism into the war, and came back from France faced with the necessity of supporting himself and, before many years, a family. And now, after twelve years of what the world considers enviable success, he faces himself and realizes that before he is many months older, he *must* identify himself with his dominating interests.

This involves the necessity of going back and getting a training in fundamentals. It involves, in fact, going back to college, and on the scale of a poor student with a tiny income and a family that must live on it. It means giving up that sense of power which in spite of himself a man acquires with a rising

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income, and it means giving up a thousand comforts and luxuries which — say what you will, Mr. James Truslow Adams — charmingly lubricate the machinery of living.

And it means getting in exchange, we fondly hope, integrity, that respect for oneself that is supposed to be the result of honest, disinterested devotion to a worthy job. We face the prospect joyously; we are impatient with the necessary delays entailed by the business of disposing of our possessions and winding up our affairs. Meanwhile we are disciplining ourselves, so far as we can in a house that remains an expensive luxury, for the change in régime that confronts us.

Learning to Be Poor

We began by dispensing with servants. For expedient reasons we have told nothing of our plans to our friends and associates. To them we are still that prosperous young couple who for some reason are resorting to drastic economies. They know my husband's business is flourishing; many of them are connected with the organization which supports us. "How can you run an establishment of this size without servants?" they ask. None of them is able to subsist without at least two household aids. I am looked at pityingly by my women friends because I do my own cooking, cleaning, gardening. I am considered a sort of quixotic fool when I say that I'm doing it because I enjoy earning my own living and it seems to be the job nearest at hand and the most important.

And as a matter of fact, I do enjoy doing an honest day's labor, or rather I enjoy the satisfaction that comes with working toward a goal. It is not so many years since I had no choice in the matter, when there was no question of our being unable to afford maids or nurses; and at that time it surely seemed no great hardship to do a job that millions of women who have babies, households, and small incomes are doing cheerfully.

In those early days I might add that when my baby was tucked in for the night, I dashed off stories that augmented the family income when it was slim enough to be grateful for augmenting. But that was six years ago, and in the interval I have lived a life of comparative ease, with adequate household help, amid the pleasantest surroundings, contenting myself with managing my household, and giving what I hope has been spiritual comfort and companionship to my husband and son.

I mention dispensing with servants first because after all that is the most palpable change from a luxurious to a simple household. When a woman scrubs her kitchen floor, there is a sharp difference in living from the scale upon which ordering the day's supplies is the most strenuous task in her routine. Getting up at seven-thirty to cook the small boy's oatmeal is a perceptible change from having one's breakfast brought to one's bedside.

And entertaining two friends at dinner, at the same time combining the functions of cook, waitress, hostess, and scullery maid, is a somewhat different technique from entertaining eight or ten with a full battery of attendants. It would be silly to mention all these details as hardships, since they are the common experience of countless women. The difference in our case is that we *choose* to do it; at this moment we don't in the least have to. But since we are going to have to very soon, we thought it would be stupid to make the plunge utterly unprepared.

Our discipline takes in other aspects of living, of course. We have tried to eliminate every needless item of our expenditure — every

Elsewhere in this issue Messrs. Foster and Catchings have registered their conviction that we Americans must permit ourselves no degree of backsliding from our present high standards of living. This is the edict of the new economics. Here we are in the throes of business depression. We are told that it was largely caused by overproduction. We are warned that we must buy now — buy more, perhaps, than we actually need — if we are to pull ourselves out of the slough. In short, the depression burst upon us because the economic machine became maladjusted to human needs, and as a remedy we are asked to readjust our needs to the machine. Some of us may be old-fashioned enough to remain unconvinced, seeming to detect a hollow ring in these impassioned prescriptions for the machine, as if human beings existed only for the service of the economic system instead of the other way round. Such a skeptic, apparently, is Sarah Adams. She and her husband have decided voluntarily to give up an income of $25,000 for one of $2000; henceforth they will cease to be mere accessories of the economic machine which is driving all of us blindly onward in the competitive struggle to accumulate creature comforts. And they have come to this conclusion, not because of the depression, but simply because they have found the so-called "successful" life of the American business man completely meaningless and a frustration of their better instincts. Theirs is, in the true sense, a noble experiment, and The Forum is glad to publish Mrs. Adams' account of it as an example to others who may be equally dissatisfied but less courageous.

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single one. That is to say, we have bought no clothes for twelve months; and when I say "no clothes," I mean literally none. As a matter of fact, I have exactly two presentable pairs of silk stockings, which are guarded jealously and used only for important occasions; I wear two pairs of cotton ones alternately for all ordinary uses. Incidentally, it is amusing to note that my precious silk ones are leading a charmed life, while in the old, casual days they seemed to develop fatal runs every time I drew a deep breath.

I've routed out clothes which under normal circumstances I should long ago have given to poor relatives, and I get a curious satisfaction out of making myself presentable in them. A winter coat which would have seemed quite shabby to me a year ago has become a really elegant asset. I'm grateful for all those things which remain from the old régime and plan to make them last interminably.

The Modest Board

And then food has become something to conjure with. I think to myself proudly as we sit down to a good dinner, "Well, I made it on forty cents this time." I've discovered again that steaks and chops and expensive roasts aren't the *sine qua non* of appetizing cookery. I've discovered the lowly rump steak, the excellent rack of lamb, the humble hamburger, not to mention the range of less expensive vegetables with which I adorn the family platter. I have reduced a food bill which ranged from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week, depending upon the amount of our entertaining, to one that, *mirabile dictu*, never exceeds fifteen dollars a week, and generally is closer to ten. And that includes breakfast for three; luncheon for two; dinner for three, and a midnight supper for one.

I could write a book on the fun I've been having manipulating food so that it remains palatable and nourishing to a finicky family and yet is inexpensive to purchase. At this time I stop to invoke blessings on my apple trees, which have furnished fruit for a hundred desserts and salads and accessory dishes. I have become a wizard with an apple, which formerly, I blush to confess, was frequently left to rot if the gardener didn't get around to gathering it. The carrot, the onion, and the cabbage must come in for their share of

credit, too. Tomato juice in this lush tomato country frequently replaces the expensive orange.

I even preserved those few things that our land yields, and this was my first experience, since I had always been a city dweller in the days before our affluence. The wild strawberry, the dewberry, the grape, were all grist to my preserving kettle, though I'll admit it was a very inexpert hand that stirred them. And of course, I do my own marketing. The tradespeople with whom I deal look with astonishment as I calculate my pennies, for not so long ago I telephoned royally and asked no questions. They attribute it to the business depression, and treat me very sympathetically.

Thus I feel that when we have burned our bridges behind us, and we shall do that most thoroughly, I'm not going to be at all appalled at the job that will confront me as a housewife with a tiny purse. I hope to take some courses at the university along with my husband, since I have to some degree shared his intellectual interests from the beginning. And I look forward to our adventure with great delight and no misgivings.

My own family, of course, thinks we're mildly insane. "Imagine having reached a point in living where you have practically everything the rest of the world is striving for, and deliberately giving it up for a cheeseparing existence!" they cry. "You don't *know*," they tell me ominously. "It's easy to sit in a beautiful home and talk about what fun it will be to lead the austere scholar's life, but wait till you've tried it." And they end by saying, "You'll come back. You'll see that you can't deliberately dispense with the pleasures of a civilized existence." But we are persuaded that we won't come back; we're going to make it practically impossible to come back.

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For we are convinced that the rewards that material success can bring us will always be insufficient. Of course we're human and have derived a great deal of enjoyment from living spaciously. We've had charming friends, all of whom, however, were dedicated to getting on in the world and really at no time have spoken our own language. Our only sense of true companionship has been derived from each other, and from the thousand stimulating books that have passed under our eager examination these past ten years.

Gradually the character of these books has changed from those of general literary value to histories of science, analyses of scientific thinking, to innumerable books on the specific science which my husband wants to make his life work. Incidentally, it is a science which yields no hope or prospect of material reward. When we make this break, it will be to live for the rest of our lives, so far as we know, on a small, possibly even decreasing income, made possible through the sale of all our worldly goods.

Goodby to All That

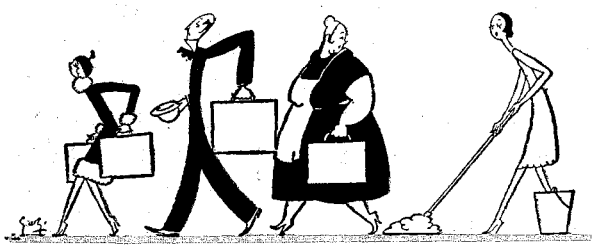
And what of our son, it may well be asked? Aren't we deliberately stripping him of the opportunities and advantages that an ample purse affords? We've thought a good deal about that, and we feel that what we can give him in exchange for expensive schools and so on will more than compensate for his losses. He's an alert little chap, interested in ideas, fascinated by the scientific books and apparatus that surround him, and ready for any change or adventure we may embark on. In fact the prospect of long travel which our venture will involve at the outset excites him as much as it does us, and I can only feel that we're going to enrich his life rather than impoverish it.

After all, luxuries don't mean much to children; it doesn't shock a child to learn that he isn't going to live in a big, beautiful house any more; or have as many sweaters and shoes and toys as he has had. The kind of security children live by is faith in their parents, the conviction that their parents' essential integrity can be relied upon; and this, I hope, we shall always be able to give in some degree to our son. He has always been accustomed to turn to us with questions and get at least honest answers; he has been accustomed to our dealing fairly with him, and this kind of security no material changes can possibly affect.

Is it tampering with fate to throw away the assured comfort of an easy, pleasant existence for an unknown and at best rigorous discipline? We can only say that all the rewards of this civilization aren't enough to compensate a man for spending the major part of his life at work which is alien to him. Too much is lost in the process; too much of the fine integrity of the mind must go into the inevitable scheming and capitulation that must go on in every successful business career. In order to keep any place in the procession you must fight unremittingly or lose ground; and the spectacle of a man fighting passionately for a cause in which he does not in the least believe is a pathetic and undignified one.

For a time a man may be held by the fascination of the struggle itself; in the beginning he may have no choice; he must eat and provide for his family. For a period there may be a certain triumphant satisfaction at having beaten the world at its own game; the ego may ride high in spite of itself, and the habit of taking success as an end in itself grows on a man till that moment arrives when he is either forever entangled in the mess of material aspiration, or must make a clean, swift break with all that it implies.

For one thing, we are glad that we have given ourselves these few years of comparative affluence. We had to experience it before we could know, otherwise than academically, that it wasn't enough. We shall at least have no wistful illusions as to how perfect life might be if we had money enough to satisfy all our material desires.



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The Widow of Ephesus

An Old-World Story in the New World-Language

Introduction by C. K. OGDEN

BASIC ENGLISH — the language into which this famous story of Petronius has been translated — is a purely practical attempt to solve the problem of a universal (auxiliary) language.

English is at present the natural or administrative language of over five hundred million people. It has taken five hundred years to create or convert these millions, and the maintenance and diffusion of English is now not only a primary commitment of the two greatest empires the world has ever seen, but also of a very large number of foreign education departments. In its ordinary form, however, it takes between three and four years to learn, and is proving too difficult both for the East and for the more primitive races. If it could be simplified so that anyone could learn to read it in a week, it might become the universal language in our own lifetime.

This is the thought which has guided those who for over ten years have labored on the analysis which resulted in the 850 Basic words, which can be legibly printed on the back of a single sheet of note paper. These 850 words (still further reduced to 600 for memorizing purposes) do all the work normally requiring twenty thousand.

The Orthological Institute was founded at 10, King's Parade, Cambridge, England to be the center of research, and it has already published a general introduction and grammar entitled *Basic English*, a model translation of the German novel *Carl and Anna*, and an account of the number of words people normally use, together with notes for translators (*The Basic Vocabulary*).

The Basic Vocabulary thus selected provides a second language for the entire world. Esperanto and other artificial languages have attempted to do this, though with little chance of success, since there is no practical incentive to learn languages spoken only by scattered groups of enthusiasts. The chief characteristic of Basic is the absence of verbs, and the reader of the accompanying translation must not be misled by the appearance of verb forms. The ten "operators" (*put*, *go*, etc.), which when combined with the "directives" (*in*, *out*, etc.) take the place of verbs (*put in* = "insert"; *go in* = "enter"), are therefore the key to the system.

Basic (British, American, Scientific, International, Commercial) English is designed in the first place for the needs of trade, travel, radio, talkie, and (with the aid of special supplementary vocabularies) science. It is therefore necessary to emphasize that literary activity in a universal language is of the nature of a *tour de force*. Those who appreciate the emotive side of language will always be well advised to master one or more of the literatures outside their own mother tongue; but for the tens of millions to whom words are not the chief means of artistic expression, or whose concern is with any form of communication other than literature, the less time wasted on the acquisition of superfluous verbal habits, the better.

There are some, however, to whom a simple style such as Basic English demands will make a more direct appeal than all the elaborate tricks of the professional stylist. These will find in the present experiment not only a solution of the world's most pressing problem, Debabelization, but a new impetus to clarity, economy, and understanding, which may lead the way to another literary renaissance.

The story here translated contains 870 words, about 330 of which are different. Of the 850 different words in the Basic Vocabulary, just over 220 have been used, and the total is 1130

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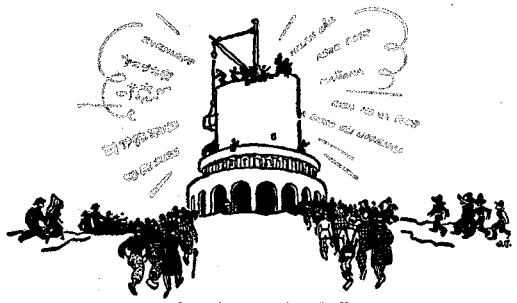
words, or about a third longer than the original. In the case of *Carl and Anna* about 700 Basic words were required to deal with a story twenty times the length of the one here translated. But however long the story, no more than 850 words would ever be used, whereas the originals in both cases imply a knowledge of twenty or thirty times this number — for it is obvious that they assume the reader to be acquainted at least with the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*.

This means that once the Basic list has been committed to memory — and there are many persons who could, for a wager, achieve this in a couple of days — everything *written* in Basic can at once be understood by any foreign reader. With a proper system of training and the necessary phonograph records, this may take a week. To speak or write needs further practice in sentence formation — say a month in all. This reduces the usual four years by about ninety-seven per cent.

In short, by devoting less than one per cent of the average elementary school curriculum to Basic English in all countries, the problem of a universal language would be solved. If compulsory military training has been allowed for over a century to claim three years of every man's life in so many civilized countries, three weeks may not be found too much for the uncivilized to devote to creative peace before another century has passed.



Drawing by Johan Bull

From "The Satyricon"

by PETRONIUS

A MATRON *in Ephesus was of such notable chastity that women came from miles around to gaze on her. So, naturally, when her husband was buried she was not satisfied by the popular fashion of following a corpse with streaming hair, and beating the naked breast in front of the crowd: she went with the dead man into his very tomb, an underground sepulcher in the Greek style, and settled down to watch and weep day and night.*

Her parents and other relations could not divert her from tormenting herself, or from leaving herself to die of hunger; the government officials finally went away discouraged, and she dragged through her fifth day without food, mourned by everyone as the unique example for womankind. A faithful maid sat beside the miserable lady, wept just the proper number of tears with her, and kept the light in the tomb burning. Only this one tale went the rounds in

Done into Basic English

by L. W. LOCKHART

THERE WAS a woman of Ephesus so noted as an example of true married love that other women came from miles round to see her. So naturally, on the death of her loved one, it was not enough for her to do only as others would have done: go after the dead with hair hanging loose, beating herself in public view. She went with the dead man into the death place itself, a stone room under the earth such as the Greeks made, and seating herself at his side, gave herself up to crying, day and night.

Her father and mother and other relations made every attempt to keep her from the pain she was causing herself, and from the death that would before long overtake her through need of food, but she would not be turned from her purpose. In the end the government authorities went away unable to do anything, and slowly she got through her fifth day without food, regretted by every one as an example to all her sex, a woman without parallel. A servant

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the city, and people of every class agreed that it was an unrivaled example of chastity and love.

In the meantime, the governor of the province ordered some thieves crucified behind the little house where the widow was weeping over this corpse which had so lately been a man. A soldier was ordered to guard the crosses so that the bodies should not be taken down and buried, and the next night he saw the light shining clearly among the trees, and heard the mourner's groans; he was as curious as other human beings, and he wanted to know who it was, and what was going on. So he went down into the vault; and when he saw a beautiful woman, he hesitated, as disturbed as if he had seen an omen or a spirit from the lower regions. But as soon as he noticed the prostrate body, the lady's tears, and her face torn by her own nails, he understood the reason — that she found her burning desire for the dead man unbearable.

He brought his poor little supper into the tomb and began begging the weeping woman not to give herself up to useless grief, and not to break her heart with useless sobs: all men, he reminded her, came to the same end and the same last habitation. But she was annoyed by such plebeian condolences, and she struck her breast all the more violently, and tore off her hair to lay it on the body stretched before her.

In spite of all that, the soldier did not go away; he tried to give the young woman some food, still with the same persuasion, until the maid was unable to resist the odor of the wine and put out her hand for the kindly offered supper. Then, restored by food and wine, she tried to overcome her mistress's resolution: "What good will you do," she asked, "if you do die of starvation, if you do bury yourself alive and die before Fate has asked for your soul? Do you think that your sorrow can please the body or the spirit of a man who is dead and buried? Why not begin life again? Why not shake off this mistaken idea of fidelity,

girl, true to the last, was seated by the unhappy woman's side, crying when she did, and keeping the light in the place burning. Only this one story went round the town, and all were in agreement that it was an unequaled example of true married feeling and love.

While this was taking place, the Roman ruler of those parts gave orders for some wrong doers to be nailed up with arms outstretched, at the back of the little house where the woman was crying over the body which had such a short time before been a man. One of the military was ordered to see that no one took the bodies down to put them under the earth. The night after, this man saw the light clearly among the trees, and the cries of the unhappy woman came to his ears. He was as interested as other men in what went on round him, and he had a great desire to see who it was and what was going on. So he went down into the death place; and when he saw it was a woman and good-looking, he was in doubt, as troubled as if he had seen some unnatural sign or a shade from the land of the dead. But when he took in the details of the outstretched body, the woman's eyes wet with crying, and her face marked by her finger nails, the reason was clear — she had been overcome by her burning desire for the dead man.

He took his poor little meal into the place of death, and said everything in his power to make the woman see how foolish it was to give herself up to bitter feelings and let her heart be broken by crying. All men, he said, came to the same end and the same last resting place. But she was made angry by such common comfort. Her blows only got more violent, and pulling out her hair, she put it on the body stretched before her.

But even all this did not make the man go away; he went on with his attempts to give the young woman food, using the same arguments, till the servant girl, giving way to the smell of the wine, put out her hand for the kindly offered food. Then, stronger after the food and wine, she did her best to overcome the other woman's desire for death. "What good will come," she said, "if you do go without food till you are dead, if you do give yourself up to a living death, and put an end to your existence before the hour designed for you to be parted from your body? Is it possible that your pain will give pleasure to the body or

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which only women have, and enjoy the light of day as long as the gods permit? This very corpse should warn you to make the most of life."

People usually listen when they are asked to eat or to live; the lady, hungry and thirsty from five days of starvation, let her resolution be broken down and ate as greedily as the maid who had yielded before her.

Well, you know what generally tempts a well-fed human being. The soldier began attacking the lady's virtue with the same insinuating language that had persuaded her to live. The chaste creature saw that he was a personable youth, and not stupid. The maid was sympathetic and quoted to her, "Will you struggle even against a love that delights you? Do you never remember in whose country you live?"

Why delay the story? Having conquered one part of the lady's person, the victorious soldier won the rest. . . .

The parents of one of the crucified men saw that the guard was careless, and took the body down to bury it. The next morning, when the soldier saw one of the crosses without its corpse, he realized what the penalty would be, and told his lady what had happened: he would kill himself with his own sword rather than wait to be condemned by a court-martial, and she must make room for her dying lover to join her husband in that fatal place.

But the lady was as compassionate as she was chaste. "The gods forbid," she said, "that at the same moment I should see the dead bodies of the two men who are the most dear to me. Better to hang up a dead body than to kill a living man."

And in accordance with this speech, she told him that he must take her husband's body from its tomb and fasten it to the vacant cross. The soldier profited by the sagacious lady's ingenuity; and the following day, people wondered how the dead man had managed to crucify himself.

mind of a man who is dead and gone to his rest? Why not make a new start? Why not put from your mind this false idea of being true in love, which only women have, and take pleasure in the light of day as long as the Great Ones let you? This body itself is a sign that we are wise to make the most of our existence."

Suggestions to take food or go on living are not generally without effect. The woman, greatly in need of food and drink after five days, let her desire for death be brushed on one side and took the food as readily as the servant girl who had given way before her.

Well, it is common knowledge that a person becomes open to other desires when the need for food is no longer strong. Now all the man's earlier arts, which had kept her from death, were used to make her his. This true-hearted woman saw that he was a pleasing young man, and not foolish. The servant girl was of the same opinion and put her in mind of the words: "Will you not give way even to a love that is pleasing to you? Are your eyes for ever shut to whose country you are in?"

Why make the story longer? Having overcome one part of her person, the man went on in the same way and overcame the rest. . . .

The father and mother of one of the men who had been put to death saw that little care was being used to keep the place under observation, and took the body down to put it under the earth. The morning after, when the man saw that one of the bodies had gone, he was in no doubt as to what his punishment would be. He went to the woman with his story. It would be better to put an end to himself with his blade, he said, than let his punishment be fixed by the military authorities. So she would have to make room for her lover, who would so shortly be joining the other in that sad place.

But the woman's heart was as kind as it was true. "Let not such a thing be," she said, "that I see before me at the same time the dead bodies of the two men who are most dear to me. It is better to let a dead body be nailed up than put to death a living man."

And acting on these words, she went on to say that he was to take the body from its resting place and put it up in the place where the other had been. He took this wise suggestion for his profit, and the day after there was a question for all: How had the dead man got himself nailed up on the place of punishment?

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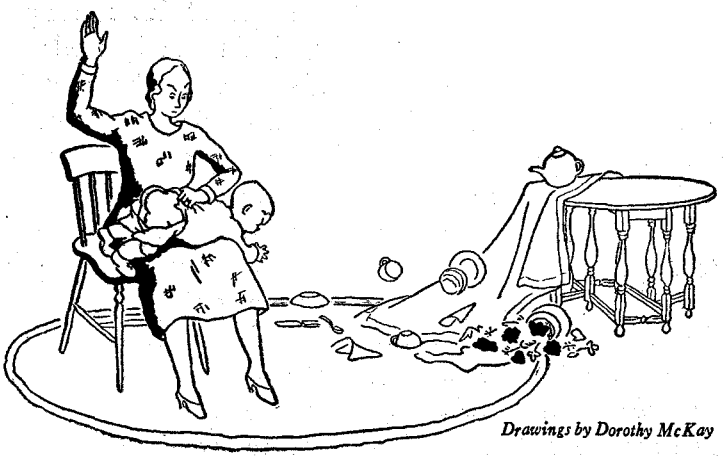
Spank It Out!



Drawings by Dorothy McKay

by **GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS**

ASK THE MAN in the street what a child psychologist is and he will tell you that a child psychologist is an expert who believes in letting children do as they please. This false conception has been created by a small group of writers who are not themselves psychologists. Just as workers of the country were once led to identify the Grand Old Party with "the full dinner pail," so parents have come to associate all forms of corporal punishment with "barbarism" and "brutality." They are convinced that "the scientific rearing of children" forbids spanking. "The psychologist has settled the whole question," they say.

Now what are the facts to support this generally accepted conclusion? The one simple fact is that there are no such facts. No one has ever proved scientifically either that the baby should be spanked or that he shouldn't. A few have offered their opinions — nothing more — and that is all that I shall attempt to offer.

The difference between a child's destroying the neighbor's flowers at the age of four and his robbing a gas station at twenty is only a matter of degree. While Mr. Wickersham is looking for the basic causes of increasing crime, he would do well to observe the general breakdown of parental authority in the American home. This breakdown is typified by two types of mothers — the pathetic and the futile. The pathetic mother is too frail or too cowardly to make her little children obey her commands; she wears herself out attempting to live with her own offspring who have never recognized authority in her.

The futile mother, usually one of the intelligentsia, gives herself so completely to her club, her social duties, or some new movement for vast civic reform that she has no time left for the education of her children. The result is the same in both cases, and the alarming increase in crime among adolescents is a natural consequence of our folly in abandoning the older American tradition of subjecting children to reasonable restraints in the home.

God pity the child who has not learned the meaning of "No" before his third birthday! His life will not be safe, he will be dangerous to property, and he will jeopardize the rights of others. He has already spent three years of elementary training in crime. Happiness is not for him, nor for those who love him, for they will have to spend anxious hours protecting him and protecting other persons from him.

If such a child learns the meaning of "No" in later life, it can only be at a tremendous cost. A court of justice and a penal institution may be required to give him lessons, and he may be forced to pay for these lessons with his life. Meanwhile many other people will have suffered from his failure to comprehend the vital importance of this one monosyllable.

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DON'T SPARE THE ROD

I HAVE NO quarrel with any mother who can succeed, without inflicting pain, in teaching her child at an early age to avoid specific dangers which have been defined, to handle property with reasonable care, and to consider the feelings and rights of others. Hats off to her! A skillful mother may even accomplish these ends without ever having to use the warning negative, but she will have to be with the child during nearly all his waking moments. Such constant care is good neither for her nor for him. Those who advise parents not to inflict bodily pain upon children also advise them to make their sons and daughters independent. Yet how can independence be promoted by continuous supervision? These two counsels are mutually contradictory.

The advantages of giving children early lessons in restraint are too obvious to call for enumeration here. For one thing, the child acquires some basic safety habits. Although one can never be quite sure that one's children will avoid known dangers, the chances are heavily in favor of the child who has early developed certain very definite inhibitions. Every year hundreds of children are run over by automobiles, and hundreds more are burned to death. They have not been properly taught to avoid these dangers. True, almost all children are told not to play in the streets and not to meddle with fire, but the telling rarely penetrates into their nervous systems.

How can we make our repeated warnings to the very young become a part of their innermost being? I regard this as the fundamental problem in child training, and I believe that the best answer is a good, old-fashioned spanking. The punishment should be administered vigorously enough to make it hurt, so that the child will not be likely to repeat his undesirable act. If spanking is applied intelligently, no other kind of corporal punishment will ever be necessary.

The most effective spank is that of the bare hand upon the bare, fat thighs — the barer the better. Of course, no thinking parent will employ a shoe or a hairbrush; nor will he strike the child about the face and head, or shake him. Some prefer to use a switch, which is effective enough and causes pain; but when you need it, you may have to look all over the house to find it. Your palms, however, like the poor, you have always with you.

My belief in early corporal punishment is not merely theoretical. Mrs. Myers and I spanked our three children occasionally before they were old enough to go to kindergarten. We did it very deliberately. Before the first child was able to climb up and seize things which he should not have, we sat down together and worked out a program. We selected a few things — just a few — which he was to be taught to avoid. We planned always to have a number of toys near when he was likely to do the forbidden thing, and to have ready some suggestion for play to which he could turn after he was spanked.

Eventually a sort of code was outlined, to which we both agreed. In punishing the baby we were to accept equal responsibility — that is, the one nearest him would administer the pain at once when he ventured to do any of the few forbidden things which we had specified. The spanking was to be administered as mechanically as possible, and we were never to caress the child immediately afterward; we were to act as if nothing unusual had happened. We agreed that he should receive immediate pain the first time he broke the law which we had imposed, and every time thereafter until he stopped breaking it; that there should never be an exception to this rule; and that we would say "No" just once during the spanking. We also decided that we would not inflict this punishment in any situations other than those we had settled upon.

In laying down this plan we had in mind only one purpose — to establish in the child's nervous system an immediate connection between the forbidden object or activity and the pain he received from the spanking. We reasoned that if we could make these forbidden things distasteful enough to the child while we were with him, he would avoid them permanently even in our absence. And it worked beautifully. We were surprised to discover that very few spankings were necessary to get results. Very soon a mere "No" (without spanking) made the child avoid new forbidden things.

In general, we had very much the same experience with the next two children. They all learned very early to avoid a few specific dangers, and they learned it at small cost both to them and to us. They also learned to accept

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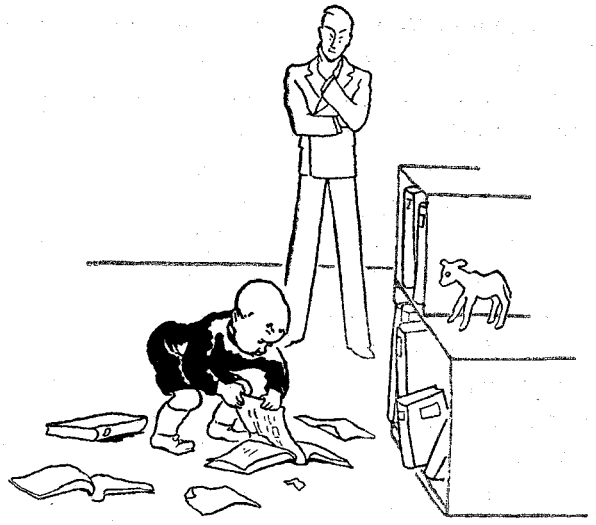

"No" as final without emotional outbursts, and all of this training has proved very valuable since. So far as we are able to discern, these three children have not suffered from repression. Except for one or two temporary explosions lasting less than half a minute, none of them has had tantrums.

The System Justified

This systematic development of a few specific inhibitions in our children during their first years justified itself almost immediately. By the time they were four years old, we were able to abandon spanking entirely; after that we substituted sitting on a chair for a definite period of time whenever punishment was necessary. Thus by saying "No" and by giving each child a few spankings to prove that we meant it, we have been spared many of the annoyances which parents often prepare for themselves. We have never been so plagued and tormented by a spoiled child that we could not be reasonably affectionate. Moreover, we have been able to save our tongues. Perhaps one of the strongest arguments for intelligent spanking is the protection that it affords the youngster against verbal lashings by his parents. The child who very early accepts an unrepeated "No" as final does not have to be nagged and scolded.

Once a child has mastered the alphabet of self-control, boundless opportunities are opened up for parents to read to him and play with him, to wander with him in his land of make-believe, to listen to his fanciful yarns, to answer all his questions, to stimulate him to invent and create, and to encourage him to mingle happily with other children of his age.

At this point some indignant reader may ask, "But weren't you ashamed to hurt a helpless babe?" Our answer is that we were not. We should certainly be ashamed to hurt a child just to make us feel more comfortable for the moment. That would be cruelty indeed. Perhaps ninety per cent of all punishments are administered for no other reason, and this has brought spanking into disrepute. We really need a new name for punishment; the word now carries with it an unsavory meaning.

Many still regard it as a form of retribution and revenge. It ought to mean a kind of psychological deterrent.

One should also remember that punishment only prevents — it does not teach. Parents often forget this fact. Animal trainers, on the other hand, do not. They never employ pain to teach a seal to toss a ball. Nor should a mother spank a child to force him to pick up his blocks, for this will establish a wrong connection in his nervous system; it will identify suffering with good behavior, while the object of right training is to identify suffering with bad actions. If you wish a child under three years of age to come in happily from his play, to go to bed good-naturedly, or to go to the bathroom without resistance, the proper course is to reason with him. In such situations the parent must learn the power of tactful suggestion.

Automatic Inhibitions

In short, don't give positive commands to young children. Give negative commands only, and very few of them. Tell the child not to meddle with known dangers, not to destroy property, not to annoy other people, and when he threatens to do any of these things, let

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"No" mean instant inhibition. If this warning is not enough, then a spanking is in order. Common sense and everyday experience indicate that we can very quickly teach a child of one or two, just as we teach a puppy, to avoid certain objects and activities if, always and immediately, the child experiences pain every time he commits the forbidden act.

And don't worry because the child may not always see *why*. Let him learn to avoid certain things long before he is able to understand the reason for avoidance. After he has come to respond to your negative command, then you can explain and reason as much as you like. In other words, give him habit patterns first and reason afterward.

If you would make spanking an effective instrument in the education of the child, center your attention upon one thing at a time. Ignore all other things, except to keep them out of the child's way. Always be present when he is exposed to the particular dangers you have selected to work upon. Then give him the opportunity of making his own choice with reference to it. Your primary object is not to shield him from temptation, but to build up his resistance to it. Therefore, when he is confronted by a dangerous thing, don't be too quick to pull him away from it. That would save him just this once, but if you want him to avoid it permanently, you will have to create in his nervous system a permanent and painful association with the forbidden object. If he disregards your warning, spank him, and make the pain so automatic that it will seem as if the dangerous object itself had inflicted it. Before long the word "No" will be enough in itself to deter the child, not only from this one object, but from new situations as they arise.

Once the child has learned the meaning of "No," he should hear it very rarely. Each day I grow in my conviction that every child should learn very early that there are some things he must not have and some things he must not do; that fundamental inhibitions are acquired most easily before the child is three years old; and that the most practical and common sense means of teaching these basic lessons is the good, old-fashioned spank.

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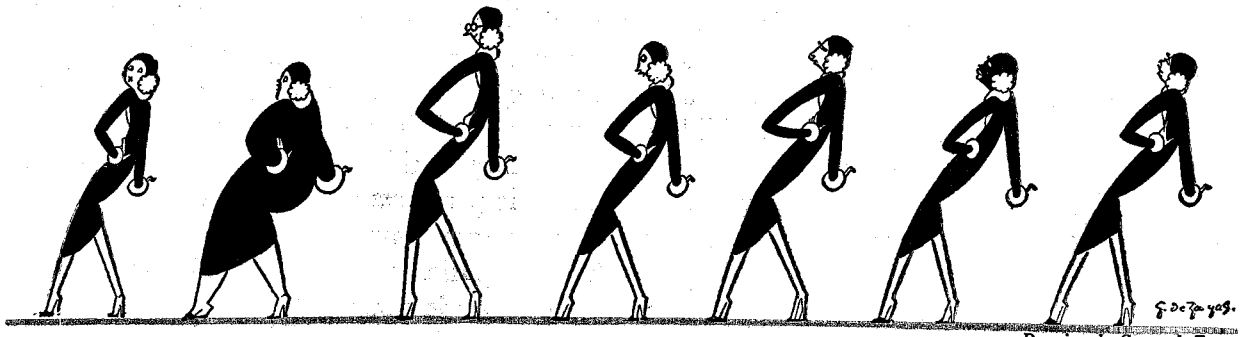

Drawings by George de Zayas

Parade of Wooden Women

by **RUTH BROWN REED**

ALMOST ANY woman would wax wrathful if you accused her personally of being a mere rubber-stamp creature. If she is the average innocent consumer, she is probably not aware of the degree to which standardized styles have molded her into a like kind. She does not know what goes on behind the scenes of the shops she frequents. She does not realize what a nice little mouse she is, or how she scurries with thousands of her little sister mice to the tune of a new Pied Piper that has sprung into being within the last five years. *She*, of course, is individual.

But the question is — can any woman be individual under the present system of forced standardization of "styling"? Can she be anything but commonplace? Take the largest metropolis in the world for your hunting ground, and see what the New York shops have to offer. Ask to see anything that is not a standardized fashion, that a certain group of "stylists" or manufacturers have not agreed is the smart or the correct thing. You will have a nice, long, discouraging shopping jaunt ahead of you. You will go home weary and empty-handed — unless you change your mind and buy what a great, coördinated, retail and wholesale group has decided to let you wear.

"Stylists?" you say. Yes, stylists and "fashion clinics." No one ever heard of them until recently, but now they are the common language of wholesale and retail circles. The last five years have witnessed a great machinery set up to standardize style and clothes, and these new words have sprung up to define the process.

But we are getting way ahead of our story. Let us first walk into the shops from the outside. Let us save the dénouement until the end. And then, let us try to be individual — not highly so, but just enough to express ourselves and not look like everybody else.

THE BLACK-GREEN-BROWN-WINE BLUES

TO BE PERSONAL for a moment. Last spring I bought a dark blue coat. I bought it early. It was an expensive copy of a Bruyère model, simple and military in line. Thousands of women who read this article will recognize the coat by this description. It was the first of its kind I had seen. It is neither here nor there that everywhere I went I ran into cheaper editions of the coat. I have walked down Fifth Avenue and on the same day counted anywhere from six to a dozen women with adaptations of the same coat. It became a sort of hilarious game with me — the peak of which was reached when the coat appeared in a Thirty-fourth Street window gayly flaunting a $14.50 price mark.

I am digressing. The point is that last fall I still wanted to wear the coat. In spite of the cheap copies, mine was still a good-looking coat. I could not afford just to throw it away, so I decided to buy a new blue dress for it and make an all-blue ensemble for daytime wear.

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I won't drag you through all the shops hunting for a blue dress. Suffice it to say that I entered every large store in New York, and was told that "Blue is not a smart color this fall." Therefore they could not show me a blue dress. I protested that after all blue was a staple color, my blue coat only a few months old. The saleswomen all spoke like a chorus: "Blue is not a smart color this fall. We are showing black, green, brown, and wine." I combed Fifth Avenue — to be met by black, green, brown, and wine. I became so sick and tired of these colors that I could not imagine who would want to appear in them.

In one of Fifth Avenue's most famous department stores I said to the saleswoman: "Isn't it absurd that I can't find a blue dress in the city of New York, just because it has been decided that blue is not a smart color this fall? Yet in your French room a few minutes ago I was told that *blue for coats* is very smart — what you call a 'high' fashion. (That is, an exclusive fashion that has not yet become popularized or commonized.) It seems dreadfully inconsistent." The saleswoman answered me: "I spoke to our stylist about it and she said that blue is not a smart color this fall, that the smart colors are *black*, *green*, *brown*, and *wine*." I fled — with the inevitable black, green, brown, and wine echoing dismally in my ears.

One other instance before we push back the wall of the holy of holies and see how the stylists and fashion clinics operate.

Some weeks after my blue-dress episode, variations of the black, green, brown, and wine theme began to creep into the picture. I bought a dark red dress — *not* wine. I began an endless search for a hat to go with the dress. The inevitable wine met me on all sides. Saleswomen brought out their "color charts" — one of the new innovations of the stylists and fashion clinics. My red was not on their color charts, so I couldn't find a red hat to match.

You see, they all get together and decide that such and such a shade is the smart thing; and then the dress manufacturers and the milliners and everybody in the trade begin making thousands and thousands of things this same color. And women have to buy them, poor lambs! Standardization? It's obliteration! Throw an inkpot at ten thousand women — will one of them stand apart as an individual?

But It's Not on the Smart-Chart

Now for the final straw that broke my feminine back this fall. For this selfsame back I craved a soft suit with a luxurious fluffy fox collar. Not an unreasonable desire, by any matter of means. Woe is me! — the stylists had sent out word that flat, short-haired furs were the smart thing to wear. We were to wear — willy-nilly — hard, shining galyac or tight-curled Persian lamb (a fur that adds ten years to any woman's age, yet has broken out on the Avenue like the measles because it is smart). Again I spent weeks trying to find a suit with a fluffy fox collar. Everywhere the beautifully trained saleswomen sang their parrot song: "Flat furs are smart this year — we have only suits with flat furs."

Oddly enough, the exception to the rule was suits trimmed with raccoon, one of the most unbecoming furs ever worn by women — and a fur that no woman past eighteen would dare to wear unless she was a complete egoist or blind to her personal appearance. Just why raccoon should have been the only long-haired fur shown on suits, I don't know. The flat-fur style information came out of the fashion clinics. I don't know who was responsible for the fearful inspiration of the raccoon epidemic. Anyway, I am still suitless — and there are still hanging on the racks of the New York shops hundreds of suits trimmed with flat furs. . . . "Flat furs are smart this year — we have only suits with flat furs."

If you aren't convinced by now that a well-devised, functioning agency is at work which allows women little chance for individuality, watch the trend of articles that appear in well-known magazines. In *The New Yorker* last October there was an article written by a

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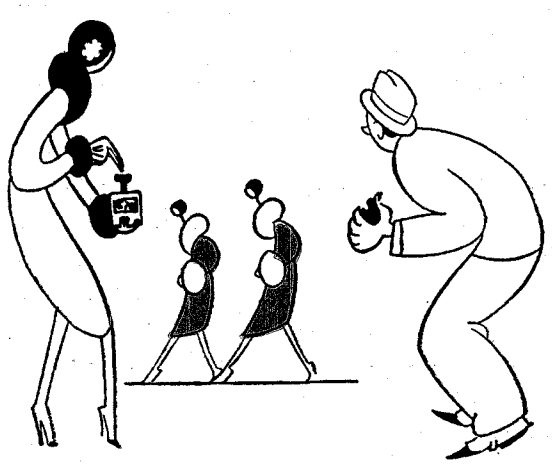
woman who had just returned to New York and who was appalled by the "nude" expanse of forehead that greeted her up and down the Avenue. To quote: "I noticed a woman coming toward me with an entirely bare face. Bare, naked, and egg-shaped, it gleamed. My eye rested again on another woman. Her poor, naked, unsheltered brow, closely confined within its unalleviated black felt, towered majestically. And then I saw that behind her there was another, and yet another dome. . . . These expanses of face progressed like fleets of enormous eggs along the Avenue." This same nudity, it happens, is to be met by the thousands in every millinery salon. Try to find a hat that does not expose a naked forehead! Brims may be feminine and flattering — you may pine for brims — *but it is smart to show your forehead.* So show your wrinkles and your forehead you do, or you go without a hat.

In the New York *Daily News Record* of November 8, a man writes: "We formerly pivoted to admire the lovely ladies — but not any more. They look too much alike with their funny little black hats and their black dresses. The majority of them might have been put through a machine for all the originality they reveal in dress."

On my desk before me is a fashion letter that a national women's magazine — one of the largest — sent out to its readers a few weeks ago. The letter reported fashions seen at a musicale. To quote: "As you might have expected, the majority of women in the audience were dressed in black . . . in each case these women had chosen white gloves and a white satin blouse or white trimming on a black dress." In each case!



Good heavens, what if some woman had appeared in bright red? The thought appalls one — imagine the shock to the sensitive nerves of the stylists. For the stylists would have been there. They turn out in droves at every society affair. They stand with little clicking machines in their hands and count the number of women, the number of times each color is shown, the times each kind of collar or cuff appears . . . and so on *ad infinitum.* Standardization? It's smotherization — with individuality gasping for breath!

This Thing Called "Style"

What is this strange creature called a stylist? Where did she come from? Where does she get her authorization to speak? What makes her a stylist?

The stylists came into being some five years ago. This is no brief, by the way, against the stylists. Personally, they are likable, nice girls. When I say that no sign appeared in the sky to herald their coming and that this is strange in retrospect, I am poking fun at the system, not at the stylists themselves. Some of these girls came from Peoria, Illinois, or Paducah, Kentucky, or the prairies of Kansas. Their pass-key was good looks, good taste, with their native wits and enthusiasm sharpened by two or three years of New York contacts.

Peculiarly, styling does something to all of them. Once they become stylists, physical metamorphosis seems to set in. They acquire a certain mechanical smartness that is as identifying as a uniform. Clothes, of course, are their stock in trade. It is probably the system that makes them all look alike. They all wear black, winter or summer: black dresses, tight black hats, black coats (this year the coats were black broadcloth trimmed with Persian lamb). They are always well-groomed and fearfully serious about their work. Three tucks on a blouse instead of the usual two are quite cause enough for agitation.

Originally the idea was that the stylists were to work with the buyers of the retail stores and advise them as to what the élite were wearing. Some of the stylists, by the way, were recruited from the débutante ranks, on the theory that they would know what smart society wanted. The theory was grand, if the human equation could have been left out. But the lady-buyers certainly did not take to the stylists. A grand squabble resulted, and some none-too-ladylike words were exchanged. The lady-buyers pulled down their corsets and lifted up their voices.

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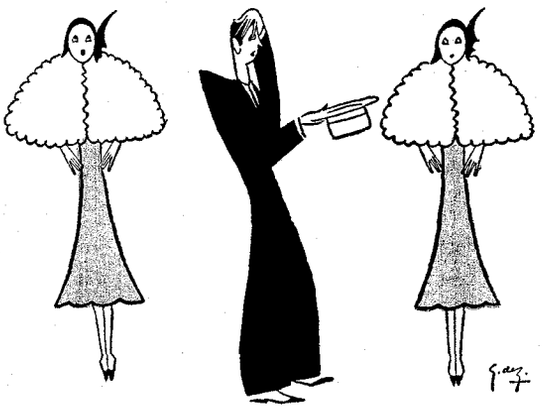
They had been buying clothes for years and years and they guessed they didn't need no woman to come in and tell *them* what to do. And if Mr. Smith, the merchandise man, thought he could put this stylist business over on them, he had another think coming. The copy writers who wrote the advertising liked the stylists little better. The stylists were prone to criticize — and the copy writers felt that they had had a lot more experience than the stylists.



The fashion clinic was the direct outgrowth of the dissatisfaction vented on the stylists. An individual stylist was just one woman's opinion. But back her up with authentic style information, and perhaps something might come of it. So the stylists were sent to school, a new kind of school — the fashion clinics. There are two such clinics, each headed by a personality which needs must be a wise composite of Barnum-Bailey showmanship and shrewd business sense. It's a grand racket, so to speak, said to net the heads a fabulous fortune each year. They hold these clinics four times a year, at the beginning of each season. To these clinics are sent stylists and buyers and advertising people from all over the United States. The clinics last from four to six days, to the tune of some hundreds of dollars per student. The stores pay for this, of course.

The students come back filled with swatches and sketches and colors and types, and they parrot this information on to everybody else: "Blue is not a smart color this fall — make dresses only of black, green, brown, and wine. . . . Flat furs are smartest — show only suits trimmed with flat furs. . . . It's smart to show your forehead — make hats only that show the forehead." And so on and so on. The manufacturers' machines begin to hum; by the tens of thousands dresses of black, green, brown, and wine are turned out; by the tens of thousands collars of flat furs go on suits; by the hundreds of thousands bald-headed hats are strewn over the country — all alike, all awfully smart this fall, all to be worn like a great American uniform.

To go back a minute. In addition to the quarterly fashion clinics, the schools issue fashion bulletins regularly to the clients all through the year, telling them what to buy, what color to show, what materials to use in suits and dresses and hats. They get a pretty penny for this service. Individuality, originality — strange unknown habitants of Mars — go by the board. It's a standardized system. On last Easter morning, one school was reported to have thirty of its "counters" on Fifth Avenue within the smart church radius. The counters count everything. They hold little machines concealed in their hands. Click-click — three silk hats (the men come in for standardization, too); click — four, five silk hats; click-click — there goes a wine dress; click-click — four wine dresses."

The information is pooled, tabulated, checked against elaborate files of fashion clippings from everywhere. Duplicate forms of the results are sent out wholesale to all the school's clientele. The stores take these forms and pass them out to their training departments, on to their buyers and stylists: "Stock black, green, brown, and wine. . . . Stock bald-forehead hats. . . . Stock suits with flat furs. . . . These are smart; these are good."

It's a beautiful system, really. The fashion clinics are put on with great cachet, generally at one of the smart hotels. Living models are paraded wearing the dresses that are said will be the best-sellers. Sketches of these dresses and swatches of the material are given to the students to take home to the bigger papas and mamas of the department stores. Tea is served in the middle of the afternoon. It is really gorgeous fun. You sit there and wonder how real these people are, how they can take themselves so seriously, what goes on in the back of the stylists' sleek black heads, just to what extent the wise clinic heads and the students keep their tongues in their cheeks.

Hush — one of the clinics is about to begin! The director raises his hand, like the conductor of a great orchestra. The parade of the wooden women is on — black, green, brown, and wine.

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Santiago and Conquistadores

MEXICO THE MARVELOUS

AMONG THE RELIGIOUS dances of Mexican fiestas, those of the Christians and Moors, in varying form, are perhaps the most often presented. Episodes of dialogue alternate with formal sets of sham warfare, accompanied by flute and drum, and attaining, with clash of machete upon machete, with leaping and retreating, swaying and interweaving steps, a deep momentum of exultation. Kings of Spain, in wooden masks and cardboard crowns, fight against Roman centurions in colored paper plumes, in tawdry robes of made-over ladies' garments, spotted with bits of mirror and spangles. Santiago, patron saint of the Conquistadores, belting half a rocking horse to his waist, battles against Moors in headgears cresent-shaped and gilded, magenta shirts and wrinkled stockings. Christian martyrs struggle against African blacks, Indian devils against Castillian noblemen: a grotesque medley of medieval, Biblical, and Aztec characters, slashing, cutting, thrusting, thudding heavy rhythms with mute, expressionless faces.

Not for the diversion of casual audiences nor for the delectation of the saints do they dance, but rather to steep themselves in their opiate impersonations, as victors over the pagan forces of the earth.

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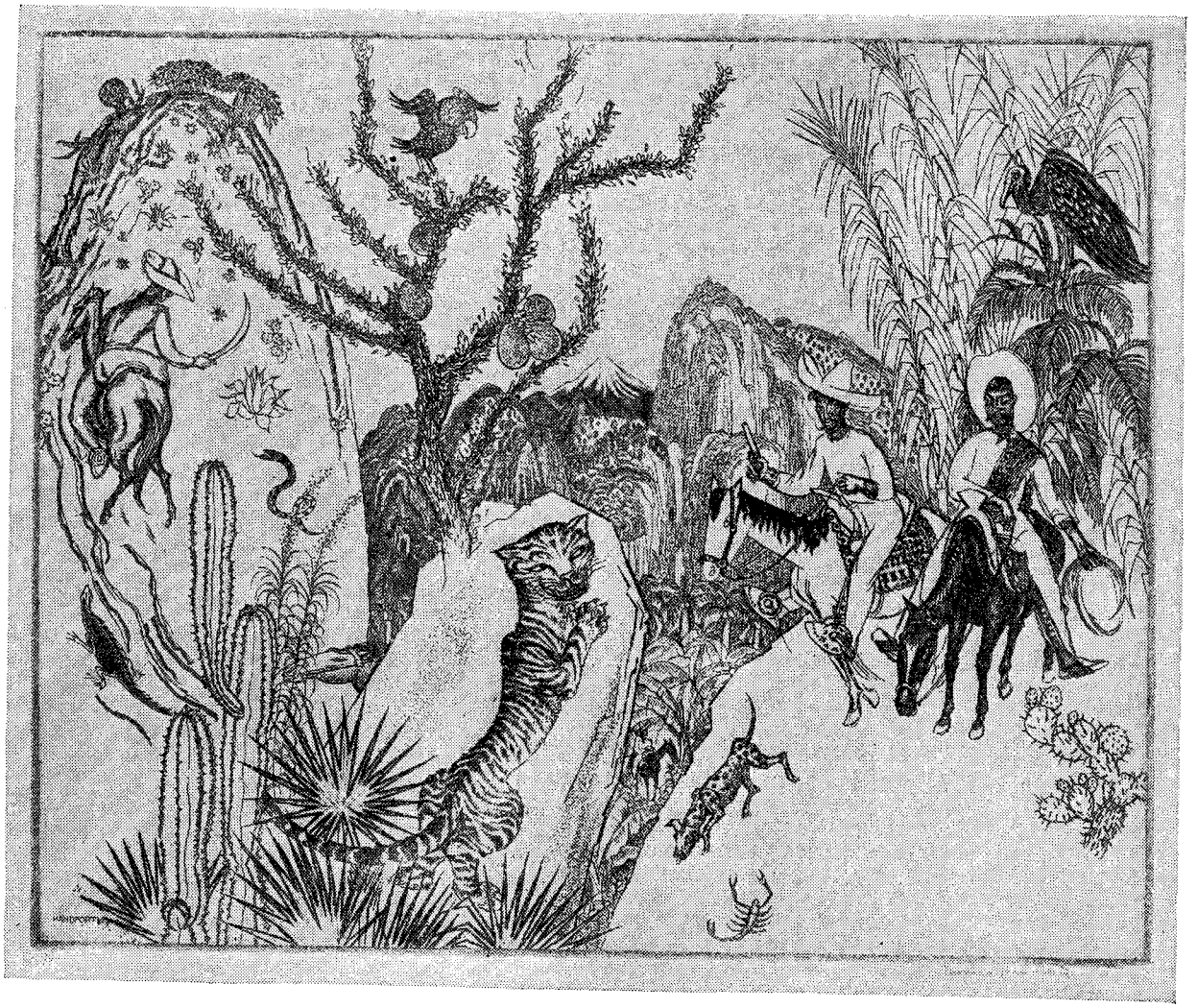

Tierra Caliente

by THOMAS HANDFORTH

THE MEXICAN INDIAN, although he somehow survives, is puny and impotent before the extravagant display of nature's violence all about him. He lives surrounded by monsters of the earth: mad, fecund seas of mountains; poisonous, glazed greens of rivers' edges; parched, cacti-studded rocks, pushing callously into the white-hot sky; accordion-ribbed cliffs and dank gorges clogged with patterned foliage, fantastic fruits, and monstrous orchids; white threads of water spilling from peaks straight into red, stony basins to be licked dry at once by scorching light. His horse, with dazed stare, becomes a stunted, sinewy toy, while the cheerful tiger beams in arrogance, aware that humans are not masters here. With dignified impatience the black-robed buzzard waits, steely-eyed, for bones to pick. The salmon-pink scorpion frisks his fatal weapon. The serpent strikes from his barren lair of thorns. The green-gold parrot shrieks, leering insidiously.

This is the *tierra caliente* of cloudless skies and heartless heat that flays bronzed skins to blotchy white with incurable disease. These are the "hot lands," spaced off by great mountain ridges into steps, from the high plateau down to the tropic sea.

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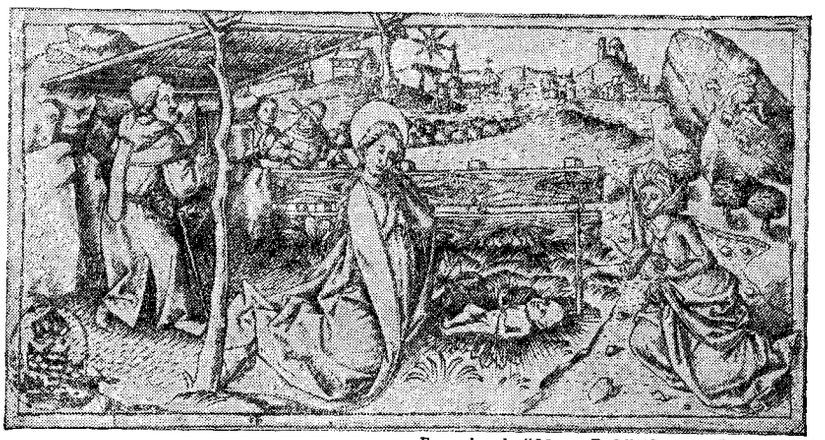
Religion in the New Age



Engravings by "Master E. S." (German 15th Century)
Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

by SHAILER MATHEWS
Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago

CHRISTIANITY is suffering from too much diagnosis. Many of its prophets are becoming common scolds, and many of its enemies prefer epigrams to historical-mindedness. And an epigram is too often a half truth so expressed as to irritate people who believe the other half truth. Its critics will never help Christianity to adjust itself to present conditions unless the religion has sufficient vitality to survive the cure.

I am generous enough to grant that such vitality is assumed by many of those who point out the inconsistencies of religion, the devastations of modernity, and the antagonism between Sunday golf and churchgoing. At the risk of shocking the sophisticated, however, I venture to divert the attention of these troubled souls away from the liabilities of Christianity to its assets. If these are not sound, Christians may well be apprehensive. One cannot grow enthusiastic over a God who is in danger of cosmic bankruptcy, even though pragmatism be His receiver and humanism His self-certified accountant.

We have been told so many times that we are modern that we talk as if our social order were a sort of Melchizedek, without father and mother. I have done my share in making such pronouncements, but what was novel thirty years ago is on sociological Main Streets to-day. All of us, except, apparently, the dressmakers, glory in our emancipation from the restrictions, pruderies, and naïveté of a Victorian era. Such self-complacency is, of course, nothing new. The Victorians, even the mid-Victorians, had it; the Augustan Age had it; the authors who wrote in cuneiform had it; every grandchild has it.

And they are all correct. We do live in a different age from that of our ancestors. The difficulty with most critics is that they are not historically minded. Even historians seem to prefer encyclopedic precision to social relativity. For those who feel particularly downcast because of the present situation I would prescribe the address of Channing on "The Present Age," delivered in the year 1841. That address might be said to be the ancestor of much of the lamentation of to-day's self-styled prophets.

A real study of the present state of religion will show that we are passing through the sort of experience of which the past gives innumerable examples. An inherited religion is confronted by new social conditions and new intellectual processes. We are apt to think that this contretemps is a little more acute than in the past, and this is probably true. It would be difficult to find a period where there has been a recasting of economic processes and a destruction of capital equal to that which we have seen during the last fifteen years.

But the Christianity which has confronted

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these recent changes was not unprepared. It had a self-directed power of adaptation and, on the whole, a sense of human values that Christians of the past lacked. The sociologist has not taught in vain. One could hardly think, for example, that the church of the Middle Ages, or even of the sixteenth century, could have made the adjustment which marked the Christianity of the nineteenth century.

True, there are those who lament this adjustment, who would prefer that religion maintain itself in the intellectual as well as the ecclesiastical garb of the ancient world. Even among the Protestants there seems to be a yearning for the ritual of the non-Protestants. Such persons forget that to make an ecclesiastical ritual anything more than a mere pageant, its observers must believe that they are getting from it something supernatural.

There are millions of people who believe just that. The adjustment to modern conditions which their ecclesiastical leaders make is outside their dogmatic supernaturalism. But it is being made. The Roman Catholic Church in a modern social order is showing its ability to carry the essentials contained in its dogmas straight into the modern life through new institutional adjustment to the new age. Could you imagine the Knights of Columbus originating in the thirteenth century, glorious as it was?

Protestantism also is adjusting itself. Its sects argue differentiation, not disintegration. There never was a time, for instance, when men were putting money and business methods into religious work of all sorts as at the present time. The epigram-making critic will say that they are turning the church into a Rotary Club. If the epigram maker would only make a study of the efforts of the Protestant bodies to face economic and social as well as intellectual problems, he might have to blue-pencil some of his epigrams—unless he prefers epigrams to truth.

It is hard to see why it is not just as legitimate for a church to utilize the methods of business and of science in the twentieth century as it was for it to use those of the philosopher and the politician in the fourth, or of the Jewish nationalist in the first. Is it not Jesus himself who advises his followers to make friends through the mammon of unrighteousness? The fact is that we are seeing the Christian movement evolve a new variety of Christians. Old things have not passed away; they are being adjusted to new things which are coming to pass. The method of adjustment is that of all human societies. New forms and organizations are being thrown out for the purpose of meeting new situations. The medievalist may lament this, but why should we treat ancestors as contemporaries?

The climax of criticism is to the effect that the church is dying. I wonder how many of these prophets of doom have really been in touch with the church. One of them told me that she had not been in church for something like ten years. The church is not dying. It will not die so long as men are religious. Social organization has always been a phase of religion.

But that is not the matter with which I am most concerned. Christianity is more than the church and finds expression in other than ecclesiastical forms. One can describe the evolutionary process of the Christian movement by saying that it has consisted in the throwing out of new institutions, new dogmas, new ideals, without necessarily destroying the old. These new forms of self-expression for the last four hundred years have been decreasingly ecclesiastical, but Christian faith is back of them and Christian ideals inspire them.

It is simply prejudice to say that a growing variety of forms in expressing altruism and spiritual enthusiasm argues decadence. It rather argues vitality. To use biological terms, one has only to watch the permutations of Christianity to discover its dominants.

III

IT IS THESE dominants that really count. To understand Christianity one must look behind its doctrines. They defend and justify its real characteristics. True, organized Christianity has not recognized, and even now does not recognize, this fact. The acceptance of a formula is still regarded by official ecclesiasticism as essential to salvation. Your ecclesiastic is likely to prefer a questionnaire on doctrine to a case study of conduct. But Christianity has had its great development not because of its theological systems, but because it promised salvation. And men want salvation (or, in current psychiatric jargon, "adequate adjustment"), unless they are so very highly so-

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phisticated as to prefer suicide or annihilation.

Therefore let us see just what the Christian religion is. A religion is not a philosophy. Its worth will not be found by discovering whether it teaches the truth. Religion is like art — a matter of attitudes and action. To regard Christianity as a collection of truths is to transform it from a religion to a philosophy. Real Christianity is to be found in the attitudes and loyalties of a continuous group which has gained the assurance that through them its members are to have a richer and happier life. To gain this assurance appeal has been made to philosophy, politics, and in fact any element of life which was itself not subject to question.

The truths of Christianity are really group beliefs. Their value is to be judged by their ability to aid the adjustment between man and his God and to lead individuals to richer personality. That is the test of all religions. The individuality of the Christian religion lies in its technique for bringing this adjustment to pass. While certain of its formulas have been generally used, there has never been absolute uniformity, either in formula or in contents of formulas. The only definition which can include the variations of the Christian movement is that Christianity is the religion of those who call themselves Christians.

That is more definite than it sounds, for men and women who have called themselves Christians have regarded Jesus as the author of their salvation. The formulas in which they express their loyalty to him are patterns as varied as the civilizations and groups in the midst of which they have lived. But genuine identity lies in the recognition of Jesus as a means of setting up help-gaining relations with God and more personal relations among men.

Similarly in the case of every great concept in the Christian religion. There is no philosophical unity in their content, and never has been. In their thoughts of God theologians have had different philosophical approaches and conclusions. Aristotelian and Platonist, Hegelian and pragmatist, not to mention innumerable others, all have undertaken to define God. One may go further and say that there is no consistent philosophical conception of God in the Bible. The earlier literature represents him with one set of patterns, the later with another. The disagreement among varieties of Christians over infallible truth is notorious.

If one stops trying to find a philosophical unity as the heart of Christianity and looks at it as a social movement, an actual phenomenon in history, it is plain that there are, within this continuous group, attitudes which constantly reassert themselves and are rationalized by being included in various analogies. Each analogy tends to become a shibboleth and then a dogma.

Thus orthodox theology, whether Catholic or Protestant, thinks of God as a king and man's relationship with Him as analogous to that of a rebellious subject to a king. Every man has shared the taint of the original parent, and is therefore guilty — that is, liable to punishment. He is not capable of accomplishing his own release and so must rely upon the good will of the sovereign God to be forgiven. The assurance that such forgiveness exists is the heart of the Christian gospel. The problems which result from such an apparently extra-legal act on the part of God have been adjusted by saying that the punishment was borne by Jesus or that in some other way his death served to justify the leniency of the divine judge.

Obviously this is truth only in the sense that

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it is analogy. Yet hundreds of millions of people, thanks to this scenario of salvation, have found moral strength and comfort in life's struggle and tasks. The real question which any thoughtful critic should put is this: Are the attitudes and convictions which are set forth in these doctrinal patterns really worth maintaining?

AT THIS POINT frankness is indispensable. Intelligent persons will not be satisfied with any attempt to resuscitate the first stage of Christianity. Modern Christianity is the descendant of the religion of the men who wrote the New Testament, but it is not identical with its ancestor. The first Christians were Jews; no one of them broke with the Jewish church. Their thought was conditioned by the institutions and the prevailing culture of their own times. Jesus was no more a philosopher than a legislator. He shared his contemporaries' belief in demons and the speedy end of the world. He attempted no reform of the state and taught his disciples to accept the *status quo* even to the point of suffering injustice.

There is no indication that Jesus had any scientific knowledge. To attempt to apply his poetic aphorisms literally to our modern world is impracticable. The same is true of Paul. He, too, believed in demons and the speedy end of the world. He accepted slavery, taught the subjection of wives to their husbands, the necessity of accepting the existing governments as ordained by God. He knew nothing of democracy, science, or social and political reform. It is interesting to speculate what would be his reaction if he were to be set down in the meeting of a League of Women Voters or of a General Federation of Women's Clubs.

If the religious ideas of the early or medieval Christians constitute Christianity, the modern religion of that name is not Christian. But they are not essential elements in our religion. Christianity is a social movement which has attempted to apply the principles embodied in the life and teaching of Jesus to human affairs. It is not a force, like electricity, existing apart from humanity. It is a form of human behavior embodying with varying intelligence characteristic attitudes and convictions.

What, then, is this subliminal Christianity in which man may believe while he rejects the formulas of orthodoxy and the authority of the church? It is not to be described by a denial of such doctrines or authority, but as a complex of values which various Christian groups and institutions seek to put at the service of mankind. In these basic values the Christian church throws down its challenge to every type of mechanistic interpretation of life and every attempt to reduce a world of men to self-indulgent brutes. These values are what the doctrinal patterns of all theologies have attempted to make acceptable in successive grades of human culture. They are not philosophical but concrete. If they are true, they are invaluable aids to better and more hopeful living.

1. The cosmos is not mechanistic, but instinct with personality-producing forces. These forces have had a part in the evolution of humanity and must be treated as elements in the environment in which men must live. That is what Christianity means when it says that there is a God in whom we live and move and have our being. For the word *God* is the term which we use to describe those personality-producing forces of the cosmos which con-

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stitute a part of the environment conditioning the development of humanity and with which men must live personally.

2. The God of law is a God of love. This is the heart of the teaching of Jesus and it is this which every theological system has endeavored to make tenable and helpful. If difficulty in holding this belief sprang from casting the relation of God and man in political analogies, it was met by corollaries drawn from the same patterns, and God's Son Jesus Christ was regarded as bearing the punishment which otherwise would have fallen upon humanity.

We have outgrown these religious patterns. God is more than a sovereign, and his relations with the universe are not those of a seventeenth-century king. But the problem of evil is still with us and we still ask whether the universe is friendly. The reply of the Christian involves no denial of suffering or wrongdoing. He believes that as men grow in knowledge they will better understand cosmic forces and learn how to control or to adjust themselves to them.

But he also believes that there are forces which will coöperate in this endeavor of mankind to live superior to mechanism. The same forces that have made us personal will aid us in our attempts to be more personal. Christianity does not undertake to decide why we have such a universe as we have, but it does show how men can live superior to all the mechanisms which he has inherited. And this way of help one finds in his God — that is, the personality-evolving forces of the universe.

3. Personal values are superior to all others. It is this conviction that dignifies the more or less misdirected zeal of ascetics and Puritans. The effort to express this conviction in actual social relations has varied with the intelligence and the social structure of different periods. One could not expect a society whose very existence depended upon the maintenance of feudal institutions to be democratic.

But the Christian church struggled with the crudities and brutalities of men who were only with difficulty raising themselves from barbarism, showed that humanity had worth, and offered Heaven to the poor as well as to the rich. We see more clearly the enemies of the evaluation of men as persons, and we are not yet sufficiently intelligent to know just how to restrain crime and unscrupulous acquisitiveness, but the modern Christian is inspired by this same conviction: Men are persons and not machines.

4. Human progress follows the democratizing of privilege. This is the real meaning of love as Christ taught and embodied it. For love is more than sentimentality; it is the expression of the cosmic process of coördination and integration on the level of personality. For this reason Christian idealism has always opposed force, although Christians have been so unenlightened as sometimes to try to achieve their ends by force. In the effort to give rather than to get justice, the Christian religion has been immensely aided by having its ideal dramatized in the life and death of its founder. The loyalty of Christians to him will be measured by their endeavor to reproduce in their world-order the same attitude which he embodied in his. Love will thus furnish the motive, and science the technique of a new stage in social evolution.

5. Kindliness and service assure help-gaining adjustment with the personality-producing forces of the universe. Such a fact can be expressed in human analogies of father and son so characteristic of Jesus' teaching. An unforgiving man had no chance of divine forgiveness. But the truth is independent of the particular analogy. It can be viewed as the dependence of an organism upon that element of its environment which has determined its most recent stage. A water-breathing animal which has become air-breathing must live in the air. An animal that has become human must live in harmony with the forces that have made him personal.

The Christian religion may use anthropomorphic analogies, but the relationship itself is more than anthropomorphism. Whoever can accept evolution as the most likely hypothesis by which to organize our knowledge of the emergence of humanity will recognize the inevitability of this Christian position. Instead of seeking a de-individualized union with a static Brahma, it looks toward and develops a more personal individual because of adjustment with and appropriation of the personality-producing powers of the universe. That there are such powers cannot be denied without denying human nature itself. It is a characteristic of the mechanistic world-view that in losing its God it loses the human personality.

6. To such development death is an episode,

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not an end. We can abandon all the crude pictures of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, and yet see that they were endeavors to set forth a profound probability. An individual person whose center of life is beyond the control of the animal survivals and who is at one with the personality-producing forces of the cosmos may expect some new and less animal mode of life as the next step in evolution. Beyond such a general statement we must be content with agnosticism tempered by hopeful analogy. But intellectual self-respect demands that we recognize that neither the New Testament nor modern Christian thinking expects the resuscitation of our animal bodies. Whatever may be the mode of life beyond death, it certainly will not be dependent upon the vestiges of the non-human past from which humanity has emerged. Death sees to that.

IV

FROM THESE general positions Christian ethics inevitably follows. The last thirty years have shown how insistently evangelical Christians have set forth the social needs of the time, and have endeavored to show how the content of their religion not only argues discontent with the present social order, but hope for the development of a better humanity. These inspirations constitute humanism. Everything that the humanist says positively will be found set forth in the literature of the social gospel.

But those of us who have been working in this field have no sentimental confidence in humanity when once it is detached from the evolutionary process from which it has emerged. Nobody could criticize the social and ethical inspirations of humanism. They are common property of all intelligent thinkers. But what the Christian contributes is a confidence in the God upon whom he feels mankind is dependent. These basic attitudes and convictions which are expressed in the various patterns of the Christian religion will determine a man's relation to that religion. He undoubtedly will express them in different analogies from those of orthodoxy, but if he believes them to be at least fifty-one per cent probable, he will join the groups who have the same convictions, although they may express them in symbol and doctrinal pattern which he himself may not approve.

He joins not a theology but a church — a group of men endeavoring to institutionalize the ideals which seem to him to be ultimate. Unscientific beliefs he hopes will change as the group grows more intelligent, but he does not make philosophy the test of his own Christian attitude. With all its imperfections and with all its liability to human frailty, the Christian movement stands, and always has stood, for positive personal values. I do not see how any man who believes that human life is more than mechanism can avoid having sympathy with such positions.

But then I cannot see how anyone who looks at a man as a whole rather than at his nerves, viscera, and glands can accept any mechanistic interpretation of the universe in which men live. With such convictions one dares to summon men to sacrifice. For they are not comrades in doom, life is not a perverted animalism, and death is not a final futility.

To call such convictions a philosophy of defeat or escape is utterly to misinterpret the countless men and women who have found in the symbols and doctrines that express them not merely consolation in trouble, but inspiration to help humanity appreciate its own worth and possibilities. For my own part, they seem to me a basis upon which one may confidently attempt to help his fellows. In their light amateur pessimism is the one futility.

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The Patient's Dilemma

Drawings by Johan Bull

by ALICE ELINOR

"THERE'S 205 ringing again! Bustle along, Al, or somebody'll tell Papa on you." (Papa being the Chief of Staff.)

Several nurses were gathered in the diet kitchen, sneaking a heartening cup of coffee which one of the special nurses had brewed. One girl was standing in the doorway, keeping an eye out for lights, while the rest of us took a brief respite from the strain of working on the busiest floor in the whole hospital — the women's floor.

"In God's name what ails those females?" I said impatiently, setting my cup down on the scrubbed pine table with a clatter. "I was just in there."

"I know it, child," said one of the older nurses in her tired voice. "They want a lot of attention, poor things. But wait until you are that old. You'll see."

"I'll never be like them," I said, with the bland certainty of youth.

"What'll you do?"

"Do? Take care of myself, of course. Why half of those women in 205 could have been on their feet months ago if they'd had any sense. Why don't they go to a good doctor when they first get sick? You'd think by now that preventive medicine would have made some strides. But no! Why on earth do women wait until they are half dead before they call a good doctor? I'll certainly never neglect *my* health the way most of them do. It's criminal negligence."

And in my innocence, with hospital-bred respect for the medical profession, I truly believed that I never would. I was quite certain that a woman had only to put herself in the hands of a respected member of the local medical association in order to enjoy the benefits of early diagnosis and the curative properties of preventive medicine.

Looking back now on my past five year's experience with the medical profession, I must confess my faith badly shaken; and only because I believe that my experience is not unique, but has been shared by thousands of well-balanced and normal people, do I offer it as Exhibit A — as one more bit of evidence in the case of the American People *versus* Doctors.

That there is such a case now being tried in the public prints, one can have no doubt. The growing dissatisfaction with the profession of medicine as practiced to-day is all too evident. One has examples of it on every hand. And unless this dissatisfaction is recognized and faced by the profession that has sworn to serve us, and unless a cure is honestly sought for, incalculable harm will come to us all, doctors and laymen alike, through a breakdown of confidence which it may take years of patient work to reëstablish.

Now it is possible, of course, that the medical profession can, because of the growing

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tendency toward impersonality through specialization, exist and carry on successfully without retaining the confidence of the layman. But it is highly improbable. No other business or profession could exist a month without that certain intangible something known as "good will." That the medical profession can safely ignore this imminent loss of prestige and confidence is doubtful, especially to one who remembers the almost miraculous cures effected on various soul-shaken patients by a bread pill prescribed by a physician in whom they had implicit trust.

One cannot go through the average hospital training course, or even an appreciable part of it, without losing some of one's childish belief in the infallibility of doctors. I had several rather drastic experiences which left my faith not broken, but decidedly dented. Still, I considered that these experiences were the exception that proved the rule. Now, I am not so sure. When I read, as with increasing frequency I do, articles from critical-minded men within the ranks of the medical profession, I am tempted to say, "You don't know the half of it, doctor. Now speaking as a patient. . . ."

A newspaper woman who was once a nurse has written this scathing indictment of doctors, supplying all the evidence from her own personal experience. An affidavit, sworn out and signed by the author, is now in The Forum files to bear witness to the truth of every statement of fact contained in the article. The Editors are glad to publish this case history, not because they bear a grudge against the medical profession, but because they believe that this author's experience with doctors is not unique. The modern trend toward specialization and the enormous pressure under which most physicians work have combined to make the ordinary diagnosis little better than a hasty guess. Yet medicine is supposed to be a science!

Speaking as a patient is perhaps easier for me than for the average woman because of my hospital experience. It is also easier because I have some standards of comparison, having been for many years closely associated with a man who has been my children's doctor all their young lives, and who has kept my faith in his profession alive in spite of five years of strong testimony to the contrary. But alas, his practice is limited to children under sixteen, which left me high and dry when my first warning signal was sounded.

The Search for a Cure

I was not alarmed when I awoke one morning in a sun-washed camp on an island in the San Juan group, and found, somehow, that I could not turn over in bed. I would just wait until the cold, or whatever it was, left me; then I would go to town and have the big, careful, thorough overhauling which I'd been promising myself for years. I reasoned to myself that there must be plenty of good doctors about.

There was no cause for panic, I felt sure. Weren't there years of out-of-doors summers behind me: camping beside mountain streams in Oregon; sleeping on the ground at the foot of snow-capped peaks; years of swimming in the nippy waters of San Francisco Bay, or of climbing over logs and cooking bacon on Puget Sound beaches? Healthy, busy years they had been, utterly sane and sensible. My children were growing up. I was certainly not getting any younger. A good overhauling was what I needed, and I'd be on my feet again within a month. That, exactly, was what I believed — then.

A woman friend was telling me only recently of the fantastic experiences she had had with two physicians between whose fumbling hands she had almost lost a fine little son. She said, "If I had gone up alleys, or hunted quacks, or quibbled about prices — ever — it would be different. But I didn't."

Neither did I go up alleys, or hunt quacks. I talked to a few of my friends, and then went to a sturdy, sane, golf-playing physician in one of the big medical buildings in the city where I then lived. I told him that I knew it was time for me to begin to go downhill. All women did, I'd heard. But I wanted to be different. "I'll do just anything you tell me to, doctor," I said, "for I don't like the idea of being sick. I've never been, except once, some years ago, and I don't want to repeat that experience."

Now perhaps that was my mistake. I confided to him that I had had a sudden illness some four years before, and that four or five doctors in solemn consultation finally decided that I might have passed a kidney stone. Nobody knew for sure, I remembered. They just suggested that it might have been that, after it was all over. I told my ruddy-cheeked doctor that, which I now believe was a fatal mistake. My advice now would be to confide nothing, and perhaps by some happy accident

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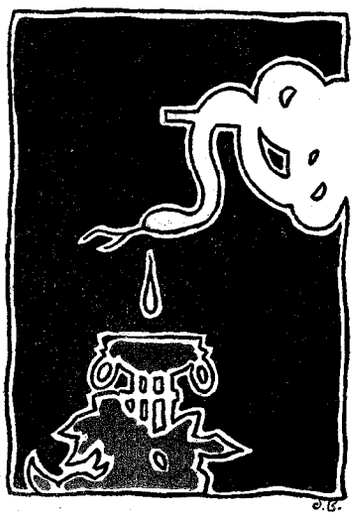
your real trouble may be stumbled upon.

"A kidney stone? Ah, yes." So he looked me over and made a painful and thorough attempt to find another kidney stone. Failing that, he sent me away with a friendly pat, and with a patronizing (and to me contemptuous) manner of reassurance.

"Just a little cold," he told my husband, fraternally. "Nothing to worry about. She'll be all right. You know how women are!"



I wonder, sometimes, if the substance of the trouble isn't there. A sex antagonism brought about by too many pieces of scorched toast for breakfast; by too many fur coats where cloth coats were indicated. "You know how women are," he said, and sent me home to say to myself through days and nights of growing torture, "I'll not be an old sister having nerves. I won't. I won't!"

So I learned, gradually, to live with pain. To fight it through clenched teeth. To rest and be dull and quiet, and to learn resignation to woman's lot. I looked about me — on the streets, in the cars. All older women seemed tired, drawn, rather gray about the mouth. Their eyes were all stamped with weary resignation. I couldn't expect to have two robust children, a job I liked, a circle of beach-combing, fishing, hunting friends, and not pay the piper. But I would at least keep still about it.

So I kept still about it until nights became an aching horror. Until the sheer will power required to make me turn over in bed, and to face scrambling up a cliff of jagged rocks while boiling lava poured over my unprotected back, was more than I could muster. A wracking pain used to tear me awake, and I would lie shaking while sweat beaded my face and the care-free days of only a year ago seemed a tale that was told over a camp fire.

Standing on my feet, going about my work, it was not so bad. I learned to wear stiff corsets, the old kind, that took some of the pressure off the corkscrew that lay embedded in my right hip. I learned never to take an abrupt or unconsidered step. I learned to walk, as I now do after five years, with half my mind concerned with the task of dodging pain.

My nerve was beginning to crack under the strain. "I'll be a neurasthenic yet," I muttered, and finally went to another doctor. I described my two pains: my jerk-me-awake pain, which was one thing; my gradually increasing pain in my right hip which was beginning to cripple me. Without a word, he ordered me to strip, lie on my face, and let him examine my back. He ran his hand over my spine, called his assistant, and said, "See anything wrong with that back? I don't. These newspaper women!" He was also a man in good standing in the local medical association. Again I had abjured alleys and gone to a man of reputation.

Conflicting Diagnoses

My work began to get heavier, but whether it was because my strength was failing or not, I do not know. I finally went to another doctor. I begged him to find the cause of my trouble. "I'll do anything, doctor," I pleaded. He pried from me the confession about the problematic kidney stone, and made a painful and thorough examination to see if he could find another. There was, in his opinion, a kidney stone lodged halfway down, and likely to give me trouble at any time. There was, he said, nothing to do for it but to wear a surgical belt. As I was leaving, he said strangely, "If you find that isn't the trouble, have someone make the amœba test!"

If you find that isn't the trouble! I sighed, and went away.

I was just leaving for another city, and, once established there, I found that my hip was occupying my thoughts when they should have been on other matters. I went to another doctor. Two years of pain had given me a haggard look. He pronounced my trouble tuberculosis. Having by this time lost confidence in any doctor's unsupported opinion, I

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decided that I would check up on his diagnosis. I made my preparations, and went to one of those splendid clinics which now dot our landscapes, where every sort of laboratory test conceivable was made upon my startled frame. Day after day various things were done to me. I was X-rayed and probed and specimened and tested. I had no kidney stone. I had no T.B. I had no organic disorders of any sort. I was, in short, a plain fool with a lot of trumped-up excuses for spending hard-earned money in idleness.

I covered a big medical association convention — a postgraduate course — for my paper not long ago, a difficult assignment that I asked my city editor to give me because I wanted to learn what I could of preventive medicine. I listened to one of America's greatest cancer specialists in some wonderful lectures. I heard him stress in solemn tones, again and again, the bitter need of educating the general public, and women in particular, about the necessity for early diagnosis in cases of cancer. The symptoms were often misleading, he told the attentive class. The spread of quackery was disturbing. Women were not going to reputable physicians for the immediate surgery which alone would save their lives, but were attempting self-cures, or going to quacks until all hope for them was lost.

I wonder as I look back on my harrowing years in the hands of seven reputable physicians, what, exactly, would have been my chances of recovery if I had been found to have cancer when, after five years in the search for health, a physician finally and for the first time since the birth of my last child examined me with a view to seeing if my complaint was being caused by the aftermath of maternity. The great cancer specialist had stressed the fact that early diagnosis was imperative. Would he, I wonder, have called five years — early?

My two professions had taught me the necessity of submitting to higher authority. Even though I was slightly dismayed when, for the first time in this last clinic, the great man at the head of the organization deigned to speak to me, I did as I was told. I went to bed in his hospital.

Lying there that first sleepless night, I remembered a night years and years before when we night nurses were having a little celebration to welcome a new batch of internes. The girl in charge of the woman's floor was relating a tale of how a woman had been brought in in an ambulance from a downtown hotel. The nurse had put her to bed, showed her the bell, and gone about her duties. Not once had the bell rung. Imagine!

"Can't be very sick," murmured the young man whose duty it was to examine her on her entrance. "Trust a woman to ring if she has a pain. You know how women are."

At three o'clock in the morning, having a little time on her hands, that young nurse went to see the new patient and found her dead in the bed to which the kindly hotel people had sent her for the tender care they were not equipped to give. I pondered that case as I tossed and turned in the little private hospital where I found myself. I remembered a typhoid case who had been given a scrambled egg one night "just for luck" by a young, inexperienced nurse in training, and who had died before morning. I remembered a case of my own. How well I remembered it!

A little German woman had been put in my ward, a sweet, patient-eyed little mother, who complained in a soft, pathetic voice every minute that she was in my care. I had had her two days, I remembered, when I discovered something that startled me. I went down the hall in search of my chum.

"Peg," I whispered, cornering her in the linen room. "Come on down to 205 with me. She's Dr. So-and-so's patient, and the chart says just 'rest and quiet.' You know what that means. But I think I've found something."

Arm in arm, my friend and I sped down the

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hall, and after a quick examination she turned to me and nodded. We conferred behind the curtains. "Who'll you tell?"

"Dr. So-and-so?"

"No. He'd kill you. Tell Miss Connors."

Schooled in the first rule of a training school — to obey orders and make no suggestions — I went in some trepidation to find Miss Connors, the head nurse on that floor. I confided my discovery to her. She scoffed at it in her usual curt voice. "I distinctly heard Dr. So-and-so say she was a mere neurasthenic," she said briskly. "He ordered rest and light diet. He's had her for months. He ought to know."

"But, Miss Connors, I know I'm right," I implored. "She is such a darling patient. I'd like — "

"Very well. Run along. I'll tell him." And she dismissed me.

The next day before a crowded dressing room, internes, nurses, a doctor or two, Dr. So-and-so undertook to show me up, put me in my place, and increase his stature with the pretty surgery girl he was rushing at the moment.

"The young — ahem — nurse on the case has undertaken to tell me that I have not diagnosed this case correctly," he said, as he languidly picked up a pair of rubber gloves and started smoothing them on. "Now just to set her fears at rest, I'll make the examination she has — er — insisted upon." I could feel the amused glances of the whole room upon me. My face flushed scarlet. My knees shook. I clung to the handles of the stretcher table to steady myself.

"Now, I'll — er — just make the ex — " he broke off. A slow flush stained his neck, mantled his ears, and disappeared into the stiff brush of black hair. I was glad I could see only his back. The silence was truly painful. His examination — the first made during a year of consultation with him — proved my contention. I was ordered to prepare the patient for an operation the next day, but she died in the night before it could be performed.

"Only a neurasthenic." I recalled Miss Connors' words, as, years later, I lay in a hospital bed and wondered what was wrong with me. Hearing the night nurse slip down the hall, I crept out of bed and softly padded to the chart room. I wanted to know then and there what, exactly, was going to be done to me, and why. I couldn't hold my job much longer, I knew, if the pain kept on. I was cracking up under it.

I found my chart. "Neurasthenic," I read. "Light diet and rest."

"What on earth," I murmured, aghast, as I went soberly back to bed and reviewed my case. The next morning I fought my way out past protesting nurses who tried to detain me, and took a train for home. "If I'm a neurasthenic," I muttered, "there's no sense wasting time in a hospital."

Lost Confidence

I was on a story some months later with a well-known surgeon. I told him that I had nothing but contempt for a medical profession that could deliberately wreck a woman as sane and intelligent as I on the rocks of ignorance. I was really getting annoyed. The next day, at his request, I took him all the X-ray plates that I had garnered through my pilgrimage after health, and left them with him. He carried them around with him for several days, consulting some of the city's good men, and finally called me and told me to go to a certain specialist he designated. So, obediently, I went to another doctor.

Other laboratory tests were made upon me and, according to this eminent physician, they indicated exactly the opposite condition that the last tests had shown. Those tests at the hospital had shown a perfect digestive tract, sound heart and lungs. The new ones, I was told, indicated intestinal and various infections, all of which a certain treatment would cure. There were — in short — germs. Oh, nothing malignant! Nothing to bring the blush of shame to a maiden's brow. But still, germs.

I remember so well explaining to this kindly, alert young man all about the tear-me-awake pain. All about having given birth to children. I suggested that

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this time, he check up on my innards. Two husky children were apt to leave some wreckage behind, I told him.

"Well, well, never mind about that," he said indulgently. A nice man, he is, as ever lived; accessible, which so many of the specialists are not; interested. He gave me his treatments for four months, and for four months I grew steadily worse. I had always been able to rest by lying on my left side, or standing on my left leg. But now that surcease left me. Both hips were hopelessly involved. The pain grew. Nights became a delirium.

My work could not go on, and finally I gave it up. One day, I sat again in that chair where I had discussed my pains. I recalled to this doctor what I had said, and finally ventured, "Why do all those old sisters who advertise patent medicines describe my pain exactly, if some of it isn't just plain, old-fashioned 'female trouble'?" Female trouble! Ye Gods! I'll be taking Celruna next, I thought.

And now after five years of needless expense, needless pain, despair and frustration, I am beginning to have the wreckage of motherhood repaired, the women's specialist having found the long lost focus of infection just where I suspected it to be. Yes, it has been found, but — where do I go from here?

The last specialist says that the pain in the hip is caused by swollen nerve ends, and that massage will be destructive of tissue. The one before him says it is caused by lime deposits, and that massage will keep me from getting stiff and will hasten absorption. The one before that ordered rest in bed. The last two say "stay on your feet."

How wonderful if that shattered confidence, so vitally necessary to a proper relationship between physician and patient, could have been left me. How sustaining it would be to go down to the big medical building, get some plausible instruction that I could put the slightest faith in, go out, armed with the last word in post-preventive medicine, and give my outraged system the simple treatment it now requires.

But with my faith in a group of men that I once believed the most inspired, conscientious, and truthful in the world entirely shattered; with my health broken and my nerve, which has stood up so well for these past five years, showing alarming signs of breaking, I, like thousands of my sisters, am dangerously near the border line where fact and fancy meet — I find myself looking longingly in drug store windows and reading the cure-all blurbs. I find myself reading the fine print shown in my morning paper, placed below pictures of sturdy mothers with twelve healthy children ranged behind them, and spelling aloud, "I too was an ailing woman, unable to stoop to pick up a pin. Celruna brought me back to health and happiness."

With a laugh that is half a groan, I find myself saying enviously, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were — really — preventive medicine!"

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The Honeymoon Couple

Drawings by Tom Lee

by **L. A. G. STRONG**

I

THE HONEYMOON couple adopted the little hotel from the moment of their arrival. Between tea and dinner they adopted the village, the boat slip, three crofters' cottages, and the south side of the estuary. This was not the first halt of their tour, and they had intended to stay two or three days only; but their explorations had so delighted them, they announced at dinner, that they decided to remain for a fortnight.

"A fortnight, at the very *least*," exclaimed the girl, beaming over at old Major Pirbright, who immediately turned a more sulphurous shade of yellow and looked as if he were having trouble with a fishbone. The other occupant of the little airy dining room, a schoolmaster, sat with his clean-shaven face drawn in stiff lines of expressionless distaste. Claude and Daisy could have searched the whole West Highlands for a pair less likely to share in their enthusiasms and their generous raptures.

They did expect people to share. Deliriously happy, occupied in the communication to one another of a thousand delightful discoveries, they behaved as if there were not the slightest question that everyone would be as interested, as delighted as they were themselves. Nor did they attempt to conceal their joy in each other. They made even passing the salt an excuse semi-surreptitiously to link fingers. Their feet were visibly in contact. And when, to his own intense disgust, Major Pirbright inadvertently caught them squeezing hands under the table, they laughed, and Daisy bridled. "Making me a damned accessory," the Major complained furiously afterward. They were secure in their paradisal conviction that all the world must love a pair of lovers.

When they had gone forth, after dinner, the two elderly men stared at one another in grim dismay.

"My — God!" ejaculated the Major, finally.

"Quite," assented the schoolmaster, with a thin, wry smile.

"I — I shall leave."

"They are, certainly, a little — er — demonstrative."

"Demonstrative ——!" The Major supplied a more vivid epithet. "That's what I call 'em."

His companion pursed up his lips and gave a little thin giggle.

"Damn it, man, it's — it's positively indecent. I mean to say —."

II

THE MAJOR'S efforts to express himself were given plenty of scope during the next few days. Time after time the two agreed that they would stand it no longer; but, somehow, they remained. There was a vitality about Daisy and Claude, a warmth and expansiveness, which prevented them from being repulsive. The sublimity of their mutual selfishness; their world which had to include, or to exclude, every other living creature, and every object — "our little rock," "our mountain," "our old darling fisherman"; the sheer indefatigability of their happiness, provided an amazement for the onlookers. Claude and Daisy embarrassed and outraged them a dozen times a day; yet — though each would have died rather than admit it — they would miss the

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stimulus, if it were withdrawn. Animated, if only by the ferocious conversations they held together, the two elderly men went about with a quicker step and a brighter eye.

Daisy was rather good-looking, in an expansive, opulent way. She had a crop of soft, fair hair, which she kept shaking back with an impulsive gesture. She had honest blue eyes, a rather big nose, and a laughing, undisciplined mouth. Her teeth were good. She was tall, and rather full in figure: too big altogether, the two men decided, for her little-girl ways, her trick of flopping down into a chair, and her loud, enthusiastic sighs. Still, they were obliged to admit, she had the makings of a good-looking girl — "If only she didn't let herself go to such a disgusting extent."

"A little — er — lacking in restraint," agreed the schoolmaster, watching his companion. "Somewhat distressing."

"*Distressing!*" The Major snorted. "I call it —."

Claude was by comparison quiet. A harmless, inoffensive sort of fellow, well built, with prominent teeth, a peeled nose, and a vivid taste in shirts, he would normally have evoked no stronger commendation than an instant diagnosis of all he was and was not. In response to Daisy, however, he took on something of her quality. He, too, was hearty and enthusiastic — qualities which, in the eyes of the Major and his friend, but ill became him.

By the time they had been there a week, Claude and Daisy owned the place. They learned the Gaelic names for every tree and corner, and fired them off at their fellow guests at dinner. They adopted Mrs. McFee, of the village shop, and spent a wet morning rearranging her stock for her. Seldom able at the best of times to "put her hand on a bit o' goods," after this performance Mrs. McFee could find nothing at all. Even her customers, who usually assisted, identifying and pointing out the objects they desired, were nonplused by the change.

The pair adopted old Hugh, the fisherman. He was a fine-looking old man, with a white beard, a deep voice, and clear blue eyes. Daisy christened him St. Peter, but had to revise her idea on the day they accompanied him to take in his long line, his conduct toward dogfish and other unwanted captures being anything but saintly. She made up for it by telling him what the weather was going to be, and how to row. There was not a cottage, not a dog kennel or a fowl house into which she did not poke her freckled nose, with Claude, grinning disarmingly, at her heels. Nothing could check her interest or snub her maternal zeal.

This being so, it was well that only in one quarter were her attentions actively resented. Old Angus the Cave, so called because he lived in one (assisted by a few sheets of corrugated iron and a goat for his milk), had little English, and was reputed to be not quite right in the head. At any rate, he disliked Daisy's friendly interest in his abode, swore at her, and, when she stood staring, picked up a stone.

"All right, old boy," remonstrated Claude. "All right. We're going. Steady on."

Daisy took his arm, and they went off, casting puzzled, hurt glances over their shoulders.

"He didn't like us, Claudey," Daisy kept saying, as if she couldn't understand how such thing could be.

"No, old girl, he didn't. Not a bit, he didn't."

"But," she squeezed his arm and turned her face close to his, "I want *everybody* to like us, Claudey. Don't you?"

"Rather, old girl."

Both were shaken, more than they could admit. Pirbright noted as much, with sardonic pleasure, from the way they spoke of the incident and tried to laugh it off.

"No philosophy," he said to Everett afterward. "No moral stamina. Put those two up against anything real, and see how their bluff would evaporate. Put 'em up against something big."

"You think they'd — er — be unequal to it?"

"Unequal? Pah — they'd collapse like jellyfish. The woman, particularly."

Everett's face remained motionless. The

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Major had been conversing quite affably with Daisy after lunch, and was making up for his weakness by an even bitterer denunciation. It was not the first time. A couple of days before, Everett had caught him eagerly showing her how to fix her rod for cuddy fishing.

"Infernal woman," the Major had grumbled. "Wouldn't leave me alone. Kept pestering me till I showed her. Don't expect the fool took in a word of it."

Remembering this, Everett bent over his plate to hide a little bleak smile that quivered at the corners of his mouth.

"All this sloppy gush," the Major grumbled on. "All this guff about 'my lamb,' 'my treasure,' 'my pet.' Nothing behind it. Just the ordinary fluke of the man taking a fancy to the girl, and her unloading it all on him. Any other'd do her as well."

III

THE NEXT morning, Claude and Daisy persuaded St. Peter to let them take out his second boat. He did so, with many a glance westward under his white, bushy brows, and warned them to be careful of the bar at the river's mouth.

"Keep away from it at low tide — that'll be in about two 'oor's time," he called after them.

Daisy turned in the stern and waved to him.

"That's all right, Hugh," she cried. "We'll be careful, won't we, Claudey?"

And Claude, looking very manly, his lilac shirt sleeves held up by elastic bands, smiled and said "Rather."

Down the river they went, and out of sight round the low southern headland. They were going to lunch in a bay half a mile down the coast, accessible only by boat, and row back in time for tea. Lunch there they did; but something must have gone wrong with their calculations, or with Daisy's wrist watch. She usually forgot and bathed without taking it off. At any rate, Hugh, having occasion to look up from the line he was sorting, suddenly shaded his eyes and uttered a hasty oath. His helper, a silent, dour youth, looked up also. The two men stopped what they were doing. They watched intently. Then, with exclamations, they rose and began to run lumberingly down toward the sands.

The estuary was wide and shallow. At low tide it was an expanse of wet, shining sand, except for one channel of deep green, down which the river made its purposeful way to the sea. At the bar, this channel split, divided by a heap of silted-up sand over which shallow breakers fought continually. The current, forced into two narrow outlets, swirled viciously round the edges of the sand heap, to quarrel with the waves it met outside. A boat, wishing to enter the estuary at low tide, had to row its way stiffly up one or other of these outlets and avoid being edged upon the sand bank.

Claude and Daisy, pulling inward, were carried triumphantly upon the first waves of the incoming tide, sent askew by the energy of the current, and in a few seconds found themselves bumping outrageously in the breakers over the sand. It was a joke at first, but a couple of really hard bumps took the edge off the fun, and a particularly vigorous wave lifted the boat bodily up and plumped it upon the sand. There it stuck, caught by the keel, jerking this way and that, and shipping an uncomfortable deal of water. Claude essayed standing up and pushing the boat off with an oar, but it was bucking like a goat and he sprawled on his back over the seat.

"No good," he shouted over the perpetual dashing of the breakers. "I'll have to get out and shove her off."

Before Daisy could remonstrate, he had kicked off his shoes and jumped over the side. Lightened, the boat bounded gayly a yard or so and then stuck again. Pursuing it, over his knees in the water, Claude caught hold of the gunwale and heaved. For a moment nothing happened. Then a fresh wave, rising fairly under the boat, lifted it clear, pulling Claude after it. He stumbled and let go. The sand bank sloped suddenly away beneath him and

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he fell forward into deep water. In an instant the wicked force of the current caught him, spinning him away past the bank down one of the narrow outlets. He came up, smiled back at Daisy, a forced smile: "I say, this is a bit past a joke," it said. And then she saw, with horror, that he was splashing wildly, struggling. Everything was suddenly a creaming waste of breakers.

The two fishermen reached the boat. They splashed in after it and hauled it in to the side. The current was getting hold of it, spinning it slowly, with its distracted burden. They had to hold Daisy back by force. She fought like a wild animal to go after him. Then she sat down, holding her head in her hands.

"The bar!" St. Peter said in his deep voice, shaking his head sorrowfully. "Ah, mistress, the bar! the bar!"

She glanced up at him, only half comprehending. She kept shaking her hair back from her brows, and looking with incredulous eyes at the creaming, sunlit expanse. It was all too absurd. Such a thing simply couldn't happen. Claudey would appear beside her in a minute, smiling. "Got a bit wet that time, old girl," he would say. It was some time before she realized.

They tried to help her up to the hotel. She shook them off and hurried on, her wet skirt clinging round her. Major Pirbright met her on the steps. He looked guiltily around, but Everett was not in sight.

"Hello," he began. "Get a wetting — ?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared after her. Then he saw the two fisherman, following.

IV

AN HOUR LATER, the boat went out. Familiar with the currents, they knew where to go. While they were away, Daisy came downstairs. She carried herself erect. Her face was set and strange, and her eyes shone with an extraordinary light. The two shocked men sprang to their feet.

"I have to go and send some telegrams," she said, in a steady voice, and went down the path to the post office.

Before dinner, the boat returned. Through his glasses Major Pirbright saw a shape lying in the bottom of it, covered by a tarpaulin. There was no mortuary, so they brought him back to the hotel. His face wore the peaceful, abstracted look so often seen on the faces of the drowned. Daisy wanted him carried to their bedroom, but, in something like horror, they protested they could not think of that.

"It won't matter," she kept saying; but they laid him on boards over the billiard table.

The hotel was full that evening. All the village congregated in the parlor to discuss what had happened. While the subdued talk was at its height, the door opened and Daisy appeared. Her eyes still shone with the same light, her voice was still level. She looked round on them and actually smiled.

"I'm going out for a walk," she said.

She went out, closing the door behind her. There was silence. No one moved. All knew where she was going, but no one moved.

Everett and the Major did not meet at breakfast. They kept out of each other's way. But at lunch, after Daisy had been found, brought in, and laid in the billiard room beside her lover, the two could not avoid meeting. They looked this way and that, anywhere but in each other's eyes. Certain words, writhing like worms on the Major's heart, flamed in letters of fire everywhere in the little airy room. "Something real . . . something big . . . collapse like a jellyfish . . . nothing behind it."

The Major's face was working miserably, as if he were in trouble with a fishbone. Suddenly Everett got up. His schoolmaster's manner dropped from him. He went across and put his hand on the Major's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, my friend," he said gently.

For a moment the Major looked furiously up at him. Then he buried his face in his hands.

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What I Believe

Living Philosophies XVI

by HU SHIH
"Father of the Chinese Renaissance"

IN THE FIRST PART of this article, published last month, Hu Shih sketched the background of his family life. He was born in a province near Shanghai, the only child of his father's third wife. His father died while he was small and his mother was determined that the boy should enjoy every possible advantage; she paid six dollars a year (thrice the usual tuition fee) in order that he might receive special coaching at school. This confidence in her son was not wasted, for he read widely and was eager to learn. Soon his search for knowledge led him to turn from his mother's gods and embrace a rational philosophy — an attitude which she deeply regretted, and she explained it by saying that an evil spirit had taken possession of the boy's soul. Hu Shih's skepticism, however, was but one milestone in his progress toward a satisfactory credo. What that credo ultimately became he reveals in this, the second and final installment of his article.

EARLY IN MY thirteenth year (1904), I left home on a seven-day journey to seek a "new education" in Shanghai. After that separation I visited my mother only three times and stayed with her altogether about seven months in fourteen years. Out of her great love for me she sent me away without apparently shedding a tear, and allowed me to seek my own education and development in the great world all alone, armed only with a mother's love, a habit of study, and a little tendency to doubt.

I spent six years in Shanghai (1904–1910) and seven years in America (1910–1917). During my stay in Shanghai I went through three schools (none of which was a missionary school) without graduating from any. I studied the rudiments of what was then known as "the new education," consisting chiefly of history, geography, English, mathematics, and some gleanings of natural science. Through the free translations by the late Mr. Lin Shu and others, I made my first acquaintance with a number of English and European novels, including those of Scott, Dickens, Dumas *père et fils*, Hugo, and Tolstoy. I read the works of a few of the non-Confucian and Neo-Confucian philosophers of ancient and medieval China and was delighted in the altruism of Mo Ti and the naturalistic philosophy of Lao-tze and Chuang-tze.

Through the popular writings of the late Mr. Liang Chi-chao, the most powerful writer of the age, I came to know a little of such Western thinkers as Hobbes, Descartes, Rousseau, Bentham, Kant, and Darwin. Mr. Liang was a great admirer of modern Western civilization and published a series of essays in which he frankly admitted that the Chinese as a race had suffered from the deplorable lack of many fine traits possessed by the European people, notably emphasis on public morality, nationalism, love of adventure, the conception of personal rights and the eagerness to defend them against encroachment, love of freedom, ability for self-control, belief in the infinite possibility of progress, capacity for corporate and organized effort, and attention to bodily culture and health. It was these essays which first violently shocked me out of the comfortable dream that our ancient civilization was self-sufficient and had nothing to learn from the militant and materialistic West except in the weapons of war and vehicles of commerce. They opened to me, as to hundreds of others, an entirely new vision of the world.

I also read Mr. Yen Fu's translation of John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* and Huxley's *Evolution and Ethics*. Mr. Yen's translation of Huxley's essay had been published in 1898 and had been immediately accepted by the Chinese intelligentsia with acclamation. Rich men gave money to have new editions made for wider distribution (there being no copyright law then), because it was thought that the Dar-

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winian hypothesis, especially in its social and political application, was a welcome stimulus to a nation suffering from age-long inertia and stagnation.

In the course of a few years many of the evolutionary terms and phrases became proverbial expressions in the journalistic writings of the time. Numerous persons adopted them in naming themselves and their children, thereby reminding themselves of the perils of elimination in the struggle for existence, national as well as individual. The once famous General Chen Chiung-ming called himself "Ching-tsun" or "Struggling for Existence." Two of my schoolmates bore the names "Natural Selection Yang" and "Struggle for Existence Sun."

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Out of her great love for me she sent me away.

Even my own name bears witness to the great vogue of evolutionism in China. I remember distinctly the morning when I asked my second brother to suggest a literary name for me. After only a moment's reflection, he said, "How about the word *shih* (fitness) in the phrase 'Survival of the Fittest'?" I agreed and, first using it as a *nom de plume*, finally adopted it in 1910 as my name.

II

My slight knowledge of the evolutionary hypothesis of Darwin and Spencer was easily linked up with the naturalism of some of the ancient Chinese thinkers. For example, it delighted my boyish heart to find an equally youthful cobeliever of over two thousand years ago in the following story told in the *Lieh-tze*, a spurious work of the Taoist school:

"The House of Tien held a great post-sacrificial feast at which over a thousand guests were present. When fish and wild duck were offered, the host said with a sigh: 'Great is Nature's kindness to man! She has produced grain and fish and birds for the use of man.' The speech was applauded by all the guests present. Thereupon, the son of the House of Pao, who was only twelve years old, stepped forward and said: 'It is not so, my lord. All the beings in the universe coexist with men on a basis of equality. There is no natural order of superiority and inferiority. They conquer and prey on one another only by virtue of their superior strength and intelligence. No species is purposely produced for the sake of another. Men, too, prey on those things which they are able to conquer. How can we say that Nature has produced them for our benefit? Do not mosquitoes suck our blood and tigers and wolves eat our flesh? Shall we say that Nature has produced men for the benefit of mosquitoes and tigers and wolves?'"

In 1906 a few of my schoolmates in the China National Institute founded a periodical called *The Struggle* — another instance of the popularity of the Darwinian theory — which, being primarily interested in instilling new ideas into the uneducated masses, was to be published in the *pei-hua* or spoken language. I was invited to contribute to its first issue, and a year later I became its sole editor. My editorial work on this magazine helped me not only to develop an ability in the use of the living tongue as a literary medium, but also to think out, in clear language and logical order, the ideas and thoughts which had been taking shape since my childhood days. In many of my articles written for this magazine I strongly attacked the superstitions of the people and was frankly iconoclastic and atheistic.

In 1908 my family was in great financial difficulty because of business failures. At the age of seventeen I found myself facing the necessity of supporting myself at school and my mother at home. I gave up my studies and taught elementary English for over a year,

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teaching five hours a day and receiving a monthly pay of eighty silver dollars. In 1910 I taught Chinese for a few months.

Those years (1909–10) were dark years in the history of China as well as in my personal history. Revolutions broke out in several provinces and failed each time. Quite a number of my former schoolmates at the China National Institute, which was a center of revolutionary activities, were involved in these plots and not a few lost their lives. Several of these political fugitives came to Shanghai and stayed with me. We were all despondent and pessimistic. We drank, wrote pessimistic poetry, talked day and night, and often gambled for no stakes. We even engaged an old actor to teach us singing. One cold morning I wrote a poem which contained this line: "How proudly does the wintry frost scorn the powerless rays of the sun!"

Despondency and drudgery drove us to all kinds of dissipation. One rainy night I got deadly drunk, fought with a policeman in the street, and landed myself in prison for the night. When I went home the next morning and saw in the mirror the bruises on my face, this line in Li Po's *Drinking Song* came to my mind: "Some use might yet be made of this material born in me." I decided to quit teaching and my friends. After a month of hard work, I went to Peking to take the examination for the scholarship founded on the returned American portion of the Boxer Indemnity. I passed the examination and in July sailed for America.

III

I ARRIVED in America full of pessimism, but I soon made friends and came to be very fond of the country and its people. The naïve optimism and cheerfulness of the Americans impressed me most favorably. In this land there seemed nothing which could not be achieved by human intelligence and effort. I could not escape the contagion of this cheerful outlook on life, which, in the course of a few years, gradually cured my premature senility.

When I went to see a football game for the first time, I sat there philosophically amused by the roughness of the game and by the wild yells and cheers which seemed to me quite beneath the dignity of the university student. But, as the struggle became more and more exciting, I began to catch the enthusiasm. Then, accidentally turning my head, I saw the white-haired professor of botany, Mr. W. W. Rowlee, cheering and yelling in all heartiness, and I felt so ashamed of myself that I was soon cheering enthusiastically with the crowd.

Even during the darkest days in the first years of the Chinese Republic, I managed to keep up my good cheer. In a letter written to a Chinese friend, I said: "Nothing is hopeless except when you and I give it up as hopeless." In my diaries, I wrote down such quotations as this from Clough: "If hopes are dupes, fears are liars." Or this, in my own Chinese translation, from Browning:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

In January, 1914, I wrote this entry in my diary: "I believe that the greatest thing I have learned since leaving China is this optimistic philosophy of life." In 1915 I was awarded the Hiram Corson Prize for the best essay on Robert Browning. The subject of my essay was "In Defense of Browning's Optimism." I think it was largely my gradually changed outlook on life that made me speak with a sense of conviction in taking up his defense.

I began my university career as a student in the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University. My choice was based on the belief then current in China that a Chinese student must learn some useful art, and literature and philosophy were not considered of any practical use. But there was also an economic motive: the College of Agriculture then charged no tuition fee and I thought I might be able to save a part of my monthly allowance to send to my mother.

I had had no experience on a farm and my heart was not in agriculture. The freshman courses in English Literature and German interested me far more than Farm Practice and Pomology. After hesitating for a year and a half, I finally transferred to the College of Arts and Sciences at the penalty of paying four semesters' tuition fee at once, which cost me eight months' privation. But I felt more at home in my new studies and have never regretted the change.

A course in the history of European philosophy — under that inspiring teacher, the late

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For many years I had contented myself with an ancient doctrine of "Three Immortalities."

Professor J. E. Creighton — led me to major in philosophy. I also took a keen interest in English literature and political science. The Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell was a stronghold of Idealism. Under its guidance I read the more important works of the classical philosophers of ancient and modern times. I also read the works of such later Idealists as Bradley and Bosanquet, but their problems never interested me.

In 1915 I went to Columbia University and studied under Professor John Dewey until the summer of 1917, when I returned to China. Under Dewey's inspiration, I wrote my dissertation on "The Development of Logical Method in Ancient China," which made me reread the philosophical writings of ancient China and laid the foundation for all my later researches in the history of Chinese thought.

IV

DURING MY SEVEN years in America, I had many extra-curricular activities which probably had as much influence on my life and thought as my university work. In days of despondency I took much interest in the Christian religion and read the Bible almost through. In the summer of 1911, when I was a guest at a conference of the Chinese Christian Students' Association held at Pocono Pines, Pennsylvania, I almost decided to become a Christian.

But I gradually drifted away from Christianity, although I did much reading in the history of its development. For a long time, however, I was a believer in the doctrine of non-resistance. Five centuries before Jesus, the Chinese philosopher Lao-tze had taught that the highest virtue resisted nothing and that water, which resists nothing, is always irresistible. My early acceptance of this teaching of Lao-tze led me to take a great liking to the Sermon on the Mount.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, I was deeply moved by the fate of Belgium and became a confirmed non-resister. I lived three years at the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club and made many warm friends of all nationalities. Under the influence of such idealistic pacifists as George Nasmyth and John Mez, I became a zealous pacifist myself. I was one of the founders of the Collegiate League to Abolish Militarism which was formed in 1915 at the suggestion of Oswald Garrison Villard.

When later the International Polity Clubs were founded, under the leadership of Nasmyth and Norman Angell, I was one of the most active members and participated in their first two annual conferences. In 1916 I was awarded the International Polity Club Prize for my essay on "Is There a Substitute for Force in International Relations?" in which I expounded the philosophy of a league of nations on the idea of law as organized force.

My pacifism and internationalism often brought me into serious trouble. When Japan entered the World War by attacking the German possessions in Shantung, she declared to the world that these were to be "eventually restored to China." I was the only Chinese in America who believed in this declaration, and argued in writing that Japan probably meant what she said. For this I was ridiculed by many of my fellow students. When in 1915 Japan presented the famous Twenty-one Demands on China, every Chinese in the United States was for immediate declaration of war with Japan. I

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wrote an open letter to *The Chinese Students' Monthly*, counseling calmness and cool thinking, for which I was severely attacked from all sides and often denounced as a traitor. War was avoided by China's partial acceptance of the Demands, but the German possessions in China were not restored to China until seven years later.

My reading of Ibsen, John Morley, and Huxley taught me the importance of honest thinking and honest speaking. I read all of Ibsen's plays and was particularly pleased by *An Enemy of the People*. Morley's essay, "On Compromise," first recommended to me by my good friend Miss Edith Clifford Williams, has remained one of the most important spiritual influences on my life. Morley has taught me that "a principle, if it be sound, represents one of the larger expediencies. To abandon that for the sake of some seeming expediency of the hour, is to sacrifice the greater good for the less. Nothing is so sure to impoverish an epoch, to deprive conduct of nobleness, and character of elevation."

Huxley goes still further and teaches a method of intellectual honesty. He merely says: "Give me such evidence as would justify me in believing anything else, and I will believe that (the immortality of man). It is no use to talk to me of analogies and probabilities. I know what I mean when I say I believe in the law of the inversed square, and I will not rest my life and my hopes upon weaker convictions." Huxley has also said, "The most sacred act of a man's life is to say and to feel 'I believe such and such to be true.' All the greatest rewards, and all the heaviest penalties of existence, cling upon that act."

It is from Professor Dewey that I have learned that the most sacred responsibility of a man's life is to endeavor to *think well*. To think sluggishly, to think without strict regard to the antecedents and consequences of thought, to accept ready-made and unanalyzed concepts as premises of thinking, to allow personal factors unconsciously to influence one's thinking, or to fail to test one's ideas by working out their results is to be intellectually irresponsible. All the greatest discoveries of truth, and all the greatest calamities in history, depend upon this.

Dewey has given us a philosophy of thinking which treats thinking as an art, as a technique. And in *How We Think* and *Essays in Experimental Logic* he has worked out this technique which I have found to be true not only of the discoveries in the experimental sciences, but also of the best researches in the historical sciences, such as textual criticism, philological reconstruction, and higher criticism. In all these fields, the best results have been achieved by the same technique, which in its essence consists of a boldness in suggesting hypotheses coupled with a most solicitous regard for control and verification. This laboratory technique of thinking deserves the name of Creative Intelligence because it is truly creative in the exercise of imagination and ingenuity in seeking evidence and devising experiment and in the satisfactory results that flow from the successful fruition of thinking.

Curiously enough, this instrumental logic has turned me into a historical research worker. I have learned to think genetically, and this genetic habit of thinking has been the key to success in all my subsequent work in the history of thought and literature. More curious still, this historical way of thinking has not made me a conservative but always a progressive. For instance, my arguments for the literary revolution in China have been entirely based upon the undeniable facts of historical evolution and they have been so far unanswerable by my opponents.

V

THE DEATH of my mother in November, 1918, was the occasion which led to the first formulation of the credo for which I had been groping in the vast world for over fourteen years. It was published in February, 1919, in an essay entitled "Immortality, My Religion."

Because of my early boyhood readings I had long since rejected the idea of personal survival after death. For many years I had contented myself with an ancient doctrine of "Three Immortalities" which I found in the Tso Commentary on the *Chun Chiu*, where it was recorded that the wise statesman Shu-sin Pao declared in the year 548 B.C. (when Confucius was only three years old) that there were three kinds of immortality: the immortality of Virtue, of Service, and of Wise Speech. "These are not forgotten with length of time, and that is what is meant by immortality after death." This doctrine attracted me so much that I

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often spoke of it to my foreign friends and gave to it the name "the doctrine of the immortality of the three W's (Worth, Work, and Words)."

My mother's death set me thinking afresh on this problem, and I began to feel that the doctrine of the Three Immortalities was in need of revision. It is defective, in the first place, in being too exclusive. How many people are there in this world whose achievements in virtue, in service, and in literary and philosophical wisdom cannot be forgotten with length of time? Christopher Columbus, for example, may be immortal, but how about the other members of his crew? How about the men who built his ships or furnished his tools, or the many pioneers who had paved the way for him either by courageous thinking or by successful or unsuccessful explorations of the seas? How much, in short, must one achieve in order to attain immortality?

In the second place, this doctrine fails to furnish any negative check on human conduct. Virtue is immortal, but how about vice? Shall we again resort to the belief in Judgment Day and Hell Fire?

1400 years ago a man wrote an essay on "The Destructibility of the Soul."

As I reviewed the life of my dead mother, whose activities had never gone beyond the trivial details of the home but whose influence could be clearly seen on the faces of those men and women who came to mourn her death, and as I recalled the personal influence of my father on her whole life and its lasting effect on myself, I came to the conviction that *everything* is immortal. Everything that we are, everything that we do, and everything that we say is immortal in the sense that it has its effect somewhere in this world, and that effect in turn will have its results somewhere else, and the thing goes on in infinite time and space.

As Leibnitz once said, "Each body feels all that passes in the universe, so that he who sees all may read in each that which passes everywhere else, and even that which has been and shall be, discerning in the present that which is removed in time as well as in space." We do not see all, but everything is there, reaching into the infinite. A man is what he eats, and the work of the Dakota farmer, the California fruit grower, and a million other food providers lives in him. A man is what he thinks, and everyone who has influenced him — from Socrates, Plato, and Confucius down to his parish preacher and his nursery governess — lives in him. A man is also what he enjoys, and the work of numberless artists and entertainers, living or long dead, renowned or nameless, sublime or vulgar, lives in him. And so on *ad infinitum*.

Fourteen centuries ago a man wrote an essay on "The Destructibility of the Soul" which was considered so sacrilegious that his Emperor ordered seventy great scholars to refute it, and it was refuted. But five hundred years later a historian recorded a summary of this sacrilegious essay in his great history. And another nine hundred years passed. Then a little boy of eleven chanced upon this brief summary of thirty-five words, and these thirty-five words, after being buried for fourteen hundred years, suddenly became alive and are living in him and through him in the lives of thousands of men and women.

In 1912 there came to my Alma Mater an English lecturer who gave an address on the impossibility of founding a republic in China. His lecture struck me then as quite absurd, but I was amused by his peculiar pronunciation of the vowel *o*, and I sat there imitating it for my own entertainment. His speech has long been forgotten, but somehow his pronunciation of the vowel *o* has stuck by me all these years and is probably now on the tongue of hundreds of my students without anyone's ever being aware that it came through my mischievous mimicking of Mr. J. O. P. Bland. And Mr. Bland never knew it.

Twenty-five centuries ago there died a beggar in a valley of the Himalaya Mountains. His body was decomposing by the roadside.

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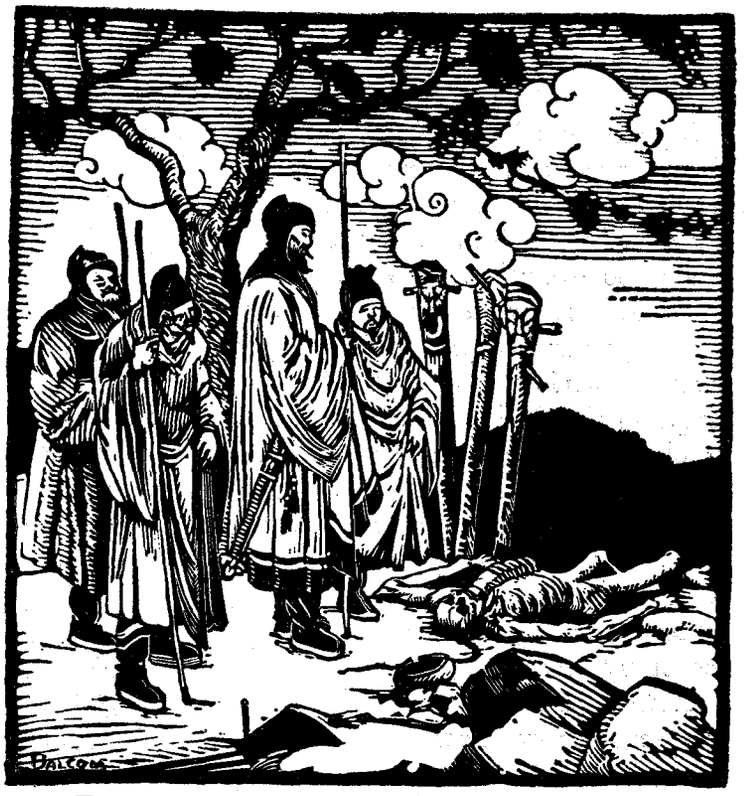
There came a young prince who saw the horrifying scene and was set to thinking. He thought over the impermanence of life and of everything else, and decided to leave his family and go to the wilderness to think out a way for his own salvation and that of mankind. Years later he emerged from the wilderness as Buddha the Enlightened One and proclaimed to the world the way he had found for its salvation. Thus even the decomposition of the dead body of a beggar has unwittingly contributed its part to the founding of one of the greatest religions of the world.

This line of reasoning led me to what may be called the religion of Social Immortality, because it is essentially based on the idea that the individual self, which is the product of the accumulated effect of the social self, leaves an indelible mark of everything it is and everything it does upon that larger self which may be termed Society, or Humanity, or the Great Being. The individual may die, but he lives on in this Great Self which is immortal. All his virtue and vice, merit and sin, all his action and thought and speech, significant or trivial, right or wrong, for good or for evil — everything lives in the effect it produces on the Great Self. This Great Self lives forever as the everlasting monumental testimony of the triumphs and failures of the numberless individual selves.

This conception of Social Immortality is more satisfactory than the ancient Chinese doctrine of the Three Immortalities in that it includes the lowly and the insignificant as well as the heroes and sages, vice as well as virtue, crime as well as meritorious service. And it is this recognition of the immortality of evil as well as of good that constitutes the moral sanction of the doctrine. The decay of a dead body may found a religion, but it may also plague a whole continent. A chance remark of a barmaid may lead to the sudden enlightenment of a Zen monk, but a wrong theory of political or social reconstruction may cause centuries of bloodshed. The discovery of a microscopic bacillus may benefit millions of people, but a tiny sputum from a consumptive may kill multitudes and generations.



Twenty-five centuries ago there died a beggar in a valley of the Himalaya Mountains.

Truly the evil that men do lives after them! It is the clear recognition of the consequences of conduct that constitutes our sense of moral responsibility. The individual self owes a tremendous debt to the greater Social Self, and it is his duty to hold himself responsible to it for everything he does or thinks or is. Humanity is what it is by the wisdom and folly of our fathers, but we shall be judged by what humanity will be when we shall have played our part. Shall we say, "After us, the deluge"? Or shall we say, "After us, the millennium"?

VI

In 1923 I had another occasion to formulate my credo in a more general way. An article on "Science and Our Philosophy of Life" by the geologist Mr. V. K. Ting, published in a weekly paper edited by myself, had started a long controversy which lasted almost a whole year. Practically every thinker of any standing in China had taken part in it. When the controversial literature was collected by some enterprising publisher at the end of 1923, it amounted to over two hundred and fifty thousand words. I was asked to write an introduction to this collection. My introductory essay added another ten thousand words to this already voluminous collection and concluded

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with what I proposed as "a framework for a new philosophy of the universe and life," to which, however, some of the hostile Christian missionaries have mischievously given the name of "Hu Shih's New Decalogue." I now translate it for what it is worth:

1. On the basis of our knowledge of astronomy and physics, we should recognize that the world of space is infinitely large.

2. On the basis of our geological and paleontological knowledge, we should recognize that the universe extends over infinite time.

3. On the basis of all our verifiable scientific knowledge, we should recognize that the universe and everything in it follow natural laws of movement and change — "natural" in the Chinese sense of "being so of themselves" — and that there is no need for the concept of a supernatural Ruler or Creator.

4. On the basis of the biological sciences, we should recognize the terrific wastefulness and brutality in the struggle for existence in the biological world, and consequently the untenability of the hypothesis of a benevolent Ruler.

5. On the basis of the biological, physiological, and psychological sciences, we should recognize that man is only one species in the animal kingdom and differs from the other species only in degree, but not in kind.

6. On the basis of the knowledge derived from anthropology, sociology, and the biological sciences, we should understand the history and causes of the evolution of living organisms and of human society.

7. On the basis of the biological and psychological sciences, we should recognize that all psychological phenomena are explainable through the law of causality.

8. On the basis of biological and historical knowledge, we should recognize that morality and religion are subject to change, and that the causes of such change can be scientifically studied.

9. On the basis of our newer knowledge of physics and chemistry, we should recognize that matter is full of motion and not static.

10. On the basis of biological, sociological, and historical knowledge, we should recognize that the individual self is subject to death and decay, but the sum total of individual achievement, for better or for worse, lives on in the immortality of the Larger Self; that to live for the sake of the species and posterity is religion of the highest kind; and that those religions which seek a future life either in Heaven or in the Pure Land, are selfish religions.

"This new credo," I concluded, "is a hypothesis founded on the generally accepted scientific knowledge of the last two or three hundred years. To avoid unnecessary controversy, I propose to call it, not 'a scientific credo,' but merely 'the Naturalistic Conception of Life and the Universe.'

"In this naturalistic universe, in this universe of infinite space and time, man, the two-handed animal whose average height is about five feet and a half and whose age rarely exceeds a hundred years, is indeed a mere infinitesimal microbe. In this naturalistic universe, where every motion in the heavens has its regular course and every change follows laws of nature, where causality governs man's life

The increase of his knowledge has extended his power, but it has also widened his vision and elevated his imagination.

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and the struggle for existence spurs his activities — in such a universe man has very little freedom indeed.

"Yet this tiny animal of two hands has his proper place and worth in that world of infinite magnitude. Making good use of his hands and a large brain, he has actually succeeded in making a number of tools, thinking out ways and means, and creating his own civilization. He has not only domesticated the wild animals, but he has also studied and discovered a considerable number of the secrets and laws of nature by means of which he has become a master of the natural forces and is now ordering electricity to drive his carriage and ether to deliver his message.

"The increase of his knowledge has extended his power, but it has also widened his vision and elevated his imagination. There were times when he worshiped stones and animals and was afraid of the gods and ghosts. But he is now moving away from these childish habits, and is slowly coming to a realization that the infinity of space only enhances his æsthetic appreciation of the universe, the infinite length of geological and archæological time only makes him better understand the terrific hardship his forefathers had to encounter in building up this human inheritance, and the regularity of the movements and changes in the heavens and on earth only furnishes him the key to his dominion over nature.

"Even the absolute universality of the law of causality does not necessarily limit his freedom, because the law of causality not only enables him to explain the past and predict the future, but also encourages him to use his intelligence to create new causes and attain new results. Even the apparent cruelty in the struggle for existence does not necessarily make him a hardened brute; on the contrary, it may intensify his sympathy for his fellow men, make him believe more firmly in the necessity of coöperation, and convince him of the importance of conscious human endeavor as the only means of reducing the brutality and wastefulness of the natural struggles. In short, this naturalistic conception of the universe and life is not necessarily devoid of beauty, of poetry, of moral responsibility, and of the fullest opportunity for the exercise of the creative intelligence of man."

Joseph Wood Krutch will contribute the next paper to this series of Living Philosophies.

Two Subtle Philosophers

The subtle Tung Mi
Advised his disciples
To weep when in joy
And laugh when in sorrow,
Thus outwitting Pain,
Goddess of sharp teeth
And long claws.

Sin Po,
Subtler than his master,
Neither laughed nor wept,
Being unable to distinguish
Between joy and sorrow.

Why Wung Po Believes in Reincarnation

I married a lamb;
The lamb died:
A ferocious tigress
Is sharing my bed.

—Paul Eldridge

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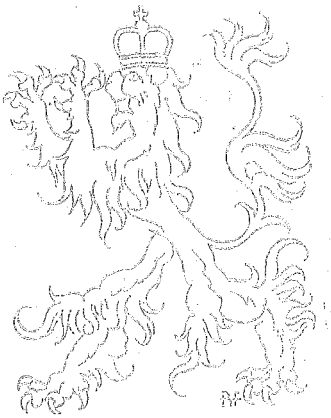
An Englishman's Opinion of Us



Drawings by Robert Foster

by **GEOFFREY LAYMAN**

ANYONE who overheard my wife and myself talking about my sister would imagine that we loathed her; but they would be wrong. We are extremely fond of her. But she gets on our nerves. She lives about five miles away from us on the other side of London, and every now and then we go over to dine and spend the evening with her and her husband. And when we settle down in the Tube on our way home, our tongues begin to wag. Her combination of extravagance and meanness (they are pretty well off), the mistakes she makes in managing her husband, her children, and her household, her occasional outbursts of moral and intellectual superiority, her dress, her food, her servants, her friends, the neighborhood in which she lives, the way she turns her toes out when she walks, her snobbishness, her lack of any sense of proportion, the fact that she swallows whole and with avidity everything that appears in the newspapers and every new doctrine of life, politics, morals, or letters that she reads in the magazines — all these things come under our critical and censorious review and provide us not only with endless amusement and interest, but with a comforting sense of our own superiority.

War between the United States and England has frequently been pronounced "unthinkable" by competent authorities on both sides of the Atlantic. In spite of the soothing effect of the Rapidan conversations between President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald, each nation continues to regard the other with suspicion and distrust — a fact which became only too evident during the London Naval Conference. This fundamental antipathy is probably the product of two divergent national characters, which, stemming from the same parent stock, have grown further and further apart with the years. Believing that the effort to see ourselves as others see us is a stimulating mental exercise, the Editor of The Forum invited Mr. Layman to set forth his frank opinion of America, which he has done in this article.

We find our conversation immensely stimulating and enjoyable. We are, I hope and believe, good Christian people, with a high capacity for loving and a charitable outlook on life, but it never occurs to us eagerly to discuss with one another my sister's real largeness of heart, her almost limitless unselfishness, her eagerness to see the best and not the worst in her neighbors, her courage under the strain of ill-health and other misfortunes, her social gifts, and her numberless other virtues and nicenesses. The fact is that she is, fundamentally and in the big things of life, so much like ourselves that we can't understand why she isn't like us in the little things; and in so far as she isn't like us, of course, we think that she is wrong. But the very fact that she is in reality so much like us, and that both because of our likeness and our kinship we feel that we are on intimate terms enough to take liberties with one another, gives her endless opportunities of treading on our corns. And although she doesn't know it, how she does tread on them!

I sometimes wonder whether perhaps we don't tread on hers too.

Isn't the relationship between us and my sister rather like that between England and

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America? We are of the same stock, and once we had a common creed, a common set of prejudices, and a common outlook on life. But for some time we have followed different paths, and our fundamental fellow-feeling has become overlaid with a whole heap of dissimilarities. And in so far as America is dissimilar from us, of course we think that she is wrong. France, or any other foreign country, is also dissimilar from us; but then no Englishman would expect or desire that a Frenchman or an Italian should be or think like himself. But we feel that we have a right to expect something better from you who, after all, had the advantage of an English education and speak the English language. And so you irritate us.

My God, how you irritate us!

The Rub

What is it in the American people that irritates us so profoundly? The primary source of irritation lies, I think, in the complete inability of the average American to understand anyone else's point of view than his own, or indeed to believe that it is possible that there should be any other point of view than his own. And inasmuch as his own point of view is the only one he understands or is prepared to admit at all into his mind, it necessarily follows that he assumes that his own point of view must be right, and that in so far as any other point of view exists, it springs either from ignorance or from dishonesty, or both. Hence a profound conviction of his own moral, mental, and every other kind of superiority to the rest of the world.

It would be easy to multiply instances of this quite peculiarly exasperating habit of mind. Only a few months ago 102 clergymen of New York addressed a public appeal to the Prime Minister of Great Britain to do justice, according to the ideals of Mr. Gandhi, to the oppressed inhabitants of India; and simultaneously appeared the news of an unusually violent outburst of racial hatred and oppression in Texas.

You would, I think, have been outraged, and rightly so, if a considerable body of the English clergy had addressed a public protest to the President of the United States on the subject of the treatment of Negroes in the Southern states of America; and still more if the subject of lynching had been raised in the House of Lords as the question of India was recently raised in the Senate. And yet I venture to believe that our clergy and our House of Lords would have been on more solid ground in making such a protest or in permitting such a subject to be discussed than were your clergy or your Senate in their intervention in Indian affairs.

But it is in fact inconceivable that the English, for all their arrogance (and we are an arrogant race) should be guilty of such a public breach of international courtesy, for, apart from the fact that we value good manners, we have learned, as apparently you have not, that there are always two and usually more than two sides to every question, and that our own view is not necessarily the only possible right one.

The two big questions on which your sense of your own moral superiority has been most blatant in recent years have been the questions of the war debts and of prohibition; and as, while they have been discussed *ad nauseam* from almost every other aspect, they have not, so far as I am aware, been considered from this one, I will venture to spend a few moments on them.

The War Debts

The American attitude toward the war debts, so far as Great Britain is concerned, appears to be summed up in two statements: first, President Coolidge's dictum that "They hired the money, didn't they?" and second, Mr. Mellon's letter of April, 1927, to President Hibben of Princeton in which he stated that the payment of $500,000 a day for sixty years which we are making to America as a result of the war is more than offset by the sums which we receive from our allies in payment of their debts to us and from reparation payments by Germany.

Both these statements are strictly true. To you, apparently, they cover the whole ground. To us they appear to be only a ludicrously small portion of the truth.

Take the second first. The implication — an implication which was clearly intended — in Mr. Mellon's letter was that inasmuch as Great Britain was receiving in respect of loans which she herself had made to her allies, and from reparation payments by Germany, as

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much as she had to pay over to the United States, the strict interpretation by the United States of Great Britain's legal obligations toward her imposed no financial burden upon Great Britain.

What are the facts? In the first place, although it may be the case that at the moment when the Mellon letter was written Great Britain's receipts from other sources were equal to, and would continue to be equal to but would never exceed, her payments to the United States, up to date her receipts from those sources had fallen short of the payments she had already made to the United States by no less a sum than $1,001,250,000.

And in the second place, the fact that the whole of those receipts will have to be paid over to the United States means that, over and above this deficit of more than a billion dollars, Great Britain will receive nothing in respect of reparations and nothing in respect of her own loans to her allies — which amounted to over seven billion dollars, or nearly double the amount which she borrowed from the United States. Yet the United States is receiving from Germany, under the Dawes and Hague agreements, a sum estimated to cover her own reparation claims in full, and at the same time is obtaining from Great Britain repayment, with interest at three per cent, of the full amount of loans which she made to this country.

In short, of the only two creditor nations among the Allies, one is repaid her losses and her loans in full, and the other (who both lost and lent more) receives nothing. The statement in the Mellon letter may be literally true, but it seems to us to be somewhat economical of the truth.

It is equally true that we *did* hire the money, and that once the account was open it remained open on the same terms. There was neither the time nor the desire, during the crisis of the war, to enter into nice consideration of the contributions which each ally was making to the common cause. But it seems to us that this question of accounts really depends upon the motives which brought you into the war. Either you came in because you were convinced (whether rightly or wrongly is immaterial) that it was a righteous war; or you came in because you recognized that if the Central Powers were victorious, you yourselves would be the next victims; or you came in because you thought you had squeezed all the profit you could out of neutrality, and that there might now be more profit to be gained out of joining in on the winning side.

If the latter was your reason, say so. (Indeed, Coolidge has gone near to saying it.) We shall not grudge you your money, but you must not ask for, or at any rate expect to get, our moral approbation. But if your motive for entering the war was the same as ours — namely, because you felt both that it was morally right to do so and that your national security demanded it — then we do not understand this sharp distinction which you draw between dollars on the one hand and blood and tears on the other. If our cause was a common cause, then the blood which we shed during those three years of neutrality was shed for you as well as for us.

Those three years meant inevitably this: that you, with a population of 110,000,000 lost no more than 116,000 killed, while we, with a population of 43,000,000 lost 950,000. They meant that you took our place, not as we imagine through any supereminent skill of your own, but simply because the place was for the time being vacant, in the markets of the world. Must they mean also that for sixty years to come we are to pay you $500,000 every day of every year — to you who, thanks to the war which has set up in every village and hamlet throughout our country a cross bearing the names of those whom we could ill spare, have become the richest nation in the world?

If our cause was a common cause, then, if money was to be accounted for so strictly, what of blood? You say, "They hired the money." It is true; but we gave our men. And we felt, as we still feel, that in a common cause where each gave, in money or in blood or in both, the utmost that it could give, what each gave, money no less than blood, should be regarded as a contribution put into a common pool, and not as a loan to be accounted for, dollar by dollar and drop by drop.

Prohibition

THE QUESTION of prohibition is of course an entirely domestic question. It is no one's business but your own if America chooses to impose upon the liberty of her citizens restrictions which we should regard as

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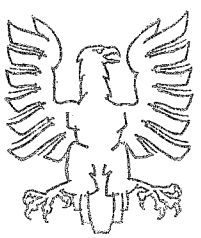
altogether outside the legitimate authority of a democratic government. But in this question of prohibition we English think that we perceive what seems to us a peculiar trait in the American character — a trait which is perhaps the necessary corollary of the American's inability to understand anyone else's point of view than his own. The American, we think, always tends to regard himself as an exception to rules which he would like to see enforced



upon others; and the result is a readiness to vote in favor of laws which the individual voter himself may have no intention of obeying, and, consequently, a widespread disregard of the law.

The inevitable consequence of these two correlated tendencies is that the real liberty of the individual citizen is menaced simultaneously in two directions — on the one hand by a multiplicity of prohibitions to which no sane adult in a free country ought, in the opinion of the average Englishman, to be made subject, and on the other by the readiness of many of his fellow citizens to disregard not merely such laws as forbid him to drink alcohol or to smoke cigarettes or to teach the doctrine of evolution, but *all* laws, including those which every civilized state imposes for the protection of the life and property of its members.

But while the individual American thus tends to regard himself as exempt from the laws which he imposes upon his fellow citizens, he seems at the same time to regard it as intolerable that other nations should not, with instant humility, conform to his domestic prejudices. And it is here that the question of prohibition becomes of international importance. The attempt to enforce prohibition in the United States has been accompanied by a whole series of outrages carried out by United States officers against British subjects and British property on the high seas or on Canadian soil.

Neither Great Britain nor Canada has any desire to assist or support its ships or its citizens in breaking the domestic laws of the United States; on the contrary, both governments have done much, by refusing clearances whenever their own domestic laws permitted them to do so, by giving information to the appropriate United States authorities, and by other means, to coöperate in the endeavor to suppress liquor smuggling into the United States.

But the American, in his curious egotism, apparently assumes as a matter of course that, because he chooses to indulge in what other nations can only regard as a foolish and indeed dangerous experiment, it is the obvious duty of those nations to alter their own laws, to reverse traditional policies (and the three-mile limit for territorial waters is at least as sacrosanct to us as is the Monroe Doctrine to you), and to acquiesce in lawless violations of their own territory and the murder of their own citizens on their own soil. And when other nations protest, America is righteously indignant that her noble efforts to enforce a higher standard of morality upon a sinful world should be thus thwarted. Can you wonder that we are irritated?

American Condescension

It is indeed this moral and material condescension of yours toward all other nations that we find particularly hard to bear. You are so conscious of your own superiority. Have you not become the richest nation in the world, and does it not therefore follow that you are more intelligent than other people? Was not your army in 1918 the finest army then in the field, and does it not therefore follow that your young men and women are physically and morally superior to those of other nations? Have you not scattered largess on an impoverished Europe, and does it not therefore follow that you alone know the true meaning of nobility and generosity? Have you not denounced the wickedness of Europe in continuing to spend money on armaments, and does it not follow that America is the sole champion of international peace and disarmament? Have you not made the prohibition of alcohol a part of your Constitution, and is not this the greatest moral gesture yet made in the history of man?

It is no doubt natural, and indeed right,

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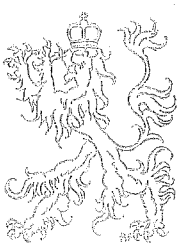
that a nation should believe itself to be better than other nations, but you make so much noise about it. And inasmuch as your present grandeur is built upon the foundations of our own bitter losses and misfortunes, you cannot expect that we also should fall down and worship. And we are not convinced of the conclusions which you draw from your premises. We do not forget that for three years the whole of our foreign markets lay open to you, while at the same time you were able to sell enormous quantities of munitions, at a strictly commercial price, to us and our allies; and that what then made you rich and us poor was a war fought, as you admitted by your subsequent participation in it, in a common cause.

We do not forget that your army of 1918 was just such an army as we ourselves had put into the field three years earlier; and of that first citizen army of ours how few were left when the Americans arrived, and of those who survived how many had been wounded twice and thrice and sent back to fight again. We have not, to the music of brass bands, sent charitable missions to Russia and Austria, but we have borne, and are bearing, a good deal more than our fair share of the financial burden of the war.

We do not forget that the one really constructive attempt that has been made to secure international peace — the League of Nations — was nearly torpedoed by America's refusal, on purely selfish grounds, to participate in it, and that the main burden of every disarmament conference since the war has been America's insistence on her right, regardless of her needs or of her dangers, to increase her navy until it is at least as big as that of any other nation. And as for the moral gesture of prohibition, we can only ask whether it is due to prohibition that (if we may accept the evidence of the American press and of American magazines and novels) there is more drunkenness and less chastity among the young women of America than among those of any other country in the world.

The Red-White-and-Blue Terror

These things irritate us. But there is also, I think, in the attitude of mind of the thinking Englishman toward America, an element of apprehension. It is Americanism he is afraid of, and he is a good deal more afraid of it than he is of Bolshevism. The form of civilization which has sprung up in Russia is so wholly alien to our own that we are unlikely ever to be seriously affected by it. But the new civilization which we see arising in America is dangerous precisely because it is in structure the same as our own, being indeed based on the old civilization common to both of us, and differing only in its style. It is in fact a vulgarization of our own civilization; and



vulgarity is a much more infectious complaint than Communism.

Vulgarity, I take it, is the expression of the uncultivated instincts of the herd, and one of its most characteristic symptoms is the habit of choosing always the easiest rather than the better of two alternatives — slipshod rather than careful speech, superficial rather than painstaking thought, strong rather than subtle flavors, obvious rather than harmonious ornament. The essential vulgarity of the new form of civilization which is springing up in America is typically displayed in two phenomena — American lawlessness and American mass production.

American lawlessness is vulgar inasmuch as it springs not from any perversion of the American character but from slipshod and superficial habits of thought. The cultivated and truly civilized white races of mankind — the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, and the English (the lawlessness of the French is due to a certain lack of balance in their character and not to any lack of true civilization) — have learned, by the application of intelligence to the science of government, that is, by taking the trouble to think, that the proper function of law is to protect the rights of the individual citizen, and for that purpose to impose such minimum restrictions and obligations as will prevent any one individual from encroaching on the rights of others. That this was the conception which you yourselves inherited is shown by the Constitution of the United States, which, prior to the Eighteenth

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Amendment, was an admirable exposition of this principle.

But you are too busy making money to do much thinking nowadays; and therefore, because law in the past has proved capable of preventing men from committing the more obvious kinds of wickedness, you have assumed that it can be used to make men good. And as nearly everyone (and particularly nearly every American) naturally supposes that he is good enough already, the law has come to be regarded as an instrument for making other people good.

The result is that whereas the whole of the existing and unrepealed laws now in force in Great Britain — from the Statutes of Merton, which were enacted in 1235, down to the Unemployed Insurance (Amendment) Act, which received the Royal Assent on December 24, 1929 — are contained in fifty volumes in my office, the unrepealed laws of the United States would, I imagine, require a substantial library building to house them; and that whereas our laws are enforced, yours are not.

The inevitable consequence of having on your statute books a vast mass of wholly disregarded legislation, the strict enforcement of which would indeed paralyze the whole social and economic life of the country, is that the individual citizen is left to choose which laws he will obey and which he will not, and pretty soon he begins to obey only those laws which do not happen to be in conflict with his personal desires and to disobey the rest.

Mass Civilization

Mass production is not so much vulgar in itself — although, indeed, things which are produced in very large quantities must be made to appeal to a fairly low level of taste — as an encouragement to vulgarity in those who already have a tendency in that direction. It is a good thing to raise, as mass production has raised, the material standard of the many by putting within their reach luxuries hitherto confined to the few. But it is a bad thing to apply, as America appears to be doing, the principles of mass production to the things of the spirit.

It is of the essence of a truly great civilization to leave the fullest scope for individual self-expression within the framework of an ordered state. And it is for that reason that I venture to think that of the five civilizations mentioned above, the Greek, the French, and the English are greater than the Roman and the German. But the whole tendency of mass production, once it has been allowed to escape from its proper confines, is toward the suppression of individuality. Everyone must not only live materially in the same kind of way; they must live mentally and spiritually in the same kind of way also. And inasmuch as it is not given to the many to live the mental and spiritual life of the few, mass production in this sense means inevitably the vulgarization of the mental and spiritual life of a nation.

For indeed all true civilizations are aristocratic — aristocratic not in the sense that the good things of life are confined to the few, but that they spread downward from the few to the many. The civilization as a whole takes its color from the men and women at the top and not from the men and women at the bottom. In England and in France good manners, originally confined to the gently born, have spread through every class; our policemen and bus conductors are polite not because they have been taught to be so but because it is natural to them to be so. In the States good manners, which were no less highly valued among decent people in the first half of the nineteenth century than in this country, have apparently ceased to exist. And therefore, although England, notwithstanding her monarchical form of government, is far more truly a democracy than America, our government can afford to avoid the more obvious forms of discourtesy in our international relations, while yours, with its eye upon the Middle West, cannot.

Ours is still, in the sense in which I have defined it above, an aristocratic civilization — a class civilization. Yours is becoming — indeed has become — a mass civilization. And it is the impact between these two civilizations, identical, as are the old colonial mansion and the modern suburban villa, in their foundations and essential structure and so profoundly different in their form and furnishings, that we dread. How long can the truly good things of life — beauty of form, of thought, of sound, and of taste — hold out against standardized factory practice, the yellow press, canned music, synthetic gin?

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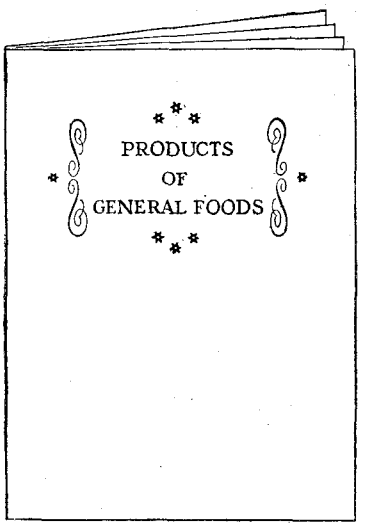

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Speak for Yourself, George

To the Editor:

All that I can say in praise of George Jean Nathan's credo in the December issue of The Forum is that he is extremely frank. However, I cannot say that his attitude toward life is particularly unique nor is it at all commendable. I resent his judging all men by his own selfish standards. I believe that a man who, being devoid of any feeling of generosity or sympathy toward his fellow men, assumes that everyone else is equally conceited, selfish, and unprincipled at heart is even more disgusting than the hypocrite who professes virtues that he does not possess. The hypocrite, at least, believes that such virtues exist in his fellow men or he would not even trouble himself to pretend. And who can conceive of a kind, unselfish thought in another, who has not himself been inspired by such a thought?

W. J. Dowd

New York, N. Y.

Barnyard Philosophy

To the Editor:

It struk me with konsiderable force thet George Nathan, in the December Forum, showed thet he had a lot in kommon with my Jersey heifer. This here heifer is also very slow about exposin' her beliefs. She ain't in the habit of undressin' in public, and by heck, when she does she don't expose a lot of dirty underwear.

"The gratest pleasur with the least pain" is a breef summary of Nathan's kreed, which means, as I figger, his own personal happiness without regard to others, or lookin' out fer #1; plenty to drink, without regard to law; plenty to eat, providin' it's pallatable; plenty of wimmen, providin' thair kongenial; plenty to do, providin' it's in moderashun; plenty to think about, except it ain't riligion, reform, death, athletiks, Rotary, Kiwanis, the Kluxxers, the Anti-Saloon League, the W.C.T.U., the Y.M.C.A.; two baths a day and one musicle insterment only played in private.

By gum, except fer thet musicle insterment, I can't see but what Nathan and this Jersey heifer ain't eggsactly alike. No, by cracky, thairs one more thing. Nathan wants his alkohol without regard to law. Wal, sence I last herd, my heifer ain't sunk thet low.

If this is a "living philosophy" and thairs any konsiderable number who's livin' it, I think it hed better be kalled a "Barnyard Philosophy," cause this heifer of mine does all this hedonist stuff thet Nathan writes about, and neither brags about it nor gits paid fer it.

Yours fer a better philosophy.

Farmer John Synwolt

Warren, Ill.

Mr. Nathan's Faulty Whiffing

To the Editor:

In your December issue that great pundit of the drama, Mr. George Jean Nathan, in his naïve confessions, says he is most fond of the "cinnamon" scent of the carnation. The characteristic scent of the carnation is not cinnamon but clove. In fact the German name for this flower is "clove-blossom."

So we are forced to conclude that Mr. Nathan never took a good whiff at a real carnation, or else he does not know the clove odor, which, however, seems improbable, as he likes his whisky at times, and New York speakeasies supply real cloves in quantities. Or else the malodorous New York drama has just played havoc with his sense of smell.

Arthur Merton

Pasadena, Calif.

Sneering at the Boy Scouts

To the Editor:

As an Executive engaged in the Boy Scout movement at the present time, I cannot refrain from making a response to the article in the December Forum on "Little Babbitts," by a man who was formerly an Executive. The job of being a Scout Executive is hard enough now without the sort of thing Mr. Tillery writes being broadcast. Our principle complaint, however, is not that his article will make more work or more explanation necessary, but that in thousands of cases we won't get a chance to explain.

Many will read it, gulp it down as the whole truth, and then will begin passing the word that "Scouting is all wrong." You know how things like that go in the United States. Snap judgments race across the continent, flung from tongue to tongue, with as much abandonment as the craze for playing yo-yo, building puppy golf courses, or establishing service clubs.

We will have to admit that some of the changes which Mr. Tillery has described have crept into the movement, and we can honestly declare that we who knew it, even as it was ten years ago, long for the old days when there was more hiking and camping, less organization, more real scouting spirit, when all the men backing the movement were in it for the joy of service rather than self-aggrandizement, when the boys were led to do their scouting more in true boy fashion than in the coddling way he now describes, when there was less blah.

It seems well to point out, however, that the boys of this country who are without the best sort of leadership, the ones who by chance or design have been given into the hands of thugs and racketeers, are causing this nation its thirteen million dollar crime bill. This point alone should argue eloquently in behalf of the principle of the Scout movement, which seeks to protect the boy and draw him into clean, fine, worthwhile activities and environment, led by outstanding citizens, even though some of the tang and lure of the game has been lost.

Horace C. Woodard

Brockton, Mass.

Debunked, Deflated, Depressed

To the Editor:

I have taken The Forum now for a few months and do not want to be without it. Much of it is good, some of it fine, some of it dangerous, some of it destructive, and some of it terrible—just plain terrible. It seems your effort to make your readers think has at times been carried too far. It is dangerous when you get to the point where you don't care what they think.

For a time it was rather hard to give up all my old-fashioned ideas about mother-love, patriotism, my fool idea that there might be pleasure in home life, civic duty, community effort, and some of the uplift movements. I had to read the seventh copy before I was convinced that all these and kindred sentiments, movements, and aspirations were empty, moronish, and the results of a backwardness inherited from a vulgar pioneer lineage.

I am now convinced. I have been completely debunked. Your super-intellectuals have done it. I am now a free man. I haven't a damned idea left, but I am free, and freedom (personal — everything must be personal) is the whole show. There is nothing in anything, for everything is wrong — that is, everything that *is*. If it isn't, it would probably be right and would meet the full approval of your milk-fed, super-intellectual, literary dyspeptics.

We're running a forum, aren't we? Let's discuss everything. Let's justify nothing except our egotism and faith that we are of the intelligentsia. We are different. We have analyzed everything. We know. We have downed every urge

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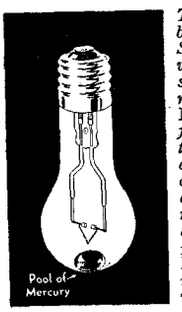
First, in bone building. What mother does not want her youngsters to grow up strong and straight of limb? Vitamin D tends to regulate the absorption by the body of several necessary mineral elements, especially calcium. In this way it controls the growth of bone and tissue and frees children of bowlegs and other rachitic deformities.

Second, in developing sound teeth. Teeth, perfectly constructed, are much less subject to decay than defective teeth. Numerous tests which have been made, both in the United States and abroad, support the theory that poor structure is a cause of tooth decay and that the presence of Vitamin D is essential not only for the original development of the teeth but for their protection *later in life.* For example, the teeth of a mother do not suffer as they otherwise would when her supply of calcium is drawn upon by a nursing child.

Third, in building up resistance to disease. The maintenance of youthful health is the primary concern of every mother. The sunshine vitamin not only builds strong bones but helps to build strong constitutions. This is of especial concern to mothers during the winter months, when the sunlight contains only a very small amount of the normal beneficial ultra-violet found in summer sunlight.

For these three reasons every mother is vitally interested in Vitamin D. "How best to provide my children and myself with this sunshine vitamin?" is her first question.



The pool of free mercury in the bulb of every General Electric Sunlight MAZDA *Lamp is the vital element which makes possible the effective ultra-violet rays not found in ordinary* MAZDA *lamps. When the lamp filament is lighted a portion of this mercury is vaporized and an arc is formed above the V of the filament. This mercury arc furnishes the ultra-violet radiation. Remember, NO incandescent lamp, without this pool of mercury, is a G. E.* MAZDA *Sunlight Lamp. Remember, no* **Sunlight** *lamp without this pool of mercury is a G. E.* MAZDA *lamp.*

Because Vitamin D, as far as is known, only originates *under the influence of ultra-violet radiation*—MAZDA research in developing the General Electric Sunlight MAZDA lamp, sought a safe, simple and economical means of supplying the apparent source of this health-giving vitamin, as it is supplied by nature, through summer sunlight.

The G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is a great advance over all other methods of simulating sunshine—especially for children—because it does not frighten them. It operates without noise, fuss or mechanism. Children play, dress and read under its light just as they would under any other light in the home. To them it is just a new and wonderful "incandescent lamp."

Manufacturers, including General Electric, who make fixtures and standards utilizing this new lamp, have further developed this same idea. Fixtures and standards look like beautiful bridge or floor lamps and have no "treatment" aspect to make children apprehensive of their use. Special fixtures are necessary because the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp will not operate in the ordinary bridge lamp or fixture.

From the standpoint of mothers, another angle is of vital interest. *Safety.* To insure this, Mazda research has used in the making of the bulb of the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp a special glass which filters out practically all of the "short" or harsh ultra-violet rays not found in sunlight. In nature these are screened out by atmosphere before reaching the earth. Therefore, in using the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp it is only necessary to observe the same sensible precautions every mother would observe in bright midday midsummer sunshine—namely, prevent over-exposure and staring at the source of light.

Busy mothers will appreciate the simplicity of this new lamp. It operates like any other MAZDA lamp in the home, at a touch of the switch. Keen home managers will be impressed by the economy of the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp—it costs, at the average price of current, less than three cents an hour to operate. Three children can get all the benefit of sunlight at less than one cent per exposure!

Best of all, this boon to health-maintenance is a development of Mazda research and possesses that high quality you expect in all General Electric products. And is sold in accordance with the requirements of the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association. Insist on G. E. Sunlight when seeking sunlight for your children.

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Our Rostrum

experienced by the race from the cave to wherever, whatever, and whoever we are and found them unworthy of us.

Kindly tell the author of "Polygamous Women" that after reading his masterpiece I am awfully sorry I ever kissed my mother, when I should have known that my mother should have meant nothing to me and that we had better have lived in different homes, and that I now regret that I ever got any joy or comfort out of the fact that I am the father of my children. I was too primitive, but now it's different.

The old reformers have been something of a trial, but the new ones — what a change! They are not like the tall-hat type with the long black Prince Albert coats. Styles change in reformers. They get worse.

E. O. Harrold, M.D.

Marion, Ia.

[Editor's Note: — *The Forum tries to present both sides, all sides, of every question, assuming in its readers the intelligence necessary to choose from the material presented what happens to fit their needs. We ask no one to accept unquestioningly all that we publish: indeed, anyone who did would soon find himself in Dr. Harrold's state. We suggest that Dr. Harrold exercise a little discrimination and attempt to diagnose his own ills (since we cannot pretend to do it for him) before swallowing the entire contents of the medicine chest.*]

Ex-Librarian

To the Editor:

How any red-blooded, ambitious young girl can read the article in October's Forum by R. Le Clerc Phillips, and yet retain the poise for which the modern young working girl is known, passes all understanding, so far as I'm concerned.

Yes, time was, Mr. Phillips, when girls thought their one place was in the home, a human door mat for some pampered mamma's boy. But the worm has turned, Mr. "Would-be-Clever." Girls know, now, that there is actually a place for them in the universe besides that of washing a man's dirty sox daily, and tending cross babies.

Do not misunderstand me. I fully accept the fact that man is a necessary factor in the world's routine. I accept him at his face value. In fact, I have one myself, of whom I think the world.

However, if he could not have given me more than I was earning in my career as a librarian, however much I may have thought of him, he could have gone out of my life forever, rather than be his drudge. Love does not think of the "money side," you say? Well, it should. For the old adage that love flies out the window when poverty comes in the door, is a true one.

So my advice to you, young girls, and especially the poor ignorant young Barbaras of whom Mr. Phillips speaks, is this: unless Prince Charming can give you something besides love, more than you can make at your own career, hand him down his walking cane, and continue stamping library cards, or any other form of "menial labor," as Mr. Phillips would have it.

An Ex-Librarian

Denver, Col.

[Editor's Note — *Miss* Phillips, please.]

Eight Can Live Well on $1800

To the Editor:

The article on the "poverty" of an eighteen-hundred-a-year income is a farce. When the average wage in the United States is reputed to be about fifteen hundred, what is so miraculous in the case of Mrs. Pennypacker? Out of the many cases with which I am acquainted where eighteen hundred a year furnishes a much higher standard of living than that of the Pennypackers', I should like to mention a few facts concerning my own family.

My father has had seven children, six living, and we have all been kept completely clothed all the time. In spite of this handicap he has accumulated in the past ten years a library of nearly two thousand volumes (all classical), saved, to my knowledge, over two thousand dollars, had three Ford cars, the last a Model A, had two radios, spent nearly four hundred dollars in five years on my musical education, and bought me tickets to at least two operas or Shakespearean plays each season during my adolescence (balcony seats, of course). And on top of that he has taken a vacation trip covering about fifteen hundred miles each year. And all on eighteen hundred a year. No wonder I feel contempt for the pride displayed in the article's self-assigned "poverty." If dairy products mean anything, her mention of milk costing twelve cents a quart would indicate a location of quite moderate living costs.

Douglas F. Reeves

Los Angeles, Calif.

The $1800 Complex

To the Editor:

Poor Prissy! Never have I heard of anyone overcompensating for an inferiority complex more extravagantly than Priscilla Pennypacker. How she struts her stuff, pompously believing that she is impressing the world (of Forum readers) with her superior characteristics.

Her favorite word is "eschew." All the lovely material things that the rest of us poor weak mortals long for and try to surround ourselves with, she eschews. How blithely she deceives herself when she affirms so decisively that she is "just what she purports to be." Any tyro of psychology can read between the lines. How can a woman of her education and culture be so blissfully contented "without a decent standard of living"? Methinks the lady doth protest too much!

It is all very well to try to carry the bluff through with sarcasm and humorous quips, but the fact remains that she is telling the world that she is suffering from what Dr. Sadler calls "the mind at mischief."

There are great numbers of us who have to live as Mrs. Pennypacker does, but we do not dance around emitting silly chuckles trying to make others believe we take no interest in all the comforts and beauty that an adequate income could bring to us.

If it were not for that devil of overcompensation that Mrs. Pennypacker is harboring, she could not sit in comfort beside her fire evening after evening, hugging herself in her superiority and eschewing the contacts that would make her see all too plainly what she lacks. No, she prefers not to be made aware.

Priscilla, you can't fool me. You better pay a visit to a responsible psychoanalyst.

Mary Neudecker Giddings

Harrisburg, Ore.

Non-Coöperative Husbands

To the Editor:

It was pleasing to glean the exuberance of youth in Mrs. Priscilla Pennypacker's article in the December Forum, "How to Raise a Family on $1800 a Year." Most women try her method, but few men cooperate. Although the number of children may vary from none to seven, the principle remains the same — non-coöperation.

Abe Martin, on Thanksgiving day, more nearly expressed the probable matrimonial picture: "'Please, sir, don't sell my husban' any more gas,' pleaded Mrs. Pony Mopps, pale an' worn, with seven half-starved little children hangin' to her, at the O.K. fillin' station to-day."

I predict that Mrs. Pennypacker will reach a worthwhile goal, and she will have the friends she desires, but it is probable that she will reach it, more or less, alone.

Mrs. Frank P. Morgan

Montgomery, Ala.

Corn-plasters for Overproduction

To the Editor:

Your Mr. Fabian Franklin reminds me of a headache I once had "cured" by a street-corner medicine man who'd been selling corn-plasters. I simply sniffed at the plaster gum, after which the "doc" went on a long spiel concerning the agony of corns. In a few minutes the attentive crowd and myself grew corn-conscious and

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Our Rostrum

completely forgot to hold the hawker to his promise concerning the cure of a headache, which had meantime naturally vanished.

This was, no doubt, the formula employed by Dr. Franklin when he set out to exorcise "The Specter of Overproduction" in your December issue. After telling us that people of high standing and ability have shown the folly of overproduction, he goes on blandly enough assuming (for the readers) that what was meant by "overproduction" is simply the issuance of a flood of goods; which, if that's what's meant, is of course a ridiculous cause for fright, since everybody is anxious to use and consume all possible.

From that point on the eminent doctor finds it comparatively easy to sell his "corn-plasters" — but rhetorically only, for in this instance the pinch is in the belly, not in the toe.

So may we remind him that the reason overproduction looms ominously is not that it is a word, but that the surplus commodities which form the "over" in production are super-profits and therefore have not been paid for in wages — the consumer's buying power. What the worker does receive in wages is but a tithe of his normal produce. The surplus is gotten from his labor through chicane devices such as speed-up, stretch-out, elusive bonus goals, and numerous deceptions parading in the name of "industrial humanization." With the surplus usually guiding the market price, it becomes increasingly difficult for the worker even to buy back his normal produce, let alone buying back his employer's super-profits.

Meanwhile, and emulating his own spirit, we suggest that the doctor would do well to cease selling "corn-plasters" and change to soap.

SAMUEL TUMIN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mathematics No Philosophy

To the Editor:

After reading Albert Einstein's contribution to the "What I Believe" series, I waited with considerable interest for comments in the Rostrum, hoping that from among such a polemical and candid body of contributors at least one might have sufficient temerity to brand the credo the twaddle it is.

Instead, however, I read of the charms of the "simplicity and sincerity" of the recondite professor, of his humility and freedom from egotism. I gather that I really had no right to expect anything understandable from this man, "of whose great wisdom most of us are a little in awe." I am inclined to the belief that "a little" fails to do justice to the situation.

It is, perhaps, true that "few, if any, have been able to follow" this super-genius in his special field. But one may reasonably doubt, especially after reading of the professor's outlook, that in that field will be found a helpful philosophy of life. Rather, it would seem that a "living philosophy" should be somewhat intimately concerned with living; and it is doubtful that one who "does not belong" to country or state or friends or family has experienced much of life.

It is deplorable, no doubt, that so many who could easily have gotten along with only a spinal cord have been burdened with brains — of a sort; and yet, perhaps some of us would rather dispense with the brain than the spine, particularly if the possession of a real brain must bring that aloofness peculiar to genius and fanaticism.

EDGAR S. MILLER

Kansas City, Kan.

"It makes You Want to Fight"

To the Editor:

I am attaching my check for another year's subscription to your thought-provoking magazine. I do not see how any minister can do without it. Sometimes it pleases you, and sometimes it makes you want to fight. However, nothing whets the mind like opposition. Generally, the preacher needs somebody to stand up in the congregation and tell him that he doesn't know what he's talking about — and that's just what THE FORUM does.

REV. ELMER WARD COLE

South Bend, Ia.

"A Gust of Cold Wind"

To the Editor:

The remarks of James Truslow Adams in the article "Pollyanna, Our Patron Goddess" [November issue] come to the reading public like a gust of cold wind to an unventilated room. Seldom have we seen an article of such sting, straightforwardness, and substantiality. Doubtless a few more gusts of cold air would awaken Americans — especially western Americans — from their slumber of forced satisfaction and at least stimulate in them the sense of criticism which Mr. Adams finds increasingly lacking in this country. With a few more articles as cutting yet as sound, THE FORUM will become not only a magazine of controversy but a magazine of foresight.

VIRGINIA M. PAINE

Abington, Conn.

"A Cool, Refreshing Breeze"

To the Editor:

I am renewing my subscription to THE FORUM because it is well-nigh indispensable. It is the most interesting and enlivening magazine which I read. It impresses one by its absolute fairness and its earnest search for truth.

A spirit of insincerity, hypocrisy, and deceit seems to pervade America to-day, and a magazine such as yours, which is fair and open to all comers, is like an oasis in a desert. It is much like a cool, refreshing breeze after a hot and sultry day.

I am not saying this to flatter you, or to make you feel good, but merely to give you assurance that there is at least one man in America who thoroughly approves your magazine.

E. M. WHITMAN

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Insurance Against Panics

To the Editor:

The stock-market collapse, now rounding out a twelvemonth, has naturally suggested the idea that this sort of panic might be prevented by means of some form of insurance; and at least one plan to that effect has been more or less definitely outlined in a respectable quarter. It would be rash to assert that calamities like that of last October cannot be averted in any such way; yet the presumption is very strong that they cannot. The plan referred to is a cautious one; it proposes that the bulk of the income of the insuring corporation shall be derived from premiums collected from insurance companies, investment trusts, trust companies and savings banks, with a small part from the public; and it also seems to contemplate limitation of the insurance to a selected group of about three hundred preferred and common stocks. With the double limitation thus imposed on the operation of the insurance, the scheme might be entirely safe; and it would certainly be free from the fault which every competent economist knew to be a fatal objection to one of Mr. Bryan's happy thought "paramount" issues, the guarantee of bank deposits. But one cannot help thinking that safety from disaster to the insuring corporation could only be purchased at the cost of failure to accomplish the end arrived at — the prevention of stock panics. "This is a queer world," said Pat; "the poor, the very people who need money, are the ones that haven't got it"; and it looks as if the stock-market would prove to be just that kind of world in regard to the need of insurance on the one hand and the possession of it on the other.

FABIAN FRANKLIN

New York, N. Y.

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Shakespeare Land

How the sun gleams, you muse, as you wander down a lane edged with dogrose and hawthorn. "And yes," echoes the road, "I knew the tread of Roman sandals." It winds onward through Royal Leamington Spa of "ye fyne waters." Past Kenilworth where Leicester and Queen Elizabeth romped and revelled. Over the green dales and billows of Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon. On Henley Street there is Shakespeare's perfectly preserved birthplace—the world's proudest house. The stairs may creak a welcome as you ascend to see the very room in which he was born. The flowers and shrubs in the garden shyly nod that they are the ones that Shakespeare described in his plays.

Harvard came to Stratford to woo Catherine Rogers and not far away stands her timbered sixteenth century house. Prince Rupert quartered in Stratford to meet Queen Henrietta, and King Charles II rode hard by on his romantic flight from Worcester.

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TRAVEL

An Old Hawaiian Custom

by **RUTH TAYLOR WHITE**

To those who are strangers to Hawaii, the many-voweled native words have only a peculiar and rather silly appearance when set down in print, soft and ingratiating though they sound when spoken. One of these words is *luau*, which signifies a typical Hawaiian feast. Let us go to such a party and there be introduced to the pig roasted in *ti* leaves in an underground oven, to the *hula* girls, and, in short, to a unique native ceremony.

We are greeted at the door by our Hawaiian hostess, who is dressed in a gorgeous red satin dress with a long train. "Except for the train, that dress looks exactly like a Mother Hubbard," comes a stage whisper from a lady tourist.

Courtesy Matson Line

"A Mother Hubbard is just what it is," we are informed. "Those dresses were introduced by the missionaries. Before they came, Hawaiian women merely wore skirts of *ti* leaves and a wreath of flowers, or *lei*, around their necks."

At this point our host appears. "Come," he says, "the pig is ready, and we must take it out of the oven or it will be ruined." He appears to be very excited, and we wonder why he cannot remove the pig himself. But there is a ritual attached to that task, as we learn on following him into the garden. It is a lovely moonlight night, and the odor of plumaria and oleander is heavy about us. We pause to examine a giant hibiscus and are about to grow sentimental — but our host will have none of it. "Come," he repeats. "The moon will wait. But the pig will not."

There is no sign of an outdoor grill, and we are beginning to think that roasting the pig is the Hawaiian version of snipe-hunting when we are brought to a halt beside a spot where the earth is barren and the sod freshly turned like a new grave. We line up in a semi-circle. The host solemnly takes his stand a little to one side as two Hawaiians with shovels appear from the shadows. The grave-digging atmosphere becomes more and more striking. The two workers start shoveling aside the black dirt, very carefully, as the host explains:

"Roasting a pig in an underground oven is a difficult art. I have seen it done hundreds of times, but I would not attempt to do it myself. For if the oven is not perfectly built, the coals properly laid, and the stones for the inside of the pig heated to just the right temperature, the pig will either be burned to a crisp or will not cook at all. These men are artists in pig-roasting — wait and see."

"Ugh!" exclaims a fastidious guest. "I'll never eat anything that has been mixed up with all that dirt."

Meanwhile the two diggers have continued to shovel away the layers of dirt, from which steam is beginning to rise, and we realize that something is going on underneath. At a depth of about a foot, lighter spots appear in the black peat. These are discovered to be gunny sacks, carefully placed so that no bit of dirt might come near the roast. They are reverently laid back from the steaming oven, dozens of them it seems, and — underneath — leaves appear, browned from the heat within.

"Ah, smell it!" come several cries. A delicious odor arises from the oven. In a moment, after layers and layers of banana

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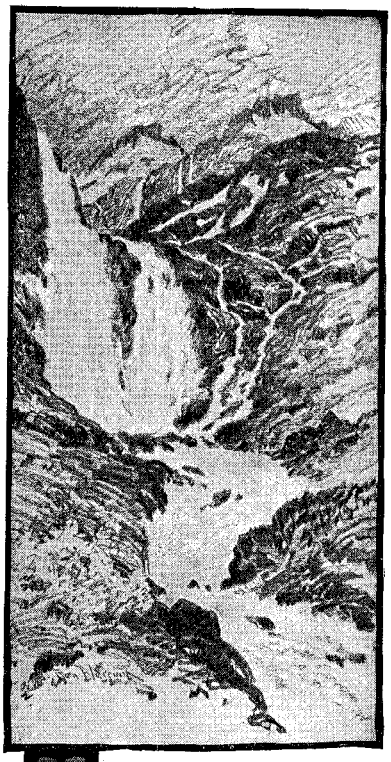

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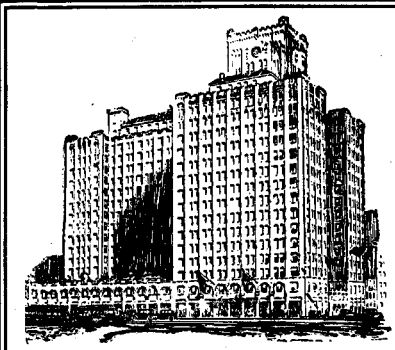

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and *ti* leaves have been laid back, the pig appears. It is lying on its back in a nest of browned leaves, its legs tied together. The two Hawaiian workers now dip their hands into a bucket of cold water and, thrusting them quickly into what was once the pig's stomach, begin to take out the hot stones with which it is filled.

A large wooden dish is brought and placed beside the yawning pit. Very reverently, the pig is picked out of its bed of leaves and placed on the platter. There is a general licking of lips, and the guests start for the house, all ready to begin eating at once. But the host says no — we must wait; so reluctantly we move back to the oven. Roasted sweet potatoes are being taken out and placed around the pig. Also little packets done up in leaves and tied like Christmas gifts are strewn here and there about the platter. "Those are chicken and pork steamed in *ti* leaves," the host tells us. "They will be more highly flavored with herbs than the whole pig."

At last the oven is emptied. True Hawaiian hospitality demands that there be an endless supply of food. We adjourn to the house — and the feast is on.

We are seated at a table that is laden with delicacies — salmon bellies mixed with chopped tomatoes, red Hawaiian salt, two kinds of coconut dainties (which prove to be puddings), and pineapples placed on the table whole, though we find upon examination that they have been hollowed out and the fruit sliced and reinserted. There are also chopped leaves, like spinach, and the watermelon without which no *luau* is complete.

And there is *poi!* Poi is a pale, lavenderish substance, looking like nothing so much as a gob of library paste. It has a faintly sour odor and, upon first acquaintance, looks most unappetizing.

"Try it," urges our host. "This is excellent *poi*, being a few days old, and you will find it a wonderful aid to digestion. Fall to, everybody!"

"But they've forgotten to put on knives and forks," one embarrassed lady murmurs, doubtless thinking of her own forgetful Dinah at home.

"We eat in true Hawaiian style — with the fingers," our hostess gently points out. "That little bowl of water is a finger bowl to be used as needed. For the *poi*, you use two fingers held together — so — and you dip up a portion like this. There is one-fingered, two-fingered, and three-fingered *poi*. The three-fingered *poi* is almost a soup."

Then the carved meat is brought in and placed before us, together with the sweet potatoes and the packets of steamed chicken. We attack the meat with our fingers — and it is delicious. It is done to a turn and falls apart at a touch. The chicken proves equally good. The *poi*,

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however, is a bit difficult, to put it mildly, for it tastes very much as it looks.

"Try the *poi* with a bite of the salmon and tomato — you will like it better." And this proves to be good counsel. The salty flavor of the fish kills the sour taste of the paste (though the raw taste of the salmon is almost as bad as the *poi*.)

"A taste for *poi* is quickly acquired," someone says. "It is better with *okolehau*, which, in case you haven't already discovered it, is the national Hawaiian drink." Whereupon our host becomes apologetic as he explains that no *luau* is really a *luau* without a bit of "*oke*." The prohibition officers, however, forbid it.

Finally the meal comes to an end and we discover that in spite of our fears we have found a great many Hawaiian foods to our liking. We feel like settling down for a good nap, but the shout, "Here come the *hula* girls!" drives away all thought of a siesta. The girls are the pretty daughters of our host, together with some of their friends, three of four older women — and Mary.

"Mary taught me to dance when I was a small boy," the host says, by way of introduction, "and there isn't a youngster who can touch her *hula-hula*. You shall be the judge."

The room is cleared, and we drape ourselves around the sides while the *hula* girls take their places at one end with the singers and musicians. The singers are dressed in gay frocks like that of the hostess, but the young girls wear bright silk blouses and fresh grass skirts woven to fit snugly about the hips and giving off a delicious fragrance of crushed leaves. Gay *leis* of bright flowers adorn their hair, and silk *leis* are twisted about ankle and wrist. All are barefooted.

"*A-le-ko-ki-*" the haunting music begins, and the girls swing rhythmically into the dance. Skirts swish, hips roll, shoulders are perfectly still and poised, and the arms weave back and forth with an uncanny grace. Every movement of the *hula* dance has a meaning all its own, the key being the facial expressions and the descriptive motions of the hands and arms.

"And to think that I always considered the *hula* vulgar!" one of our party whispers. "Why, I have never seen anything so graceful as that flowing movement."

The girls make their closing bow, arms extended in front of them, one hand resting on the other. This gesture means, "I thank you." They retire amid great applause. Then one of the older women, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, takes her place in the center of the floor. There is general consternation among the guests, who cannot believe that she is going to do the *hula* in the wake of the girls. Yet *hula* is just what she does.

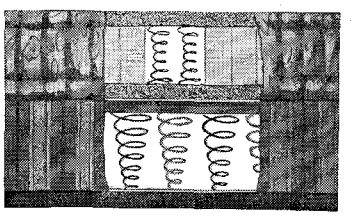
"This is the Queen's Dance," it is announced. "The dance describes her loveli-

SINK . .

DOWN . .

DOWN . .

DOWN . . . . *into* SLEEP



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In the morning you awake to find a newspaper under your door, and soon you're whistling merrily in your bath — eager for your breakfast. And as you start about the business of the day, *refreshed* and *rested* and *happy*, we know you will think with enthusiasm of the gracious personal service you have enjoyed, of the many comforts of your room. And we fancy, too, you will remember it was the Statlers that first gave travelers the modern hotel.

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Travel

ness, the beauty of her face, her eyes, her shoulders, her hips, her knees, and her grace." The huge Hawaiian swings into motion with a grace that is little short of miraculous. We are so fascinated by the weaving wrists that we forget the broad expanse of hip. She is regal, lost in the dance she portrays so feelingly and beautifully.

Now the ukuleles and steel guitars are put aside and gourds decorated with feathers stuck in the top are brought out and given to each of the dancers, who seat themselves in a row on the floor. The singers take their places at the end of the line with large calabashes, which they beat rhythmically.

"We will now show you some of the real old-time Hawaiian dances, as they were done before stringed music was introduced. The gourds were the only instruments in use before some Portuguese invented the ukulele and someone else discovered that you could make a guitar wail by rubbing a piece of steel on it. Musical notes were brought here by the missionaries. That is why so many of the Hawaiian songs have the mournful chant of hymns."

It is hard to think of a *hula* without the rolling hip movement, but the native *hula*, done sitting on the floor and weaving the body to and fro to the shaking and beating of the gourds, is even more stirring. "It is a gift," says one of the Hawaiians. "I've seen white women study the *hula* for years and never really master it."

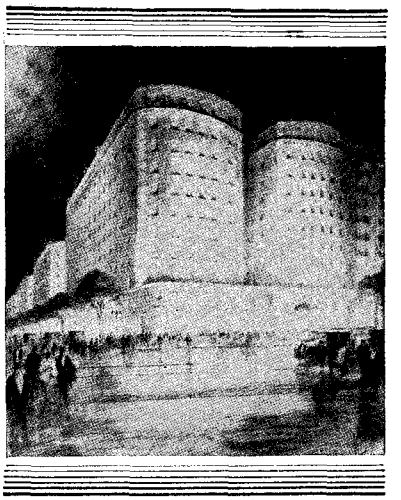
And then, after an exhibition in which the fifty-year-old Mary does a *hula* — for all the world like a ship on a tossing sea — with grace and abandon, the feast comes to an end. The strains of "*Aloha Oe*" sound through the evening air, and the *luau* is finished.

Moonlight and romance, the *luau* — they're more than an old Hawaiian custom. They are in the air, out there in those islands so many miles from anywhere. No wonder Hawaii has become the Mecca of honeymooners. The breath-taking heritage that is the natural heritage of the islands, together with its balminess and a feeling of gay indolence, make it a perfect spot for love's young dream.

But one need not be a bride or a groom to earn a welcome in Hawaii. Hospitality is part of the native creed. "*Komo mai e noho iho*," (Come in and sit down) is the greeting which is extended to everyone. In olden times there was a statute compelling any reluctant Hawaiian to be gracious. "Look not with ungracious eye upon a traveler who passes your door. You must bid him enter. Your pig must be killed, your bowl must be greasy from the food that you offer him. Otherwise you shall be taken to the public place and shamed."

The law of the *luau* — it works to-day.

THE MAYFLOWER



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Travel News

SWEDISH MATCHES

SWEDEN could hardly be termed adjacent to the United States, yet it is near enough to be visited by some of our more traveled sportsmen. Prominent among the snow-and-ice events this season is the traditional "Vasa Skii Run," most important of the winter sports competitions, which is held on March first. The ninety-one kilometer course stretches from Sälen, near the Norwegian border, to Mora, in Dalecarlia, over the same route taken by King Gustav more than four hundred years ago. The cream of Sweden's skii runners participate. The same week sees the opening of the gay winter sports festival at Are, "Sweden's St. Moritz," in the province of Jamtland. This annual occasion is marked by competitions in skiing, tobogganing, curling, and so on, and many foreigners participate each year. Are is reached by fast trains from Stockholm and has many modern hotels. Incidentally, though it is not primarily a sporting event, the Northern lights are best viewed in March; they are most easily visible from the Lapland cities.

DOWN TO THE SEA

TWO STEAMSHIP companies serving the Pacific Coast and Hawaii will feature five transcontinental boat trains this winter. Through Pullmans operated by the Lassco Line will leave New York January twentieth and February seventeenth, joining the Santa Fé train, the Chief, at Chicago and connecting with the flagship *City of Los Angeles* on the respective sailing days, January twenty-fourth and February twenty-first. On the latter dates, also, the Matson Line's *Malolo* will sail from San Francisco, and boat trains will connect with it then and likewise on February seventh. This special service was inaugurated a few seasons ago by the Matson people and has proved popular with Easterners whose vacation schedules are limited and who wish to arrive in California just in time to sail.

MARE NOSTRUM

FOR THE SEVENTH time the *Mauretania* is going to make a Mediterranean cruise. February twenty-first is the sailing date from New York, April third the return date, and in the intervening six weeks a goodly share of the inland sea will have been covered. There is no need here to dwell on the beauties and attractions of the Mediterranean, but it might be pointed out that this tour boasts no less than fourteen optional shore excursions, any one of which should bring forth the wanderlust that is a part of every person's make-up. In addition to these side trips, which are sold separately and which may or may not be taken, there are a number of shore excursions which are included in the price of the cruise. Among these latter is the journey from Alexandria to Cairo, in and around which city almost a week will be spent. An optional tour which should prove unusually interesting is that into the Holy Land shortly before the Easter season.

AUSTRALIA FELIX

WHEN Americans go to Australia it is usually because they have business to transact there or have relatives or friends to see. Rarely are their reasons primarily those of the pleasure-seeker; which is peculiar because, whether they seek it or not, pleasure is what they get. And one of the chief sources of enjoyment is the journey southward, for it in itself is an adventure off the beaten path. The quickest route, and probably the most interesting, is the westward one, with one of the California cities as the point of departure. Less than a week out is Honolulu, which is of course famous as a land of pleasure. But from there on one is met with constant surprises. The ship sails on to Pago-Pago (pronounced Pango-Pango) and Samoa, and here is that South Sea paradise so loved by novelists. No matter what Australia holds in store, one's time, trouble, and expense are already repaid by these islands. Forty-four hours away is Suva, the largest community in the South Seas and a contrast to Samoa. Then, five days beyond Suva, the port of Sydney is reached and one can start about one's business after having passed, willy-nilly, through the lands of pleasure.

INDIAN-DETOUR

THE INDIAN-DETOUR — either a two or three day motor outing through the Spanish-Pueblo Southwest — offers to those who use the Santa Fé to or from California a feature unique in transcontinental travel. Automobiles in charge of specially trained couriers take passengers to the ancient Indian pueblos, the cliff-dwellings of the New Mexico Rockies, and to the *mesas*. The routes covered have been chosen for the variety and beauty of their mountain scenery, the genuineness of their old Spanish-American and Indian life, and their remarkable examples of a forgotten past which are the wonder of the student and traveler alike. This is the time of year at which to see the Southwest, there being seventy per cent of possible sunshine (as against forty-five per cent in, say, Chicago) and a precipitation less than a quarter of that in New York. The tourists are put up at inns and hotels, many of which are Spanish and Indian in architecture and decoration.

Ireland first

Come to Europe by boat that calls at Cobh (Queenstown) in Ireland. It is your first Port of call after you have crossed the Atlantic. Disembark there — all that you may see afterwards in Europe will hardly equal all you can see in one week in Ireland. In the South and West of that exquisite island — from Cobh to Killarney; from Killarney to Bantry and Parknasilla; through the County Kerry to Galway and Connemara; thence through the County Wicklow — "The Garden of Ireland" — it is as if all the peace and beauty of Europe in miniature were gathered there and look out across the Atlantic to welcome ships that touch the shores of the Emerald Isle.

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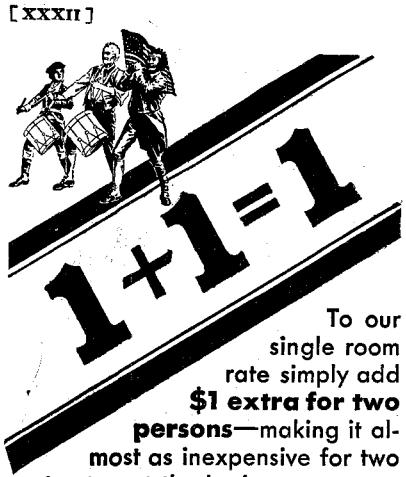

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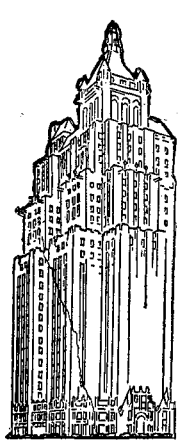

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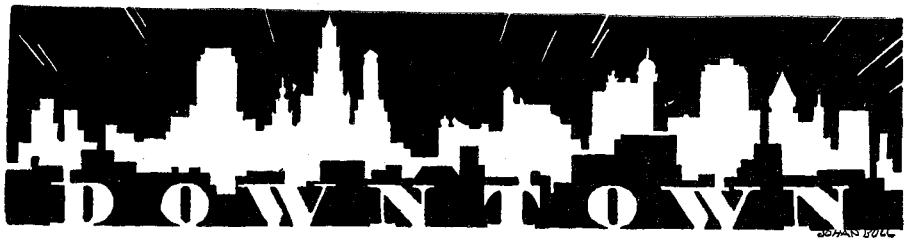

Balancing Your Investments

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

BONDS SHOULD comprise a substantial proportion of the investment capital of any individual. That is axiomatic. It is and always has been the practice of conservative trustees to follow that principle. In some cases the funds of trusts are invested in fixed interest-bearing obligations to the exclusion of all other forms of investment, particularly common stocks and real estate equities. In more instances, however, the practice is to maintain a large proportion of a given fund in bonds and the remainder in common and preferred stocks.

The first consideration of the administrator of any investment fund is the conservation of the principal. All other considerations should be secondary. It should be the aim of the director of such a fund to obtain as large an income as is consistent with the safety of the principal at risk. He should also endeavor whenever and wherever possible to adjust his investments with a view to obtaining a gradual appreciation in the principal and he should also arrange matters so that the fund will always have cash available in order to take advantage of opportunities as they arise. But these considerations are distinctly secondary to the matter of safety. All of which is elementary finance.

It is not our intention here, however, to deal with the problems involved in the administration of large trust funds. Such are the problems of a comparatively few experts. But the principles adopted by those experts should stand as a guide for the individual who is called upon to handle his own investments on a comparatively moderate scale, and it is possible that a consideration of some of these practices and policies here may be of assistance to our readers.

Lessons of the past eighteen months have demonstrated vividly that a large proportion of the people in this country tie up their entire funds in common stocks; that appreciation of principal is the first aim and safety has been a decidedly secondary consideration. On no other ground can the wild scramble to buy common stocks during 1929 be explained. Most of them walked right up to the precipice and over, failing to heed the ordinary signs of caution. The desire to make one's capital expand is legitimate and logical, but the pitfall into which most investors step is the desire for speed in the accumulation of capital. Margin trading caters to this demand for speedy profits, and greed usually brings its own undoing. Most people have now learned, to their cost, that the slow and cautious way is the safest, in dealing with investments.

MELLON'S ADVICE

IN MARCH 1929 Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, made one of his rare comments upon investments. He said, simply: "For prudent investment, now is the time to buy bonds." It was sound advice. But few paid any more than passing attention to it. Wall Street was only at the threshold of the great boom in stocks, the biggest feature in the annals of 1929. Business men and traders all over the country were confident that the business cycle had been abolished and that we were in a new era. Investors poured more than $2,500,000,000 into investment trust securities during that year and most of it was plunged into "high grade common stocks." Although stocks had been rising then for the better part of nine years, prices were doubled and trebled in the months that followed, due largely to the concentration of these investment trust funds in a handful of the most representative stocks of American industry. Then came the fall.

Let us examine the records and see what has happened in the meantime. An investment of $9310 equally distributed through five of the highest grade common stocks, namely, United States Steel, American Telephone, General Electric, Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé, and New York Central, on the date of Mr. Mellon's comment would have expanded to about $15,300 at the high points later that year; but at the low points of 1930 would have shrunk to $8000, or about 14 per cent.

A list of eight secondary issues, however, would have shown a much greater shrinkage. Let us take only a group of the issues most popular with speculators at that time, namely General Motors, Hudson Motor Car, Montgomery Ward, National Cash Register, Packard, Republic Steel, Sears, Roebuck & Co., and Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing. On March 19,

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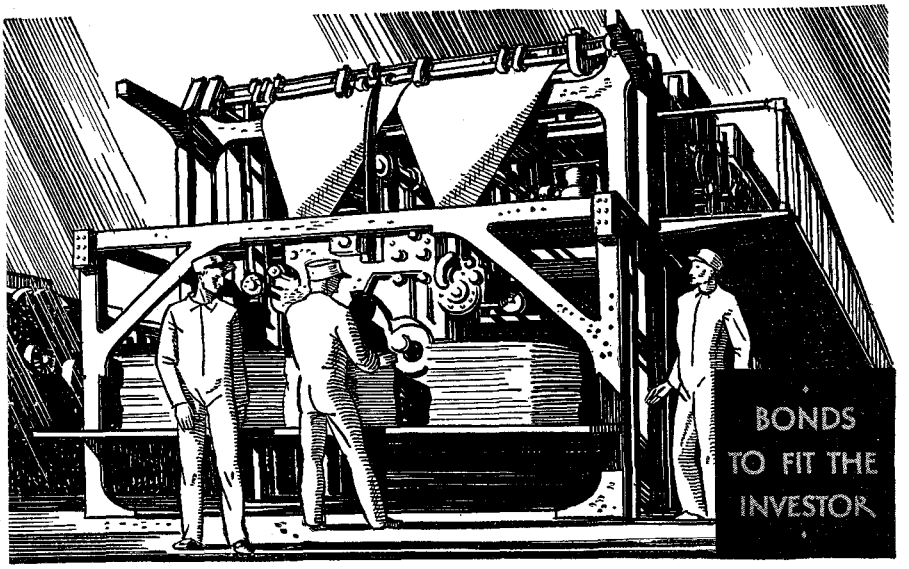
1929, an investment of $8700 in this group is made. At the top prices for the year the investment reaches $11,390. But at the low points in 1930 the diversified investment has fallen to a value of $2170, a shrinkage of about 60 per cent. Two of the companies have passed their dividends meanwhile, and several of the others have either eliminated their extra dividends or reduced their regular dividend rates. In the meantime, the Dow, Jones & Co. average of 40 representative bond prices increased about 1 per cent, that is from March 19, 1929, to the end of 1930. Had Mr. Mellon's advice been taken, our hypothetical investor would have saved from 14 to 60 per cent of his capital, would have been spared many sleepless nights, and, most important of all, he would have had funds available for investment at a time when real opportunities are presented.

STOCKS ARE LOW NOW

THIS BRINGS US to the point of this article. While bonds should at all times comprise a substantial proportion of the investment capital of an individual, the proportion assigned to bonds for investment should vary. Individual cases will differ radically. The retired business man or the widow or the administrator of a trust fund which calls for a steady and dependable income, should not assume unusual risks. But the active business man, who ekes out most of his living expenses from his business, very properly can assume larger risks. When stocks are high the proportion of funds invested in bonds should be large; when prices are low the proportion allotted to bonds can safely be reduced.

It will be argued that this is based upon hindsight and that the average investor is at a disadvantage in determining when to adjust his position from bonds to stocks, or stocks to bonds. But a mere examination of comparative prices to-day and in the past is usually sufficient. When stocks rise to a point where the yield is far less than that from bonds it is also a pretty good sign of comparative height. And when they fall to a point where the yields are far more than from bonds it is pretty good *prima facie* evidence of comparative cheapness. Money rates often supply a clue.

If such technical considerations are not enough, it is a pretty good practice to keep an ear to the ground. None can claim that Mr. Mellon's advice was private. It was spread over the front pages of all the newspapers at the time. None can claim that they are unaware how reliable business authorities feel about the situation now. Said Otto Kahn, head of one of the greatest Wall Street banking houses, last year, "Experience has shown time and again that those who, in times of stress,



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keep calm and steady and retain their confidence in the future of America, are rewarded liberally." Said Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., recently, "As sure as I am standing here, this depression will soon pass." Men of this stamp are not given to loose and unsubstantiated expressions of their opinion. We know that stocks are low now.

A PRUDENT EXAMPLE

WHAT, THEN, should be the proportion of an investment fund allotted to bonds? Unfortunately the records of successful administration of investment funds are meager. The information is ordinarily of a private nature. However, a member of a firm of professional investment counsel directing the investment of many millions of dollars has kindly opened his records to THE FORUM in one typical instance. A fund of $263,000 at the end of December, 1926, was invested 44 per cent in bonds and the remainder in common stocks. In other words, about $147,000 in stocks and $116,000 in bonds. Two years later the stocks had appreciated in value to $360,000 and the investment in bonds was increased only $8000.

Throughout the first eight months of 1929 steady additions to the bond investment were made until in August of that year, when stocks made their record highs, the entire original amount of the fund, or $263,000, was invested in bonds. By that time, however, the total fund had increased to $676,000, due to appreciation in common stocks. Bond investments were steadily increased during the autumn, and at the bottom of the panic, November 13, 1929, they stood at $316,000 and stocks held totalled $211,000; or 60 per cent in bonds, and 40 per cent in stocks at their lows for that year.

As opportunities presented themselves in the stock market during 1930, gradually a portion of these bonds were liquidated and the proceeds placed in common stocks. At the bottom of the autumn slump in 1930 the proportion was 50 per cent each in bonds and stocks, or about $250,000 each. Thus, although the original investment was made in 1926, after several years of a rising stock market, through the exercise of good judgment the total fund was nearly doubled at a point when stocks were practically at the lowest levels in a decade. The fund is in a strong liquid position and in shape to take advantage of any further opportunities that may arise in 1931. The stocks show a temporary shrinkage, to be sure, but income has been maintained and any recovery under normal business conditions would doubtless soon find the fund worth as much as it was at the peak of the bull market.

Much the same thing is true of other funds under this administration. The first, which was directed for a woman who was the head of a family and had very definite financial responsibilities, required a great deal more conservative treatment than that accorded some business men clients. One typical case of the latter type showed a fluctuation in bond holdings from 8 per cent of the total fund to 48 per cent, but through adjustment of the proportion devoted to bonds the fund was approximately 110 per cent higher during the depression than it was at the comparatively high level of prices in 1926.

We cite these instances of the shifting of funds from stocks to bonds and back again as a demonstration of its use in actual practice and not necessarily as proof that the proportion assigned to bonds in these cases should be applied by all investors. In this particular case the investment of these funds was being directed by experts who had access to first-rate information, facilities for keeping in touch with the markets every minute of each business day, and who had had years of investment experience. Naturally under such conditions a smaller amount could be allotted to bonds than would be the case where an inexperienced investor is operating on his own initiative.

Large institutions ordinarily place a great percentage of their funds in bonds, for one reason, because the magnitude of their holdings prevents the flexibility that is possible in a smaller account. Huge shifts from bonds to stocks and back again cannot be made without disturbance to the market, and investments must ordinarily be of a semi-fixed nature. Harvard University, in recent years, has maintained the proportion of stock investments to total investments at about 20 per cent. But the last annual report of the treasurer of the University indicated unmistakably that common stocks had been acquired on balance during the great decline in the stock market. And it unmistakably disclosed a shifting away from low yielding stocks, which were so

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popular during the boom in 1929, in favor of issues with a more attractive yield, plus a sprinkling of preferred stocks.

FOR THE SMALL INVESTOR

PROBABLY the average investor would do well to shape his course part way between these two extremes. At a time when stocks are low, an adjustment of one's investments to a point where 50 to 60 per cent of the total fund is in bonds and the remainder in good dividend-paying stocks would seem to be plain common sense. But in the piping times of prosperity, when confidence runs high, when dividends are being increased, when money rates are rising rapidly and speculative activity in Wall Street is a matter of front page news in the daily press, it would be good business to increase the proportion of fixed interest-bearing securities to 80 or 90 per cent. And when the down turn is an established fact 100 per cent in bonds is none too much, for the reason that a temporary shrinkage in long term bond prices usually accompanies a depression. But with reasonably prudent selections of bonds no loss of income will result, and by selecting a fair proportion of short term securities, maturing in two to four years, this element of shrinkage can be reduced to a minimum.

Nobody should surmise from the foregoing that now is the time to sell all one's bond holdings and transfer to stocks. I repeat; bonds should form the backlog of any investment program at all times, but the proportion assigned to bonds should be adjusted as opportunities arise. To point out the wisdom of holding bonds during the past two years, instead of stocks, is to state but a portion of the story. In that period the cost of living has dropped about 5 per cent and the retail cost of foodstuffs alone has decreased about 11 per cent. In effect this has expanded the purchasing power of the dollar of bond income by that amount.

A given amount of bonds will also purchase to-day more shares of stock than it would two years ago. A $1000 bond would only buy four shares of Steel in 1929; to-day it will buy nearly seven shares. It will buy about 30 shares of General Motors, where it would buy only 11 shares in 1929, and so on down through the list. Many investors who have been discouraged by the turn of affairs in the last two years are now running to the bond market as a haven of safety, but they are scudding into port with sails in shreds and the superstructure swept away. The time to seek safety is before the storm. Mr. Mellon's safe remark, in 1929, was to the prudent investor what a hurricane warning by the United States Weather Bureau is to a sea captain in the tropics. Only the hardiest mariner leaves port in the face of such a warning.

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The Twelve Greatest Dates

WHAT are the key dates of History? The Editor of The Forum put this question to three of the best-known students of the past—H. G. Wells, Hendrik Willem van Loon, and Will Durant. He asked each of them to list the twelve greatest dates in history and to state why the events so chosen were of supreme importance to the world. This they did and the result was three extraordinary articles which appeared in The Forum during the last few months of 1930.

Readers of The Forum were invited by the Editor to collaborate with the three historians and to submit their lists of the twelve greatest dates, telling why each was important,—omitting those chosen by van Loon, Wells, and Durant. Prizes were offered for the best papers: a first prize of $250, a second prize of $150, and a third prize of $100.

Two thousand and twenty papers were received before the contest closed on December 31. Considering the difficulty of the problem set, the Editors believe that the response has been amazingly generous. Most of the papers are excellent and give evidence of many hours of hard intellectual toil. It will be difficult to choose the three best.

The prize-winning papers will be published in the March Forum together with a complete list of dates chosen by the six collaborators, including the three distinguished authors and the three successful contestants.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

WATER WORKS — THE OLDEST PUBLIC SERVICE. A description of the water works operations of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

A PORTFOLIO OF INDUSTRIES. The history and earnings of some of the representative companies in basic industries in which Continental Shares is a substantial stockholder; also complete classified list of securities owned by Continental Shares. Copy upon request. Continental Shares, Inc., Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

Continued on next page

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Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

LOOKING AHEAD FINANCIALLY. A humanly interesting presentation of the surprising accumulation which results from systematic investment and reinvestment, made graphi with tables and illustrations. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BUILDING FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE. An outline of a sound investment program with a description of first mortgage real estate bonds safeguarded by the Straus plan, and the investment trust idea represented by Super-Corporations of American Trust Shares. Booklet upon request. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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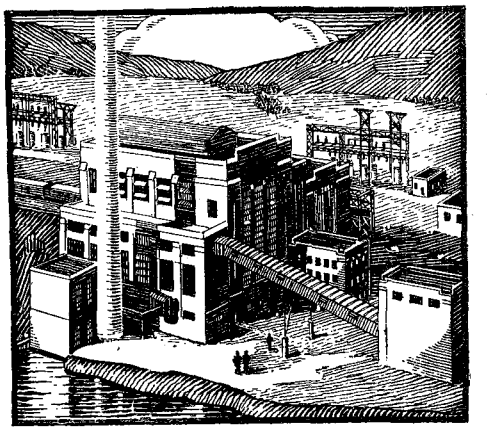

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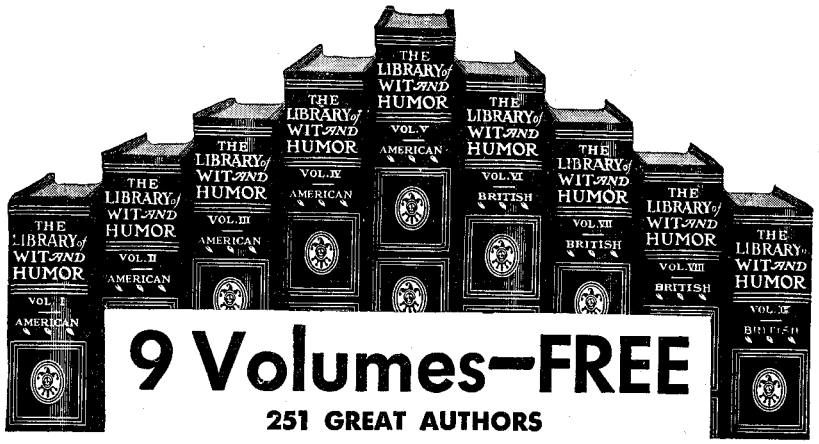

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Forum Definitions

What Is Irony?

IRONY is a slippery word. In its rhetorical connection it comes so close to sarcasm and satire that the distinction is not easy to make clear. Then, too, there is that old cliché, "the irony of fate," to add to the puzzle. Is this an entirely different use of the word, or is there an identical basic meaning beneath this and the irony of rhetoric? If there is, none of the definitions succeeded in establishing it. Mr. Ansley was one of the few who recognized the presence of two meanings.

The following were awarded prizes:

1. Irony, considered in its rhetorical connection, is speech the literal meaning of which is contradicted by the manner or tone of the speaker. It bears neither the bitterness of sarcasm nor the gross exaggeration of hyperbole; and it does not approximate the formality of satire. What is termed "the irony of fate" is the mockery and frustration of our earnest purposes and strivings by some unheralded and uncontrollable twist of events. (*Richard L. Ansley, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

2. Irony is that sort of humor, expressed through speech or happening, in which the meaning intended is contrary to that expressed, or the event happening is the reverse of what was, or was to be, expected. Irony may be either cutting or gentle, and is sometimes used to suggest a mocking discrepancy between promise and fulfillment, or between appearance and reality. (*Charlotte A. Klocke, Crewe, Va.*)

3. In the most comprehensive application of the word, irony is that impression induced by an occurrence or conclusion contrary to that anticipated as the normal result of the precedents. This impression may be produced intentionally, as where words or actions are used to imply a directly opposite meaning; in this connection, a humorous or sarcastic element usually is present. It may be entirely unplanned, however, as where an unforeseen calamity terminates a chain of happy events which ordinarily should have been conducive to a happy conclusion. (*N. F. Brydon, West Orange, N. J.*)

4. Irony is the mockery of results opposite to those promised or expected; gentle or cutting modes of speech implying the opposite of the literal sense; suggestions of mocking discrepancies between appearance and reality; dissembling speech to confound or provoke antagonism. (*E. K. Schlichter, Richmond Hill, N. Y.*)

Next:—*What is* AN HONEST MAN? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Definitions Editor by February 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition. These definitions will appear in the May issue.*

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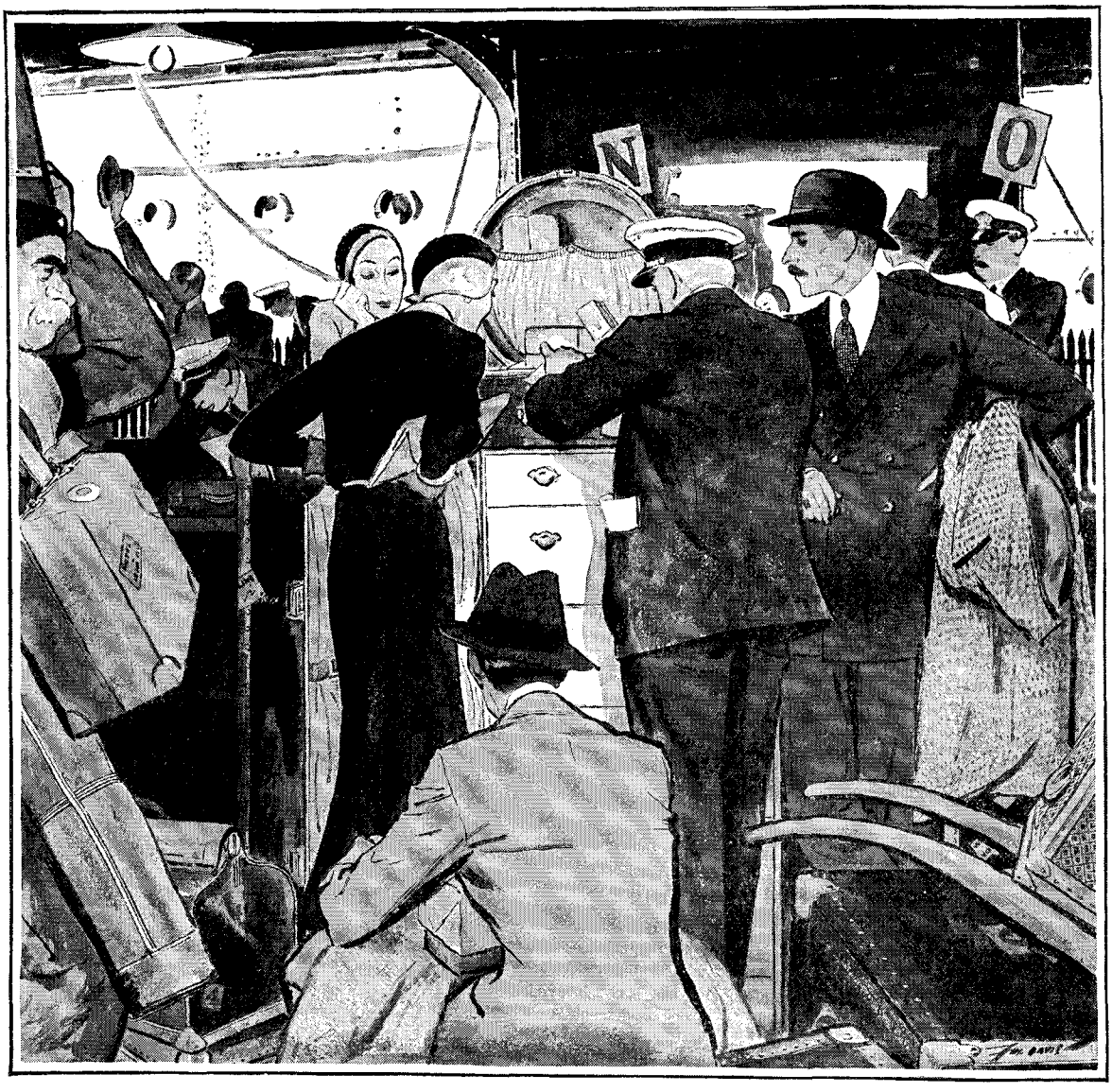

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TOASTS

"A connoisseur of public affairs" is the phrase which best describes Walter Lippmann. After college and some free-lance writing, when *The New Republic* was founded he joined the staff. Through Colonel House in Washington, Mr. Lippmann came into close contact with President Wilson and his aims, and as a result of this association *The New Republic*, more than any other periodical, supported Wilson in his 1916 campaign. In 1918 Mr. Lippmann prepared an interpretation of Wilson's Fourteen Points, which was a constant source of reference at the Peace Conference. After the war, and after renewed association with *The New Republic*, in 1921 Mr. Lippmann transferred his journalistic activities to the New York *World*, where, since February, 1929, he has been Editor.

George Frederic Nieberg says that a signal and entirely unexpected honor was conferred upon him when his college president, a splendid old gentleman with nine degrees and a pair of remarkably pale ears, graduated him informally at the end of his sophomore year. Since that time, Mr. Nieberg has been battling on many newspaper fronts, and has recently joined the ranks of the free-lance writers.

For the last three years the object of the writings of Waddill Catchings and William Trufant Foster has been to bring about and advance definite and adequate measures for the prevention of such a major depression of business as is prevalent to-day, and to prepare the Federal Government for action at the first certain signs of a business slump. Mr. Catchings is a manufacturer and Mr. Foster is a former president of Reed College in Oregon. In the last two years of their association, these two men have written more than five hundred books, magazine and newspaper articles, and radio addresses, the total circulation of which has been in excess of a billion.

One of the numerous progeny of a poor but philosophical father and a feminist mother, Sarah Adams was nurtured on the doctrine that women are people. Her childhood was lived in a welter of advanced ideas, omnivorous reading, and the profound conviction that she was destined for a shining career. After a fragmentary schooling and certain necessary adventures in supporting herself and others, she married, reverted to type, and became an exponent of all the old-fashioned virtues.

C. K. Ogden, of Magdalene College, Cambridge University, is now Director of the Orthological Institute, which fosters the promotion of research in the science of language. Former Science Editor of The Forum, Mr. Ogden is the author of *The Meaning of Psychology* and, more recently, *Basic English*.

Leonora Lockhart, who is associated with Mr. Ogden in his work at the Orthological Institute, is a former student at Cambridge and a member of the English women's debating team which recently toured the United States. She is the author of *Word Economy*, and is making intensive studies in the new theories of color scales.

A Fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Garry Cleveland Myers is closely associated with psychological

Walter Lippmann

and educational research in this country. He has published numerous articles in leading magazines and educational periodicals, and has lectured on problems of education in almost every state in the Union. His daily syndicated feature, *The Parent Problem*, appears in a hundred newspapers, and he is also at work on a series of letters to parents put out by the United States Board of Education. Dr. Myers' most recent book is *The Modern Parent*.

About three years ago Ruth Brown Reed came to New York from St. Louis. There her advertising experiences covered copy writing about everything from ginger ale to furniture. Before this, Miss Reed went to Washington University, but as far as she can remember she was never graduated. Since coming to New York, she has done free-lance writing, social service, personnel, and a little newspaper work. At present she is with an advertising agency, and is primarily concerned with fashion writing.

Shailer Mathews says that about as fascinating an experiment as he has ever tackled is the one in which he is engaged at present: Chairman of the Executive Committee of the proposed World Conference on International Peace through Religion, in which the major religions and the major divisions of Christianity are represented. He has also been president of many religious organizations, from denominational bodies to the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

Alice Elinor's first short story was sold for fifteen dollars to a magazine which immediately went out of business. Her first newspaper job, after a hectic ten days in Los Angeles covering the trial of Aimee Semple McPherson, was a signed column in the San Francisco *Examiner*, which ran for four years and was only dropped a year ago. "My idea of hell," says Miss Elinor, "is an office building, and my idea of heaven is a Saturday night dinner with Blanche Bates."

A successful novel, *Dewar Rides*, brought L. A. G. Strong more work than he could manage, so he resigned his school post in England, and is now (the quotes are Mr. Strong's) "devoting all his time to literature." He is spending increasing lengths of time in the country, particularly at Arisaig in Inverness-shire, one of the loveliest and wildest districts of the western highlands, which are to be the scene of a forthcoming novel, *The Jealous Ghost*. Last year his "Breakdown" appeared in The Forum.

Hu Shih, the first part of whose credo appeared last month, is known as "the Father of the Chinese Renaissance" and has been the man most instrumental in making vernacular Chinese a literary language.

Paul Eldridge continues to find, with his hero, Cartaphilus — alias the Wandering Jew — that "the truth of all things is irony." A Philadelphian, with New York and Paris as a background, Mr. Eldridge is best known for his plays and his Oriental poetry, much of which has appeared in The Forum. Several of his Chinese poems have been included in English anthologies and in *Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Américaine*. In collaboration with George Sylvester Viereck, he is the author of *My First Two Thousand Years*.

Geoffrey Layman is a member of the British civil service. He has seen a good deal of the world but has never been to America. Many of his interests lie in the direction of examining what he calls the machinery of government and society, and he has written on these subjects for various American magazines. Social changes fascinate him.

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